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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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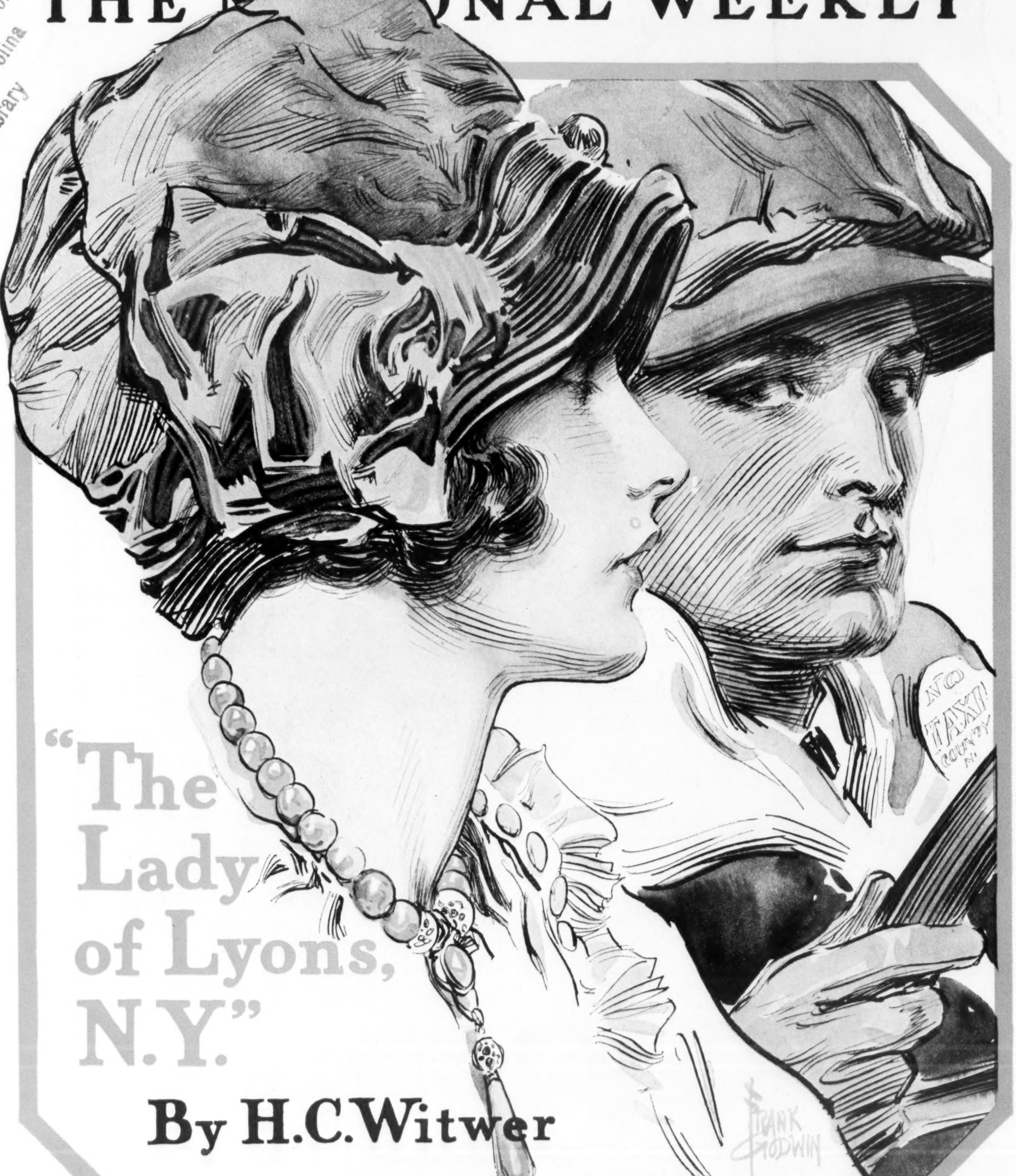

"The Lady of Lyons, N.Y."

By H.C.Witwer

and

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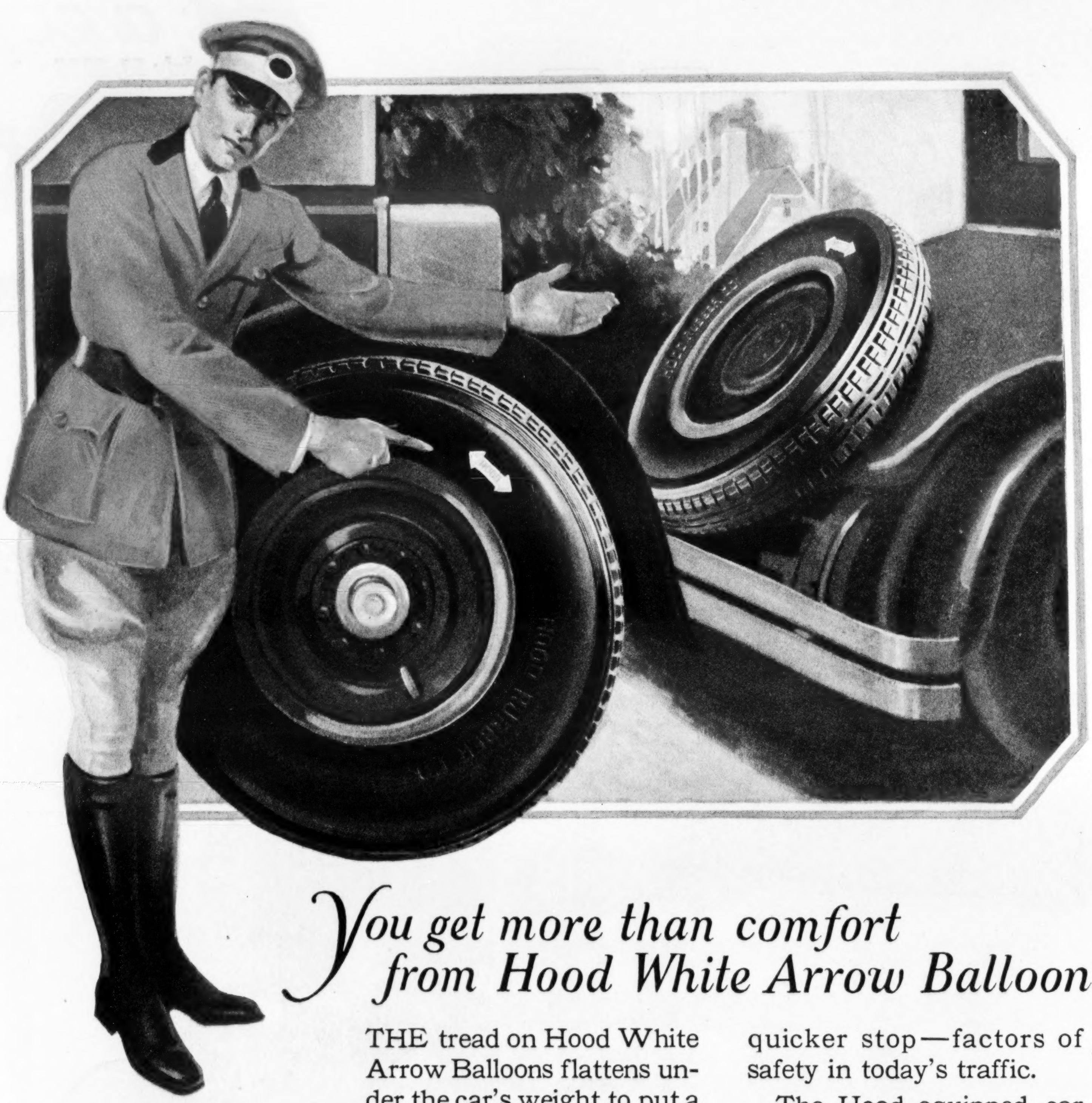


You get more than comfort from Hood White Arrow Balloons

THE tread on Hood White Arrow Balloons flattens under the car's weight to put a big, absolutely flat area of rubber in contact with the road. The flat section assures slow even wear and greater life.

And this Flat Tread gives that extra ground-gripping surface which means a snappier get-away and a quicker stop—factors of safety in today's traffic.

The Hood equipped car combines freedom from trouble with luxurious comfort. "Look for the White Arrow" on the tires you buy.

The Hood Dealer knows the facts. He can save you unnecessary experiments. Ask him to fully explain the Hood Flat Tread Principle.

HOOD

Look for the Hood White Arrow!

The Hood White Arrow is a time tested guarantee of design, materials, and workmanship. Look for this identifying mark—for safety, economy and dependability.

HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc.
Watertown, Massachusetts

HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS

BETTER RUBBER PRODUCTS SINCE 1896

Pneumatic and Solid Tires - Rubber Footwear - Canvas Footwear - Rubber Heels and Soles - Rubber Specialties

As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.
—*Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

The drawing at the left was made from an authentic X-ray photograph supplied by a leading New York X-ray laboratory which serves many dental surgeons in their study and treatment of diseased teeth—WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOUR X-RAY WOULD SHOW?

Hidden wells of poison

Back of beauty may lurk dread disease

It's a fact: back of many a lovely smile and even gleaming teeth may be hidden wells of poison—tooth abscesses. And often unknown to the person so afflicted.

Meanwhile, these poison pockets at the base of the teeth may be gradually undermining the health.

They seep their deadly bacteria through the entire system and bring on any one of many serious and ofttimes fatal illnesses.

According to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses; usually they do not know it themselves and very often such abscesses directly or indirectly cause many dread diseases.

Diseases that result

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

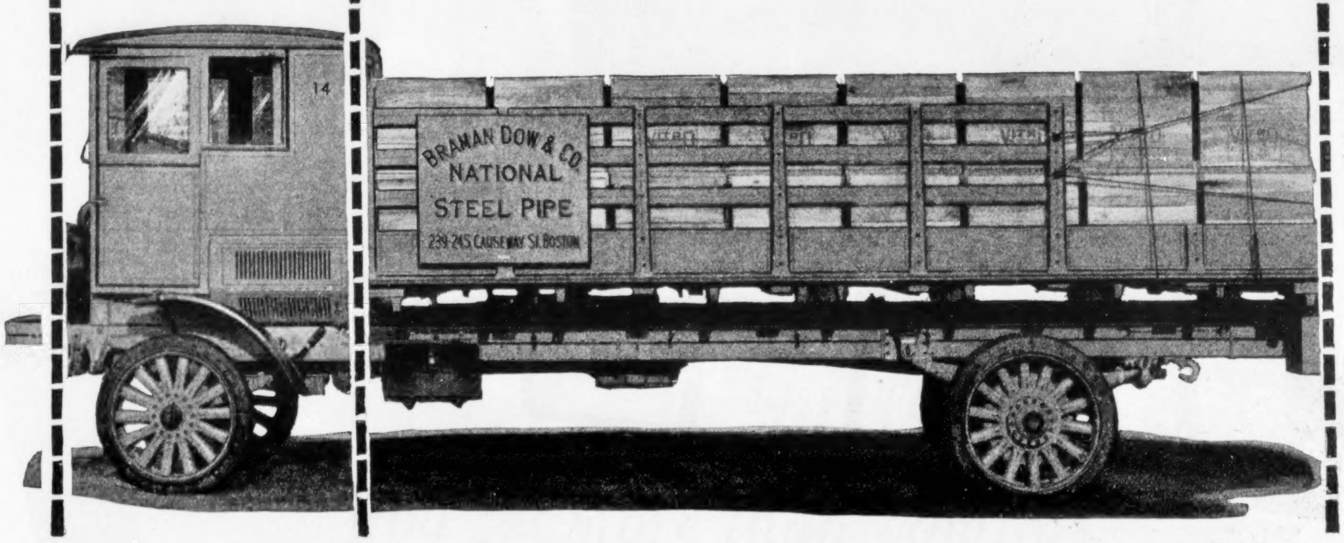
HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

1925, Lambert Pharmacal Co.

Waste space eliminated by Autocar construction

This space does double duty ~ The engine being under the seat.

This space is therefore available for a maximum pay load with shorter wheelbase and less overhang.



THE distinctive Autocar engine-under-the-seat design is what makes possible the shorter wheelbase that always gives sturdy Autocar trucks such a valuable advantage in heavy traffic, in narrow streets and when making deliveries where space is at a premium.

The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa.
ESTABLISHED 1897

Direct Factory "Autocar Sales and Service" Branches or Affiliated Representatives in

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*Cleveland
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*Dallas
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☐ Electric truck book

Autocar

gas *and* electric trucks

EITHER OR BOTH – AS YOUR WORK REQUIRES

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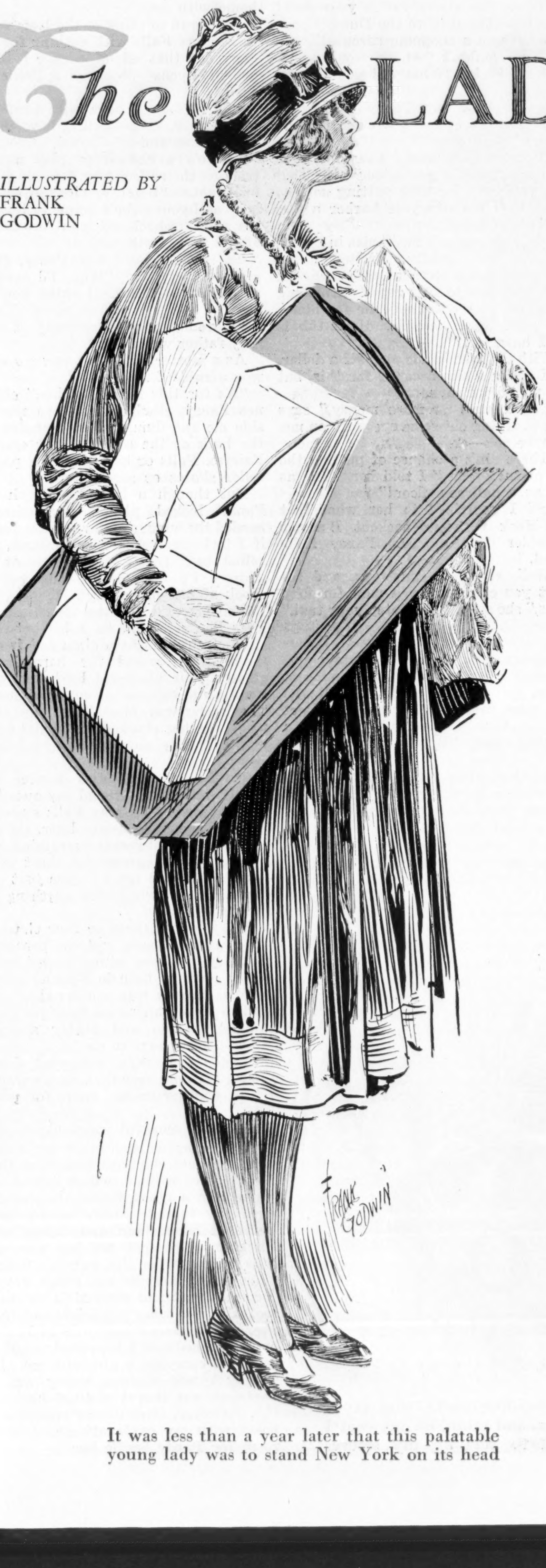
The LADY of LYONS, N.Y.

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK
GODWIN

By H. C. WITWER



It was less than a year later that this palatable young lady was to stand New York on its head

SHE'LL never look more beautiful than she did that wild night when she stood beside me in Fairfax's deadfall and told me to make good! I'll never be as brainless again as I was that same evening when I let her go with a paltry handshake. A fool and his honey is soon parted! Imagine a chilly good-by to the best looker since Venus the Milo, when I might of cinched matters then and there. I could of kissed her and she wouldn't of shrieked, but it took me many a day to find *that* part of it out. Well, when she told me to leave Fairfax Falls flat on its collar bone and put myself over, she started something! Who was she? Wait—I'm going to haul off and broadcast the low-down on the whole business. This may not be as pungent as Romeo & Juliet, but at least it's shorter.

Speaking of truffles, the first thing everybody usually asks me is how did I ever manage to climb out of the ash can and get to the top of the heap. I read the other day where a great man was asked that same question. "To what do you attribute your success?" was the way it was put to him. They thought he was going to say it was the influence of his mother, the love of the little woman he was wed to, his early religious training, working twenty-four hours a day, or something like that. Well, he crossed 'em! "To what do I attribute my success?" he says, "Why—to my *ability*, of course!"

There's a guy after my own heart—he had the courage not to be modest!

Although I've yet to experience the sensations of being called anything else but Bill, not counting oaths, my rightful name is William R. Grimm, Esq. I graduated with high honors from the University of Experience and I'm entitled to place T. D. after my name if the mood should hit me. T. D. is a ten-letter vertical word meaning "Taxi Driver," and don't curl your lip—we can't all start life in Buckingham Palace. I guess you figure me hard-boiled. Well, if you'd been in hot water as much as *I* have, you'd be hard-boiled too!

That initial R in my name stands for the word Reginald and was a big concession on the part of my man-mountain father to my sainted and romantical mother, who, I understand, fondly wished to baptize me Percy. Dad was a roaring-voiced building contractor of the old two-fisted school—a handsome giant, from his pictures. Mother was his exact opposite—frail, dainty, refined. Their entirely different compositions has staged many a clash in *me!*

From my father I got my brawn and from my mother my ambition. Both parents was lost at sea when I was a kid, and the pennies which should of come to me was quickly dissipated by a equally dissipated uncle. It's certainly a crime that the only relations we can pick out for ourselves is our wives, ain't it?

Well, being thrown on my own at a age when I should of been a pupil in somebody's high school, my intentions has always been much better than my grammar. If they wasn't, I could be hung! I guess I've about covered the situation with regards to myself, except I might add that I never pick a fight and I never duck one. My motto is, "If hit on one cheek, turn the other—and if hit on the *other*, knock 'em cold!" Otherwise I'm polite to one and all, know my groceries, can wear a dress suit without somebody asking me to show them their table, read a lot to give myself a synthetic education and watch my speech like Puss watches a mouse. It ain't half as hard to come up from the gutter as it is to keep from bringing the gutter up with you. That last one's a *real* feat!

At the winsome age of twenty, which is where I'm going to begin giving you this load of my adventures, I was foiling the poorhouse by operating the only taxi in Fairfax Falls, N. Y. Husky, healthy, and not exactly resembling a gorilla, I didn't have a worry or a dime in the world. As I was still young enough to have dreams in the daytime, I firmly intended to check out of the taxi racket and win fame and fortune at *something*, but I hadn't located my trick as yet. Nevertheless, I'd made up my mind that some day a glass-paneled door was going to have on it in gold letters, W. REGINALD GRIMM and underneath, PRESIDENT. Whether that would be followed by "Of the United States" or "Of the United Garbage Company," I didn't know or care!

I WASN'T very fluent with money while I was bounding around at the wheel of a taxi, but I was certainly seeing a lot of life. What I missed in jack I made up in laughs! I also learned a lot of things which didn't do me no harm in later years—few people has as good a chance to view human nature as a taxi driver has. Experience is a hard school—no Yale or Harvard—but for the pupils which will pay attention to Teacher it's a great one!

My mock taxi, built by myself personally from junked parts of a flock of different cars, was something to think about. It cost me less than $150, and at that price it was a steal. There was room enough for Congress to meet in the thing and it had three speeds: hither, thither, and yon. It would go anywheres—by freight. Around Fairfax Falls they called it the Leaping Tuna, but my name for it was the Gambler Six, as it was nearly always broke. There was a garage in this slab run by Skip Mullen who ground a mean valve, but I done all my own repair work after one interview with that baby. I asked him what I could do to stop my motor from smoking, and he says to keep my tobacco where the motor can't get at it! Skip writes vaudeville acts for a living now. . . .

Left-Hook O'Brien and Butch Ford was my two best pals in Fairfax Falls. In spite of the fact that we've known each other for a dozen years now, by a strange coincidence they're still my friends. O'Brien was a classy lightweight box fighter and Butch was his trainer and second—no drawing-room wows, but two of the squarest shooters which ever put on a collar! Left-Hook O'Brien was born Izzy Rabinowitz, but took that Irish name for business purposes. He was nobody's fool. Once when I kidded him about being a Jewish Sinn Feiner, he grinned and answered me this:

"I like to have the crowd with me when I go in there! Well, you listen to 'em the next time you see a box fight. You'll hear 'Kill the Wop!' 'Knock the Jew stiff!' 'Smack 'at Swede silly!' 'Flatten the big Limey!' *But*—did you ever hear a fight crowd yell, 'Kill the *Irishman!*'?"

A pay-off, what?

O'Brien's one and only ambition was to cop the lightweight title, and Butch Ford's was to wake up every morning of his life with five bucks in his kick.

THE first big turning point in my life arrived when Butch got me to drive him and Left-Hook O'Brien to Rochester, where O'Brien was to box Knockout Burns before going on to New York City for some more important quarrels. I'd seen O'Brien go a half dozen times before and I knew he was good, and so did the lightweight champion, which didn't wish no part of my boy friend. On paper, O'Brien figured to stop Knockout Burns in a couple of frames, and it looked like a great chance for me to win a few nickels for myself. Likewise, I'd see the brawl from a ring-side seat which Butch staked me to. As if that wasn't enough, business comes along and combines itself with the pleasure I looked forward to having. Just before I pulled out of town I got a call to stop at Lyons the day after the fight, pick up a school-teacher named Miss Baxter and haul her back to Fairfax Falls, where she was carded to do her stuff at our new schoolhouse.

Like everybody else, Left-Hook O'Brien rated Knockout Burns a push-over, and he trained for the battle by getting his nails manicured. At that, he give Burns a fearful pasting—made a chopping block of him—but he couldn't put him away. As game as a punching bag and as tough as a life sentence, Burns was in there to stay the limit. That's what he managed to do, though in every round O'Brien done everything to this gil but run away with his wife! Burns being a local idol, the fair-minded referee called it a draw. If that scrimmage was a draw, so was the war! However, I bet that my buddy would slap Burns for a loop, and that rotten decision cost me my lifetime savings—thirty-four iron men. I had to borrow money for gas to get home on. Not so good!

CAME the dawn, as they say on the screen, and right after a two-bit breakfast I shoved off for Lyons to get this school-teacher I was due to bring back to Fairfax Falls. On the way out of Rochester a female voice suddenly calls my name when I'm stopped by a traffic signal, and I immediately pull over to the curb, as the voice happens to belong to Pansy Pilkington. Don't laugh—Pansy's made many a wiser boy than me stop, look and listen! It was less than a year later that this palatable young lady was to stand New York on its head from the front row of the Follies. I know you never heard of no Pansy Pilkington in the Follies. Neither did nobody else. However, I ain't going to tip you the name she used there, as it's a hobby of mine to be a gentleman and Pansy was supposed to of hit Broadway direct from Vassar.

But at this time she was just a lowly biscuit shooter at the Commercial House in Fairfax Falls and probably thought Flo Ziegfeld was a ball player. The super-flapper of the burg and as soothing to the eye as green goggles, Pansy had that schoolgirl complexion without the bother of going to school. She was a disturbance of the first water, there's no question about that; still, she never made *me* feverish. I guess I was Pansy-proof. For one thing, I figured it would take too much Jack to step out with this Jill!

Her arms was full of bundles, and she dumped some on the front seat of my taxi beside me with a sigh of relief.

"Hello, Pansy," I says. "You look keen. How come you're in Rochester?"

"Well, Bill, I got sick of being a Mail-Order Mary!" she smiles. "You know—'send us only two dollars and get this beautiful Paris creation!' and 'Simply sign the coupon and the postman will toss this almost-fur in your door!' I've left that stuff to the Dumb Doras. I've been on a shopping carouse!"

"You wouldn't fool me, would you?" I grins back. "What did you use for money?"

"I love that!" says Pansy indignantly. "Suppose I told you I drew a month's salary in advance?"

"Be your age, Pansy," I says. "If you told *me* that, I'd get hysterical! That guy you work for ain't putting *nothing* out. He's too stingy to harbor a suspicion! Why—"

"Oh, that reminds me," butts in Pansy, opening her handbag excitedly, "today's the boss's birthday. Say—listen, Bill. Run over to that gents' furnishing store and pick out a nice tie for him—one you'd wear yourself. Here, this is all I have left!"

With that she hands me half a dollar.

"I can get him a collar for this, but not no tie," I says.

"But I have no more money," says Pansy, trying out some eye work on me. "Maybe *you*—er—"

"There ain't a chance of putting the bee on *me* either," I told her. "I'm as flat as a ballroom floor!"

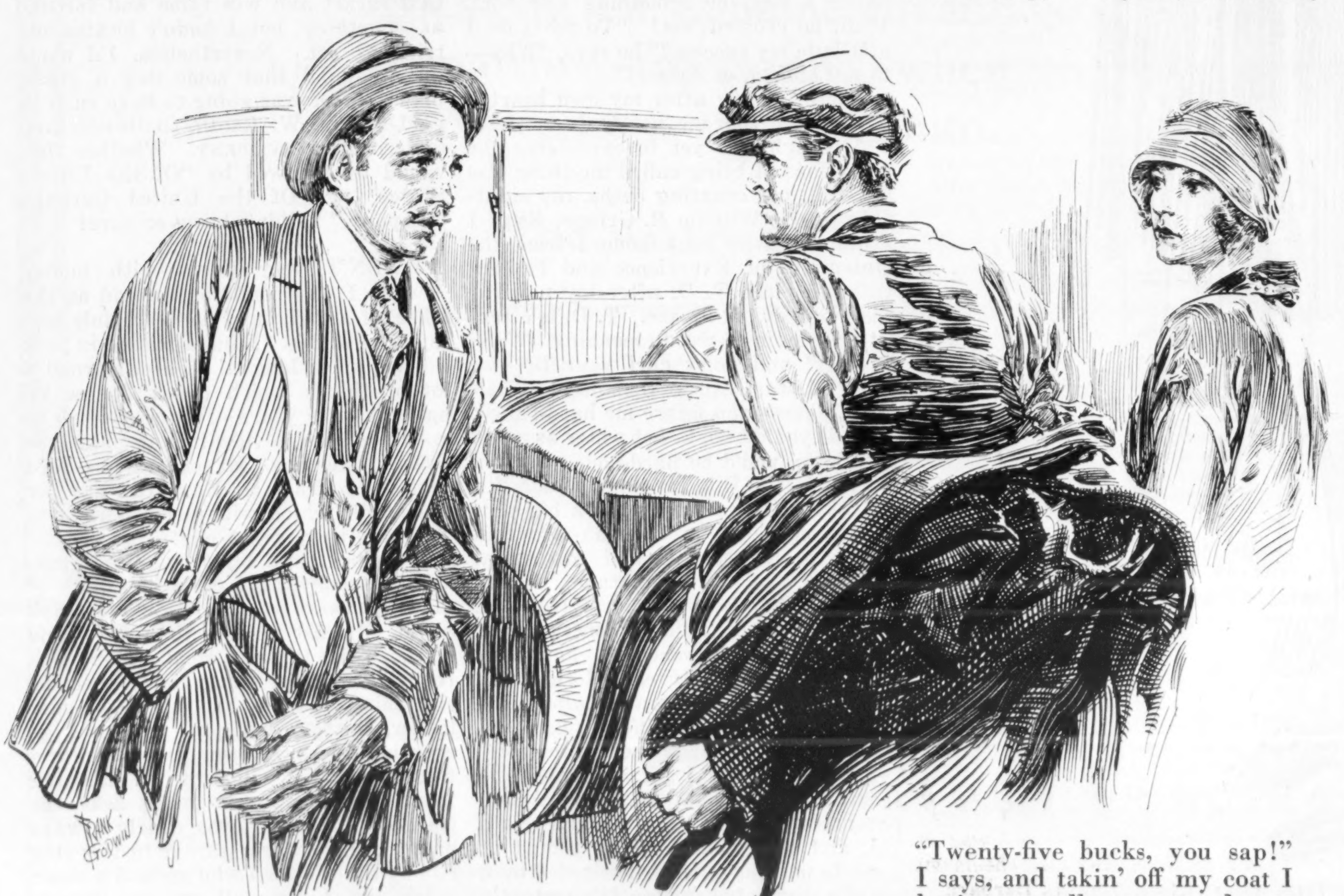
And I explained to her what that Left-Hook O'Brien-Knockout Burns shambles done to me. Pansy looks vexed.

"Well, run over, anyways, and see what you can get for a man for fifty cents," she says. "I'll watch your taxi."

I PROWLED into this swell haberdashery, and they immediately suspected I wasn't by no means Vincent Astor, so they treated me accordingly.

"I want to get a tasty tie, and I got half a buck to squander," I tell a haughty clerk. "What would *you* suggest?"

The clerk gives me the up and down and yawns in my face. "I'd suggest another shop," he says and walks away.



"Twenty-five bucks, you sap!" I says, and takin' off my coat I begin to roll up my sleeves

A few doors above this drum there was a five-and-ten-cent store. I blowed in there and bought Pansy's boss *five* ties!

"I wish I could think of a little speech to make when I give him these," says Pansy.

"Just say, 'Here's some ties for your birthday—try and wear 'em!'" I says. "C'mon, hop in and I'll take you back home with me!"

I'd begun to think of the long voyage to Fairfax Falls with nothing for company but that school-teacher I had to get at Lyons—probably a comic valentine.

"I'd love to go back with you, Bill," says Pansy, "but—well, I have my return ticket and—"

"Here's a chance to play a mean trick on the railroad by not using it," I interrupts. "I got to pick up another lady at Lyons—she's going to teach at our new school—so you needn't be afraid to go with me."

"Afraid of *you?*" says Pansy, giving me a killing look. "Why, I'd never be afraid of *you*, Bill. I think you're a dear."

"I wouldn't be surprised," I says. "My father was a Elk!"

As a matter of fact, it was *me* which was afraid of Pansy.

"As for this school-teacher," continues Pansy, climbing into the seat beside me and dumping her bundles into the back of the cab, "let her *walk* to Fairfax Falls or buy herself a pair of roller skates or something!"

But though a long ride with just Pansy looked plenty appetizing, I needed the sugar there was in it for me if I took this school-teacher back, so I rolled into Lyons, pulled up at the address I'd been given—and got the shock of my young life!

Somehow I'd got the idea that this Miss Baxter would be a hatchet-faced old maid as thin as a dime and just as thrilling. I looked for horn-rimmed glasses, hair plastered back flat, with a voice and costume about like a man's. That's the way Miss Tice, our other school-teacher, checked up—a girl which would be safe anywheres, and I don't mean maybe!

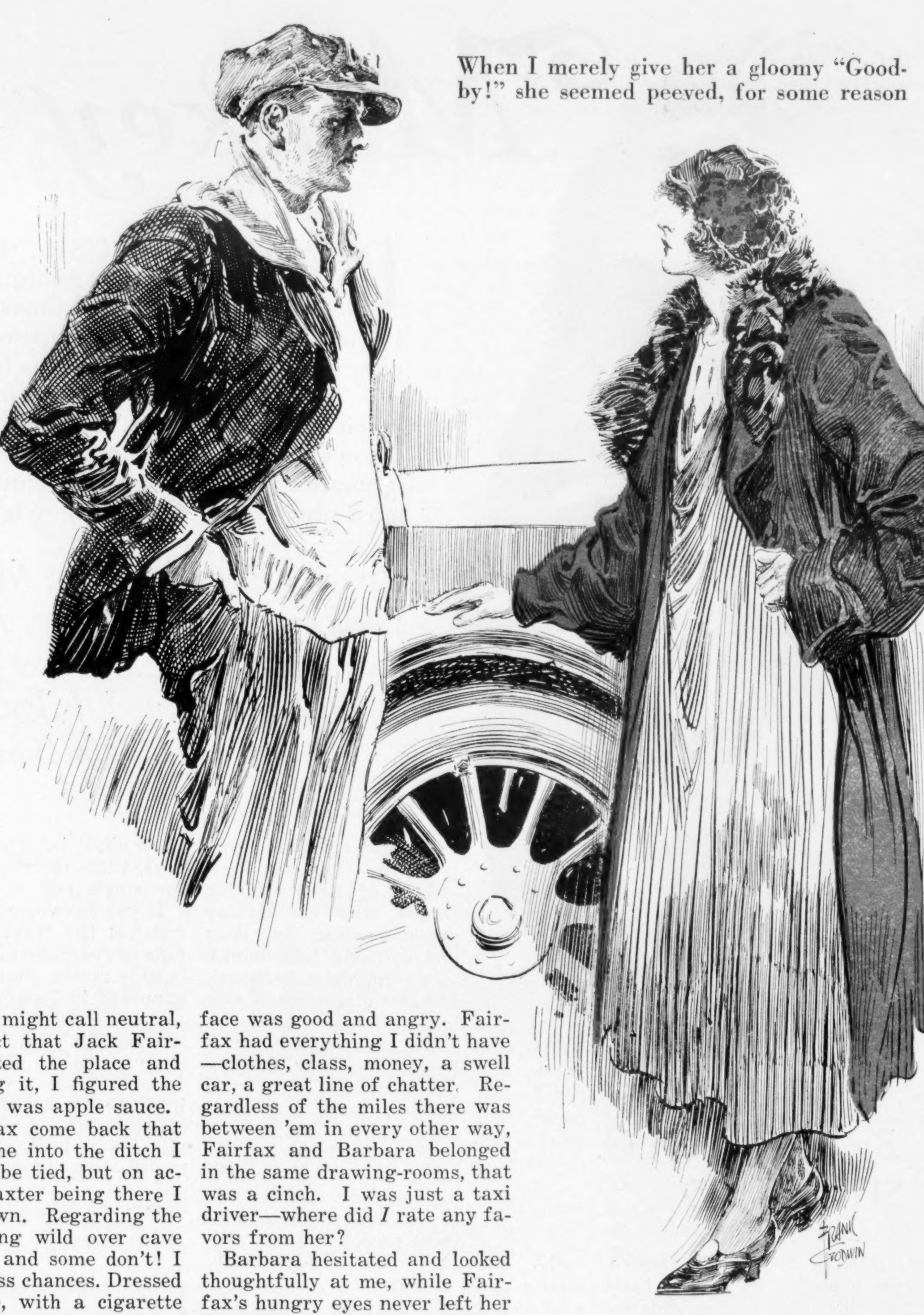
Instead of that, Miss Baxter was simply a panic! Around my own age, garbed in what Fairfax Falls would be wearing about five years later, the latest bob, the most recent everything else, a unbeatable argument for short skirts—well, a breath taker! She just outclassed Pansy, which was anything but a eyesore herself.

Pansy looked three or four times as surprised as I was, and she presented the Lady of Lyons with a peeved stare. Pansy could of been in Finland as far as Miss Baxter was concerned.

"I've been waiting an hour for you," this remarkable and highly annoyed school-teacher says to me.

"Listen!" I says, somewhat dazed. "Don't get mad over that hour's wait—*I* been waiting twenty years for *you!*"

PANSY'S scornful snort didn't stop us looking at each other for maybe half a minute, during which Miss Baxter executed a blush which ruined me. Then with a quick frown she discouraged any further efforts on my part, but as I hopped out and swung open the door of the cab for her, her eyes was smiling if her lips wasn't. With a murderous glance at me, Pansy got off the front seat and stepped in the back too. She was what you might call fuming. I introduced her to Miss Baxter and explained how I happened to go out on a call carrying a girl with me. Inwardly I was wishing Pansy was in Portugal, not that I disliked her, but . . . However, Miss Baxter seemed satisfied with my explanation and made room for Pansy beside her.



When I merely give her a gloomy "Good-by!" she seemed peeved, for some reason

Then begun a ride to Fairfax Falls, which to me was a riot, no kidding! Here I am with two beautiful girls and a twenty-five-mile drive staring me in the face and the fact that they're *both* there makes it out of the question for me to click with one or the other. It was a typical case of how happy I could be with either, was the other dear charmer away!

In the back of the cab the girls is breaking their necks to be polite to each other, but conversation died a natural death after a few minutes and they didn't even attempt to fake it. However, I was goaled by Miss Baxter—Barbara Baxter, as I managed to eavesdrop—and I took a noble try at promoting myself. I managed to exchange some careless words with her which soon steamed Pansy and caused that young lady to high-hat me. This seemed to give Barbara much secret amusement, and I guess that's the only reason she talked to me at all. She must of thought I was a fearful Patsy, then.

I GOT so interested in Barbara that I made a wrong turn on a detour and lost the state road. So I stopped outside a garage.

"What's the best way for us to get to Fairfax Falls from here?" I asked the near-mechanic which come out in answer to the horn.

This clown walks all around my home-made taxi, looking at it like it was the first one he ever seen in his born days.

"You wish to go to Fairfax Falls in *that* boiler?" he inquires, like he can't believe his ears.

"Absolutely," I says. "How will I get there?"

"Well, if it was *me,* I'd pray for a miracle!" he answers, curling his lip. With that he walks into the garage and both them girls laughed their heads off.

But I found the road, and no further noteworthy events happened till we're within a few miles of Fairfax Falls. Then it was different. The old boat is rattling off a noble twenty-five miles a hour when the sudden, hair-raising wail of a siren makes the girls jump. Through the rear-view mirror I peg a big, costly speed wagon, cut along racing lines, roaring over the road behind me. I recognized the car and I likewise knew that the proprietor of same had no right to use that siren, as he was neither a police car, a fire engine or a ambulance. I started to tell the nervous girls that, when this bozo, doing fifty mile a hour if he was moving at all, crowds me on a turn and we go crashing into a ditch with Pansy yelling murder. I still remember there wasn't a single squawk come from Barbara Baxter—she was a thoroughbred, that's positive!

However, we landed right side up, and there was nobody hurt but my mudguards and temper. While I'm taking stock of the grief, our opponent drives slowly back around the turn, stops beside us, and gets out of his car. He was no stranger to me, being no less than Jack Fairfax, the sheik of Fairfax Falls and the first villain I ever met with a name like a hero.

Roughly about the same age, me and Fairfax has been first-class enemies of years standing, our private war starting long before when I knocked this tomato stiff for deliberately running his car over my dog.

That's the tip-off on the kind of a guy he was—one of these babies with a chin you love to touch!

Jack Fairfax was something of a mystery in our town, where, in spite of the fact that it was named after his family, he was as popular as typhoid fever. His people had lived in Europe for years, and Fairfax himself aced around mostly in Rochester and New York City, though nearly all Fairfax Falls was owned by his parents. He simply drove in every now and then to burn the natives up by Ritzing 'em, while showing some of his rich, sarcastical, cake-eating friends the village named after him.

Amongst the Fairfax properties was a crumbling old mansion on the outskirts of the town which some time before had been spread all over the Sunday magazine sections of the newspapers as a haunted house. It was still looked on that way by most of Fairfax Falls, and the citizens give it a wide berth in passing by. You couldn't get a kid within a mile of it! Strange noises, clanking chains, unearthly lights and weird groans was just a few of the "spirit signs" which half the town swore to and the other half laughed off. Personally, I was what you might call neutral, but through the fact that Jack Fairfax constantly visited the place and bragged about doing it, I figured the haunted-house thing was apple sauce.

Well, when Fairfax come back that day after running me into the ditch I was naturally fit to be tied, but on account of Barbara Baxter being there I didn't smack him down. Regarding the subject of girls going wild over cave men—well, some do and some don't! I was taking no reckless chances. Dressed like a fashion plate, with a cigarette sticking out of his mouth from a long, gold holder, this proper Humpty Dumpty stood there sneering at me, and, of course, alongside of him I looked like a tramp.

"I'm going to complain to the authorities about that remarkable conveyance of yours, Grimm," he says, with a nasty grin. "It's a menace to navigation!"

PANSY laughed, but Barbara didn't. I seen her coldly sizing him up.

"You should be heartily ashamed of yourself!" bursts out Barbara warmly. "We might have been killed!"

It was then Fairfax lamped her for the first time. One amazed look at her floored him—you could see that in his very readable face. Off comes his swagger cap. It hadn't come off for Pansy.

"Don't think because you're still on your feet that I'll forget this, Fairfax!" I says, "If we was alone, I'd lay you like linoleum, you big false alarm!"

But he pays me not the faintest attention. He's all eyes for Barbara Baxter.

"I—why—I—I gave you the horn and I tried to avoid crowding you, but I—I was going too fast!" he stammers, talking directly to her. "I'm terribly sorry! Won't you let me take you the rest of the way into town?"

At that I dropped the jack I was getting ready to raise the front wheels with and stared from him to Barbara. I noticed Pansy staring at *me,* and her face was good and angry. Fairfax had everything I didn't have—clothes, class, money, a swell car, a great line of chatter. Regardless of the miles there was between 'em in every other way, Fairfax and Barbara belonged in the same drawing-rooms, that was a cinch. I was just a taxi driver—where did *I* rate any favors from her?

Barbara hesitated and looked thoughtfully at me, while Fairfax's hungry eyes never left her face. He was hanging on her answer like it was a matter of life or death. I felt pretty low. To me it *was*—a matter of life or death to my hopes!

"How long will it take you to make repairs?" Barbara asks me.

"Five minutes!" I says before the words was hardly out of her pretty mouth.

"You're crazy!" snorts Fairfax, and he pulls open the door of my taxi. "If you'll step out, Miss—"

"I shall wait—you needn't bother!" interrupts Barbara, with icicles on every word, and my heart tries to climb out through my ribs.

"Get away from that cab and make it snappy!" I bawls at Fairfax, taking a step toward him.

He moved slowly away and I could swear there was a touch of contempt in Barbara's glance at him. He seen it too, but the ignored and enraged Pansy give him a out—enabled him to take the air without choosing me.

"You can ride *me* into town, Mr. Fairfax," says Pansy, and hopping out of my taxi she flounces into the front seat of Fairfax's bus.

Fairfax hadn't invited her and this boy scout wasn't particularly overjoyed at the idea of rolling into Fairfax Falls with the Commercial House waitress by his side, beautiful or not. However, he had no choice and he shot away with a grinding of gears and probably a grinding of teeth too. The last *I* got was a poisonous glare from Pansy.

"I'm sorry I ain't got some magazines or something in the car to amuse you," I says calmly to Barbara, when they'd gone in a cloud of dust, "because it's going to take me a good hour and lots of equally good luck to get this mechanical toy where it'll roll!"

A flash of alarm in her lovely face is quickly chased by anger.

"What do you mean?" she demands. "Why did you tell me you could repair it in five minutes?"

"I wouldn't fool you—it was because I wanted you to stay!" I says truthfully, opening up the hood and gazing at the motor. "You're having a romantical adventure—don't scream!"

WAM—what a furious stare I got for a minute! Then I grinned cheerfully at her and darned if she didn't grin back.

"Why didn't you go into town with Fairfax—that other fellow?" I asked her, while I'm puttering around.

She opens a little beauty bag she's carrying and powders the end of the most bewitching nose since Helen from Troy.

"I do not like his type," she says. "You seemed to know him well—who is he?"

Well, that was just the beginning of four hundred and eighty-six questions asked me by this toothsome young lady while I'm trying to get Mr. Motor to te. She (*Continued on page 39*)

Monkey business in

IN DAYTON, TENNESSEE, they have been trying to solve the riddle of the universe in barnstorming burlesque fashion.

The "trial" is a fitting climax to the action of the Tennessee legislature. Dayton has its circus and the nation its summer entertainment while the serious question of the origin of man is lowered to the level of horse play.

To understand Dayton remember Galileo and the Inquisition, or our own witch-hunting Puritans. Mr. Shepherd's vivid picture of this Tennessee village throws fresh light on one of the oldest of human struggles—the war of ignorance against reason, of prejudice against liberty. Finally, of course, liberty must prevail. Meanwhile here is a famous reporter's account of the battle.

Charles Darwin's son, *Major Leonard Darwin, presents the scientific view of heredity in "You Can't Make a Silk Purse Out of a Sow's Ear" next week. Mr. Darwin's article will be answered the week following by* William Jennings Bryan, *who says, "The Bible is Good Enough for Me"*

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

NO ONE in Dayton, Tennessee, ever expected to see his little town filled with huge crowds for a courthouse trial. Nevertheless for many weeks the "Monkey Business" in Dayton has been so important as a money maker for the town that folks have seemed afraid to take anything but business seriously. So they have laughed and joked and have been glad that it was *their* town that had been hit by the evolution bolt of lightning.

"Where's Johnny?"

"Oh, he's down at the railroad station hanging from a semaphore by his tail."

"I hear Morgan the furniture man has got a new contract—making cages for folks who think they came from monkeys."

"Ah don't care if Ah did come from monkeys; it's where Ah'm going that bothers me."

"Well, look out you don't go to a monkey heaven."

I hadn't been on the sidewalks of Dayton, Tennessee, five minutes before I heard these remarks. I heard hundreds like them before I departed. The folks in Dayton, as all the world knows, have been arguing the theory of evolution for the past three months. When they joke about it the whole thing seems cheap; but the same man who jokes one minute may shortly be earnestly arguing as best he can with another man (who doesn't know any more about the subject than *he* does) over the origin of man.

It takes you a little while to get the hang of affairs in Dayton. To folk a distance, especially those in large cities, the little village of 1,800 arguing people, with the holiday crowds eating hot dogs and drinking cold drinks, may seem like a madhouse, and this discussion of evolution all one, in cheapness and superficiality, with twenty-four-hour dancing competitions, crossword puzzles, mah jong and otner curious things.

These Dayton folks *will* joke; they're half afraid, like most of us Americans, to be caught taking anything except business seriously. Besides, you're glad enough, after a while, to hear them joke; you get a feeling that if they ever stop laughing at themselves something serious might happen here.

On the back of a "jitney" you see chalked the word "Monkeyville." That means Dayton, in the countryside. On Bert Wilbur's express wagon you see a monkey done in chalk. This is the laughing part of it.

But Thurlow Reed the barber took an awful wallop at George Rappelyea, one of his customers, at a mass meeting in the courthouse one night and started a fist fight. Reed shaved me a morning or two later. He had been fined $29.50, including costs, and he wasn't happy about it.

"Rappelyea thinks he's half monkey," he said to me.

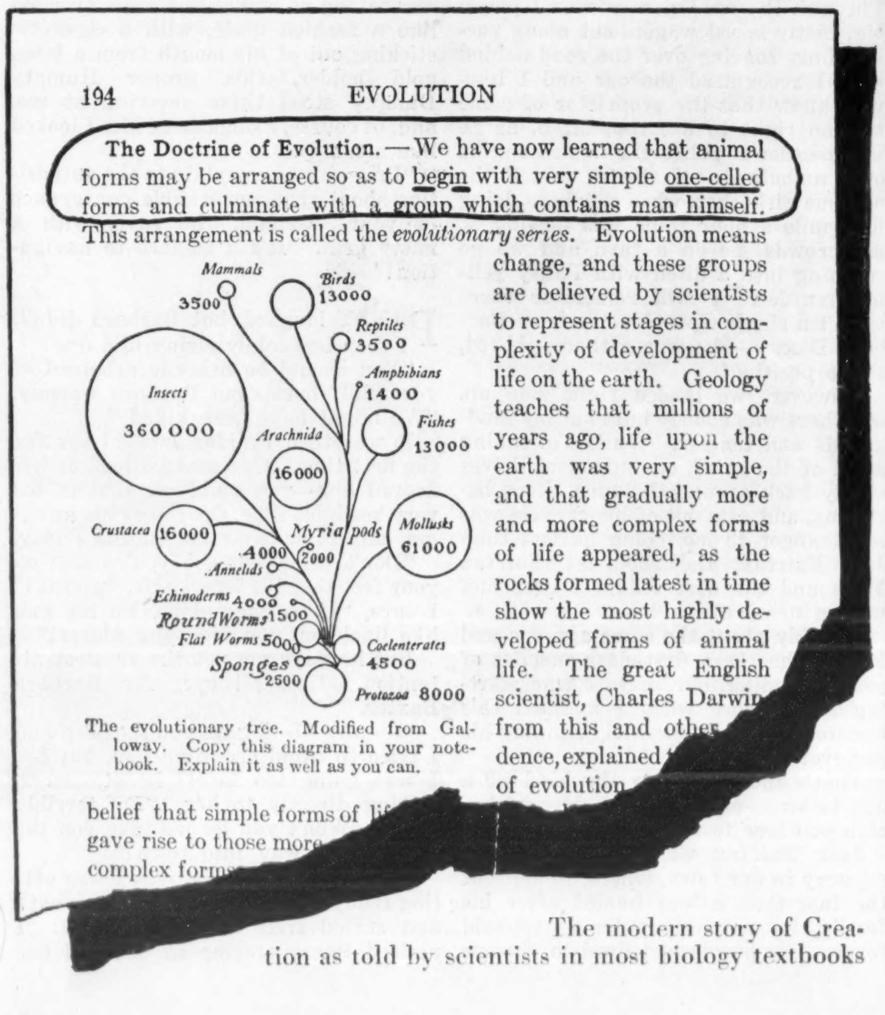
"I don't care so much for my old man," he told folks, "but I'll take a crack out of anybody who says that my mother came from a monkey."

It's the monkey hurdle that is hardest for the man on the street to jump. He thinks his own dignity and the dignity of man is offended. No matter how much egg and gravy he has on his coat or how deep the stain of eating tobacco on his lips, whiskers or mustache, he will insist to you and to his fellows—this man on the street, who, perhaps, has never read the Bible story of the creation of man, and certainly has never read books on evolution—that the Bible is right and that man did not descend from monkeys. You do not hear the one-cell theory of life; the talkers don't back that far. They don't seem to know about it. They begin at the monkeys, while the scientists begin back at the single cell.

If you have ever lived in Europe and watched the "take-what-you-get" attitude of everyday folks over there, you'll quickly realize that this thing that has happened in Dayton couldn't happen in any other land on earth. From the scientist's laboratory, from the parson's study, from the college classrooms and from the pulpits there has spilled out into the hands of democracy on the sidewalks the controversy between revealed religion and cold science which has been raging among the intellectuals since ever before Darwin wrote his "Origin of Species."

One thing you can say for us Americans, as you traverse the streets of Dayton, Tennessee: Our great democracy is from Missouri, and we're not afraid to ask questions. They can't scare you and me with big questions and the questions can't come any too big to suit us. We'll try to settle any problem we can get a crack at. And we won't let anyone attack our religion whether we're religious or not.

"I believe in this here evolution," I heard a farmer saying to another in front of the Aqua Hotel. "Remember how small and measly them razorback hawgs used to be? Well, look at the big Poland pigs we got now. They come from them same razorbacks. Remember them snarled little tomatoes we used to have here in Tennessee. Look at the big



194 EVOLUTION

The Doctrine of Evolution.—We have now learned that animal forms may be arranged so as to begin with very simple one-celled forms and culminate with a group which contains man himself. This arrangement is called the *evolutionary series*. Evolution means change, and these groups are believed by scientists to represent stages in complexity of development of life on the earth. Geology teaches that millions of years ago, life upon the earth was very simple, and that gradually more and more complex forms of life appeared, as the rocks formed latest in time show the most highly developed forms of animal life. The great English scientist, Charles Darwi from this and othe dence, explained of evolution

The evolutionary tree. Modified from Galloway. Copy this diagram in your notebook. Explain it as well as you can.

belief that simple forms of li gave rise to those more complex forms

The modern story of Creation as told by scientists in most biology textbooks

Tennessee

This is the Tennessee Law: **"Be it enacted—that it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, normals, and all other public schools of the state which are supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of the state to teach any theory that denies the story of the Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach, instead, that man has descended from a lower order of animals." The fine for breaking this law may be not less than $100 or more than $500.**

ones they've turned into, with scarcely any seeds. Look at the big peaches we have now and compare them with them all-stones we used to raise. And we've turned our onery little strawberries into the dingdest best strawberries on earth. You can't tell me evolution don't work."

"Rats, Jim!" said the other farmer. "That ain't evolution; that's progress."

"What's the difference?" asked Jim.

"Well, evolution is when you turn one thing into another. A squash into a watermelon—that's evolution; or a strawberry into a grape, or something like that. You don't get something better; you get something brand new with evolution. I've never seen nothing new in my life so I don't believe in evolution. Always had pigs and strawberries and watermelons and so on ever since I knew anything. Have you ever seen any new kinds of vegetables or animals?"

Two hours later I passed the Aqua Hotel and those two farmers were standing in the midst of a group of a dozen men, still arguing.

How the Discussion Began

IF DAYTON, then, were your home town the chances are, by the law of averages, that you wouldn't go to church, even though you might be a church member. There's the Baptist Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, the M. E. Church South, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, the Carmelites—the poor folks over across the railroad tracks by the smelter—and that's all; no other churches of any other races or creeds.

"But if you get 300 of those 1,800 folks to go to church on a Sunday," the Rev. Howard G. Byrd, pastor of the M. E. Church, told me one Sunday afternoon, "you're doing very well, indeed."

However, there's religion on the sidewalks and in the shops and stores of Dayton; almost everybody has had religious parents. "Folks who didn't have religion are getting it now because they don't want to admit they came from monkeys," one of the village philosophers told me.

Upper-class folks are all church members. There isn't a known infidel in town. The Morgans, for instance, are about the richest folks in town. Four of the sons make up a famous quartet which often sings, gratuitously, at church on Easter and other occasions and often at funerals and weddings. It's decent to go to church in Dayton.

Religion was on the sidewalks of Dayton and there it clashed with science. Religion has clashed with science in universities and colleges, in great conferences of preachers or great conferences of scientists, in laboratories and in parsons' studies, but this is the first time the two have ever clashed on the sidewalks and in the homes, shops and stores of any sizable American community.

It's easy to see how religion reached the sidewalks of Dayton. But how did science and the theory of evolution get there?

John T. Scopes took it there; and he did it naturally but unwittingly. He was the defendant in the Dayton trial, accused of teaching evolution.

Young Scopes, college graduate, son of a Presbyterian family, asked a teacher's agency last fall to get him a job as a teacher of science. They found him a place—the Rhea County high school at Dayton, Tennessee.

He couldn't keep himself cloistered; he wanted to mix up with the young folks of the town. He was the football coach and he made it a point to go "downtown" every evening to "hang around" with the young men of the town.

"I wasn't getting along very well at the high school when this row came up," he told me. "The superintendent of the school called me in and criticized me for 'buddying' around of evenings. This was my first year teaching and if a teacher can't mix up with folks, I'm through with teaching."

Now about the time that young Scopes took up his first job as a teacher last fall, a country merchant in Tennessee, J. W. Butler, living in Smith County, that has no railroads in it, discovered that his children were having things put into their heads that he had never got at school; they were being taught evolution. Mr. Butler, being a state legislator, prepared a bill against any such teaching and introduced it at the next session of the legislature. All the school teachers of the state were stirred up by the bill. Most of them confined their worry to their inner circles; Scopes took his worry with him out on the sidewalks of Dayton. How could he teach biology, he asked, and leave out the theory of evolution?

The Drug Store Debates

F. E. ROBINSON'S drug store was one of Scopes' evening hang-outs. There, at a soda fountain table or behind the prescription counter, he kept telling the lawyers and others of his cronies among the young men of the town that he thought it would be a crime to pass Butler's bill and to stop the teaching of the theory of evolution in Dayton.

Among the drug store cronies was George Rappelyea, a young geologist, recently come to Dayton to try to put on its feet the smelter, the town's main industry, closed since the war. He and Scopes used to talk against the passing of the bill. Some of the others used to stick up for the Bible story of creation. The textbook from which Scopes taught evolution was right on the drug store shelves. It was consulted so frequently that Robinson set aside one copy for the debaters to consult so they wouldn't be running to the shelf every now and then to pull down a nice, clean copy.

Someone brought the Bible to the drug store so that everybody could read the first and second chapters of Genesis.

And then the bill passed. It shocked Scopes and Rappelyea. Governor Austin Peary signed the bill that stirred them into action.

In Dayton I hunted up a legislator to ask him how the bill came to pass.

"I had to vote for it," he said, "because it had been put up to my constituents that if I voted against the bill I would be voting against the Bible."

The governor perhaps signed the bill for the same reason. He was also trying to have passed an eight-months-a-year school bill, for in many counties in Tennessee children go to school only when there is no work to do on the farms. Some counties have school years as short as five months.

The sessions in Robinson's drug store became hot and furious. Science in the persons of Scopes and Rappelyea had lost; the Bible folks had won.

Now Rappelyea is city-bred; for six years his father ran a hotel at Atlantic City; that brought a degree of sophistication to the young man.

He thought he knew an organization in New York—the Civil Liberties League, he calls it—that might be willing to put up money to make a fight against the law.

Scopes Asked to be Arrested

"I WROTE to them," he told me, "and they told me they'd stand behind me. So one afternoon in the drug store I said to Scopes in the presence of witnesses: 'Are you still teaching from that evolution book?' He said he was. 'Are you breaking the law?' I asked him. He said he was; said that the book was the only one he had to teach from and that it had been approved by the state board of education. He said if he threw that book out he wouldn't have anything to teach biology with.

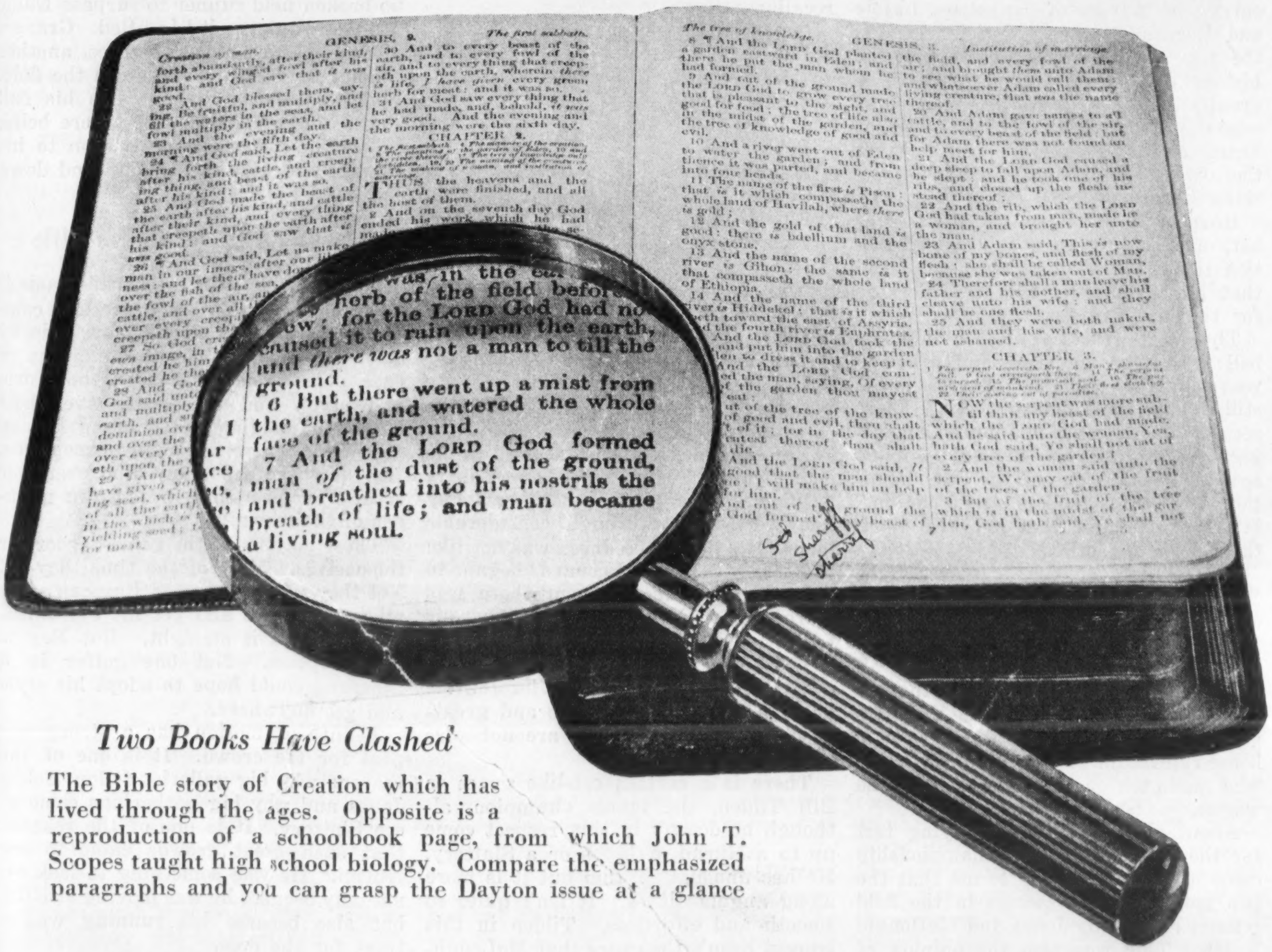
"Right then and there he and I and some of the rest of us decided that we'd have a warrant issued for Scopes' arrest. I swore out the warrant before Squire Benson right there in the drug store and Scopes went out on the sidewalk and found Marshal Perry Swafford and asked to be arrested."

Thus two young men, newcomers to the town, one of whom had gone to school in Illinois and the other in New Jersey, started the evolution trial in Dayton, Tennessee.

I've talked with both of them; they're both professing Christians.

"I didn't mean to touch off a powder mine," said Rappelyea. "I joined the church only last year, but I found that folks were staying away because they weren't being taught a religion they could believe. To my mind the idea that man evolved from one cell is even more wonderful than that he was created out of a handful of dust."

Young Scopes (*Continued on page 38*)



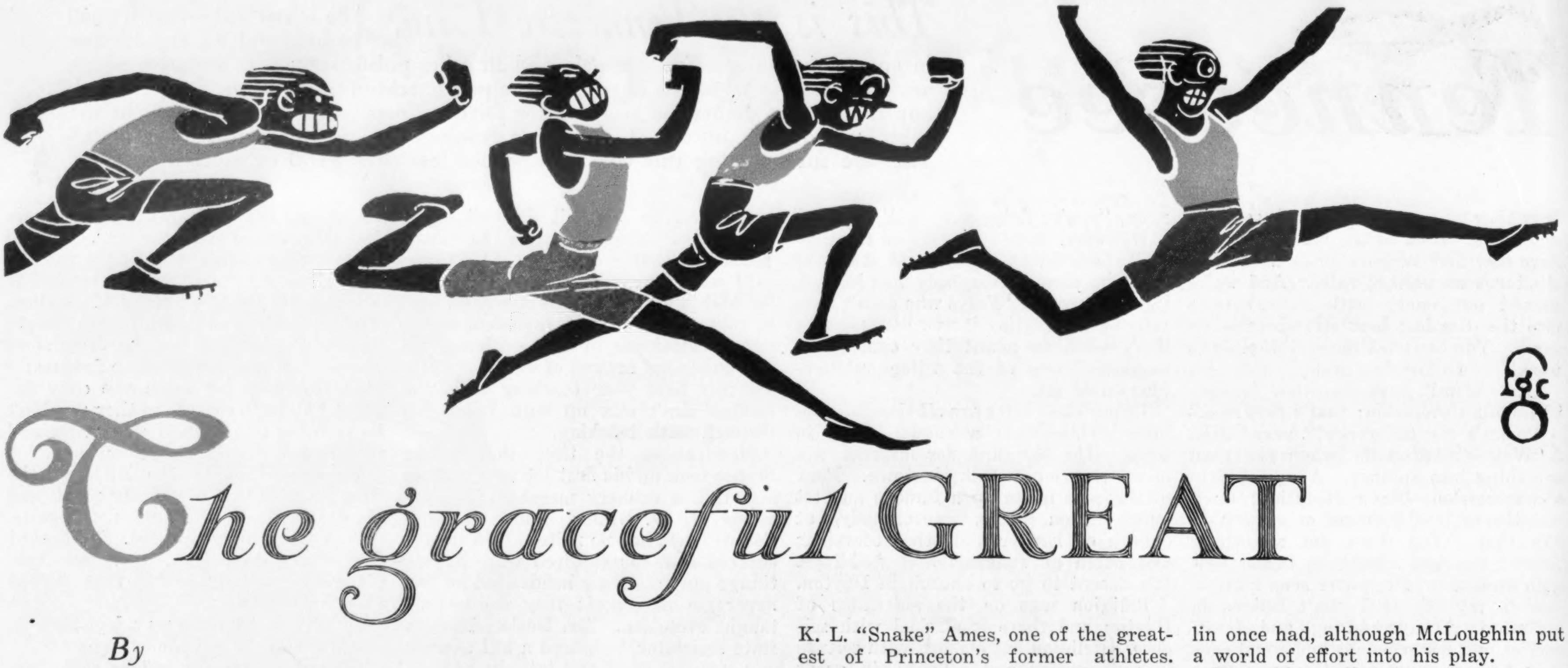
herb of the field before … for the LORD God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and *there was* not a man to till the ground.

6 But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

7 And the LORD God formed man *of* the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

Two Books Have Clashed

The Bible story of Creation which has lived through the ages. Opposite is a reproduction of a schoolbook page, from which John T. Scopes taught high school biology. Compare the emphasized paragraphs and you can grasp the Dayton issue at a glance



The graceful GREAT

By
GRANTLAND RICE

AN OLD-TIME football star had come to see Notre Dame play, especially to watch the work of Knute Rockne's famous Four Horsemen.

"I'm still dazed," he said sometime after the game. "I came out expecting to see speed and power and football skill. I saw that, of course. But they were all minor things. Everything else was lost to me in the perfect grace and beauty of action of those four men. I have never seen such rhythm in my life. It was like looking at a perfect picture. I almost forgot about the game."

The word "graceful" is generally thought of as something pleasing to the eye. How many have recognized its connection with championship ability? Few ever rate grace and strength, or grace and speed, or grace and power together. It might surprise you to know what close companions they are in the competitive game.

There were the Four Horsemen just mentioned. They formed the most graceful backfield ever known. And with it one of the greatest scoring arrays in football history. Every motion they made pleased the eye, but carried the ball at the same time down the field by increasing yards, from one ocean to another.

Slattery's Effortless Punch

I STILL have before me the picture of young Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo when he stepped out to meet Jack Burke in a New York fight. Slattery, still shy of 21, nearly six feet tall, weighed 161 pounds, lean and symmetrical in build without a lumpy muscle showing. He was facing one of Dempsey's best sparring partners, who outweighed him by 14 pounds, a rugged, resolute, knotty type quite willing to mix it with anyone, including Dempsey.

As they came together with Burke rushing, it was hard to remember that a fight was on in watching Slattery. No dancing master was ever so light upon his feet. He seemed to be a shadow, with every movement effortless, as he met Burke's attack. In every turn of hand and foot Slattery was the last word in grace. Within a few seconds he had hit Burke so often that the ring seemed to be flooded with boxing gloves. He might have been posing for a camera, but it so happened that when each blow landed Burke's head snapped back as if someone had nailed him with a baseball bat under the chin.

There was supreme grace and there was "poetry of motion" in Slattery's war dance, but there was also a killing effectiveness that made the graceful Slattery look to be the finest piece of fighting machinery, pound for pound, in the world. There is no one near his weight who can hold him off and there is no one else with a third of his grace.

Someone might arise at this point and suggest that Hans Wagner was one of the greatest of all ball players, yet one never accused him of assuming any graceful attitude in the field or at the bat. Honus was no perfect poem. But there must always be the exception.

Two models of grace as batsmen carry the names of Napoleon Lajoie and Rogers Hornsby. Lajoie remains the most graceful ball player in the history of the sport, and one of the greatest. Every move he made was something to look at. He was a great hitter and a great infielder and yet there was never a sign of effort in anything he did.

Hornsby now has the same grace at bat, a free-swinging, rhythmical motion that packs a world of power and that has given him league leadership for the last five years.

The most graceful pitcher in baseball is Walter Johnson—and after 19 years in major-league harness he is still among the league leaders. There seems to be no effort in Johnson's pitching, yet no one has known so much speed. Perhaps one of the best definitions of grace is "lack of waste motion." It is waste motion that impedes effort, that clogs up action.

In spite of the terrific power Babe Ruth uses, there is a decided element of grace. There is a smoothness to Ruth's swing that at least is akin to grace. One of the most graceful of all hitters was Frank Schulte of the old Cubs who was hitting more than his share of home runs in the day when a home run meant something and the one who made ten or twelve could lead the league.

About the time the qualifying test for the U. S. Open Golf championship came at Lido it seemed to me that the two most graceful swings in the field belonged to Bobby Jones and McDonald Smith. This was also the opinion of K. L. "Snake" Ames, one of the greatest of Princeton's former athletes. "These are the two swings I'd rather have," said Mr. Ames, "so we might follow them a while." Both were replete with grace. There was just this difference: MacDonald Smith had a softer tone, a more leisurely pace to his swing, while Jones carried more of dash and vividness.

Lido is one of the hardest courses in the world. And while following the two most graceful swings we saw Smith get another 35-35 for his second 70 that morning, and that afternoon in a heavy rain and a heavy wind we saw Bobby Jones get a miracle 72. Here were two of the star performances of the season, performances that added further proof to the fact that grace and championship acts go together.

Cobb is a Base-Running Marvel

WITHOUT any regard to their rank in the game, here is the list of the most graceful competitors memory now recalls:

Napoleon Lajoie—baseball
Paavo Nurmi—runner
Jimmy Slattery—boxer
Jack Dempsey—boxer
J. J. Corbett—boxer
Bobby Jones—golfer
MacDonald Smith—golfer
George Duncan—golfer
Luis Lacey—polo
Tris Speaker—outfielder
Hal Chase—first baseman
Notre Dame's "Four Horsemen"—football
Eddie Mahan—football
The Yale Olympic Crew—rowing

This is only a partial list, briefly put together. It simply takes in the certain qualifiers.

For example, it always seemed to me that Benny Leonard's grace was more artificial than natural, something Benny had worked out through considerable labor. His light-footedness was not like Slattery's. When Leonard began to dance around an opponent there was more effort to his dancing than there is to Slattery's shadow-like maneuvers.

We must admit there was no natural or artificial grace held by Jim Jeffries or by Jess Willard. Grace and greatness in competitive sport are not sure and certain teammates.

There is a certain cat-like grace to Bill Tilden, the tennis champion, although he doesn't in this respect come up to a Nurmi, a Jones or a Slattery. He has unusual rhythm but it is more along angular lines. It isn't quite so smooth and effortless. Tilden in this respect hasn't the grace that McLoughlin once had, although McLoughlin put a world of effort into his play.

This thing called "grace" must be a natural quality. It is rarely artificial. The developed grace of the human body cannot approach the grace of a leopard or a deer where all harmony of action is perfectly blended, where there is almost no visible effort at all. Ty Cobb, a great hitter, is not at all graceful at bat, yet he is a marvel of grace on the bases, where in his prime he ran as wild and as free as a mountain stream.

Insofar as human activity goes, there is no grace that surpasses such divers as Aileen Riggin and Betty Becker, winners of Olympic championships. They had all the natural qualities to start with. And this is one game where the cultivation of still more grace is necessary. Both have worked along the seashore with fancy dancers in order to develop a higher degree of rhythm and a clearer ease of motion.

It is remarkable how many of the most graceful competitors are also among the greatest. There has been no broken field runner to surpass Eddie Mahan, unless it is Red Grange. Mahan was a marvel of grace, another shadow drifting up and down the field. For that matter Grange has his full share of the same quality, there being no lurching, floundering motion to his wanderings with the ball up and down the field.

He Can Hit the Ball a Mile

FIGURED down to a scientific basis it is only natural that grace and competitive greatness should move side by side. Grace combines the qualities of ease, natural smoothness, rhythm, form and style, and these all have their places in molding the winning human machine. There are many exceptions, just as there are many who overcome erratic or poor form by certain methods of their own.

These may make the game harder for themselves. Most of the time they do. Yet they get there. Ted Ray can sway all over the lot and yet hit the ball a mile and hit it straight. But Ray is an exception. Not one golfer in a thousand could hope to adopt his style and get anywhere.

Beauty of motion has a strong appeal for the crowd. It is one of the reasons why big galleries follow Bobby Jones and why big gatherings come to see Slattery. It is one of the reasons that such great crowds came to see Nurmi. He was something to look at, not only because he was moving swiftly, but also because his running was a treat for the eyes.

The most difficult husband in AMERICA

He has chosen to remain deaf. He won't give up black cigars and black coffee. He won't exercise. But he doesn't have to be called in the morning

By MARTHA COMAN
and HUGH WEIR

Mrs. Edison says her life job has been "the intimate service of Thomas A. Edison"

WE WERE waiting for the most difficult and—in many ways—the most famous husband in America. He was late for lunch, but that was nothing unusual. The great house at Llewellyn Park was used to that.

As the hour hand on the clock crawled beyond one we adjourned reluctantly to the dining-room. Hardly had we seated ourselves at the table when there was a stir in the long Colonial hall, a quick step outside, and the most remarkable man of seventy-six this country has produced—a man who is still always in a hurry—bustled into the room.

Thomas A. Edison had come home from his five hours of morning work in the laboratory.

But he wasn't interested in food—not a bit. A smile of greeting (it was more of a twinkle) flashed into the alert eyes under the heavy, iron-gray brows, and his large head with its rumpled gray hair nodded with a kind of vague cheeriness. For a moment he stood looking at us—one might almost say peering—and then he stepped over to Mrs. Edison. His movements are always abrupt—not jerky but intent. With the eagerness of a boy he reached toward the little stack of photographs she was holding up.

It was a collection of intimate pictures, which he had been expecting for several days from Detroit, of Mrs. Edison and himself and the family of Henry Ford.

"Go on with the meal, please," Mrs. Edison smiled. "He never eats—if he has anything else to do!"

With something of a sigh he finally laid the pictures away, and took the chair Mrs. Edison had drawn up very close to her left side. After nearly forty years of married life his wife has learned to solve, with an inconspicuous adroitness, the problem of her famous husband's deafness.

A cereal and a plate of grapes—these were the main items in the noon meal of the man who, at the age of nearly four score years, works from fourteen to fifteen hours each day.

The luncheon conversation that had languished was resumed as the great inventor set himself mechanically at the task of eating. He took no part in the table talk. The conversation interested him, apparently, as little as did the food.

On several occasions Mrs. Edison reached over and retailed bits of the conversation into his ear, which he automatically cupped toward her. His eyes wandered across the table at such times with a forced smile of interest, but, except for perfunctory words, he never spoke. There was no suggestion of boredom in his detachment or of patronage in his smile. He was just a very much absorbed man, too busy with other matters to have time for commonplaces.

Forty Winks for a Famous Man

THEN quite suddenly he pushed back his chair. With another smile and a nod he was gone. Edison's business of eating was over—until evening.

When we entered the elaborate second-floor library half an hour later we had our next view of Mr. Edison. He was stretched on a lounge, asleep, his rumpled gray hair falling down over his forehead.

Edison sleeps as he eats—not because of the pleasure in it but because it is necessary to continue his work, though he never admits he is tired. If there is one thing that irritates him it is to feel tired—to feel the symptoms of slowing up. And of late years he has found that from thirty to forty-five minutes of extra sleep after lunch—never more—help to keep him more keenly on the job.

Just as his life is consecrated to the work of his experimentation, which he continues as faithfully to-day as he did a quarter of a century ago, so Mrs. Edison's life is consecrated to the work of *her* experimentation—the constant devising of new ways and means for the conservation of her remarkable and difficult husband. And from the standpoint of a conserver of energy, Thomas Alva Edison is certainly the most difficult husband in America to direct.

How does Mrs. Edison go about it? What does it mean to be the wife of the greatest inventive genius of modern times? How much is her husband like other men, and how much is he different from them? Have the closing years of his spectacular life changed the young wizard who startled the world, and if so—how?

Is the man who harnessed the lightning to give us illumination, who made machinery to reproduce the human voice, who showed us how to photograph motion, just a human being after all?

These are some of the things I went to Mrs. Edison to find out.

We were seated, one afternoon, in the living-room at Glenmont, the beautiful Edison home in the Llewellyn Park section of Orange, when Mrs. Edison gave me something of its history. There is no better illustration of how she has approached the job of being the wife of the world's greatest inventor. And when it is added that she was a girl of just twenty when she entered on that job the task that she assumed can be better appreciated.

The history of the Edison home really begins on February 24, 1886, the date on which the inventor, then a young man of thirty-eight, married Mina Miller of Akron, Ohio.

His Work Comes First

THE question of a suitable home for his young wife was a big problem in Edison's mind. And he gave this particular domestic question as intent study in its way as he was giving to the problem of the incandescent light, then in the throes of its early commercial development.

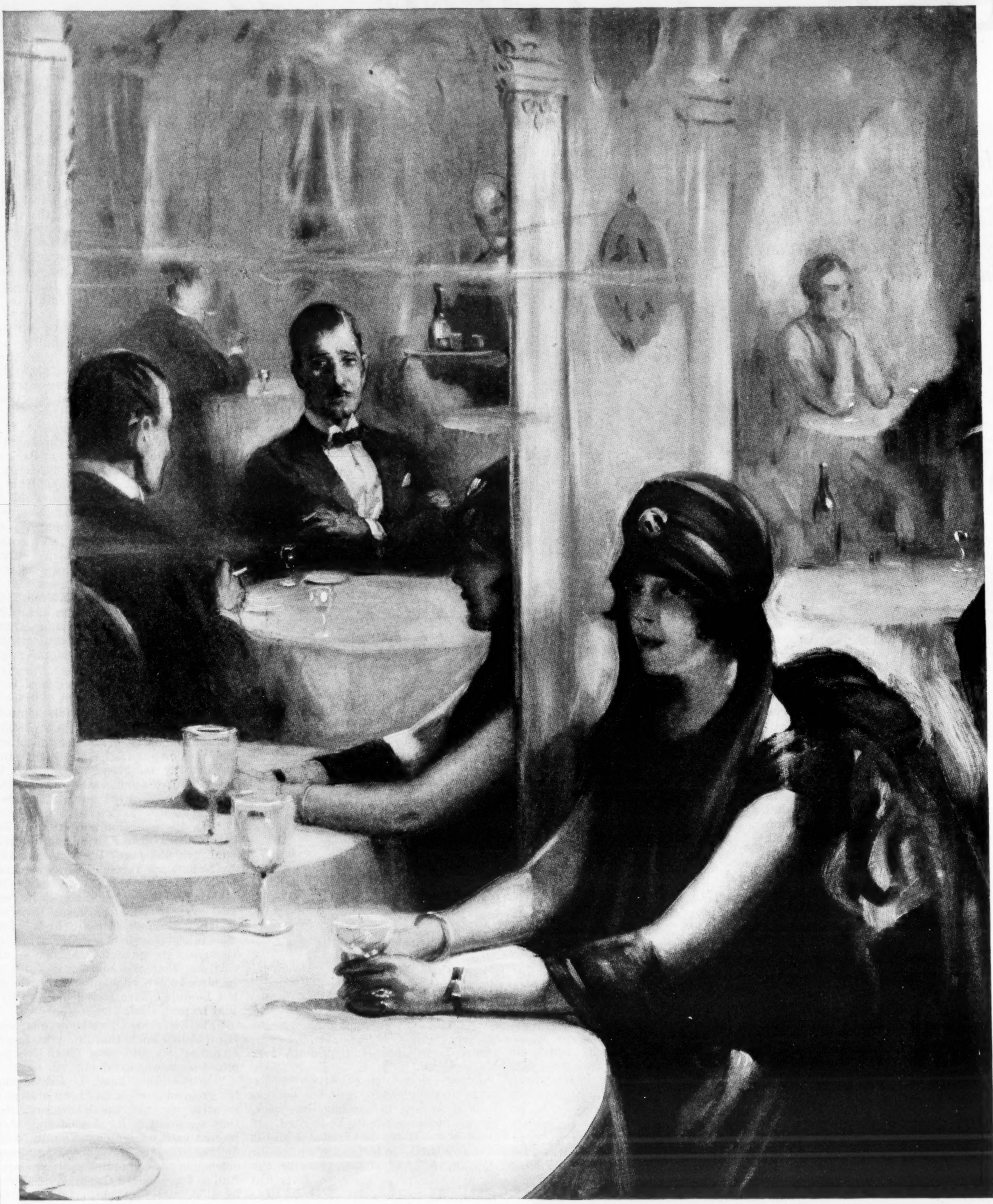
"We discussed the matter all during our honeymoon in Florida that winter," said Mrs. Edison. "When we returned to New York in the spring we knew that we had to make a decision. Mr. Edison had two especial houses in view. One was in New York on Riverside Drive, not far from the Schwab home. The other was in Llewellyn Park, at Orange. He gave me the choice and told me that the matter was in my hands. I knew he wanted to please me, but he didn't have to tell me the home that he preferred.

"The Riverside Drive home was beautiful. And I knew that in my husband's business life the New York location might mean a great deal.

"On the other hand, I realized that his greatest success had been always in creative work of the laboratory, that that was what he loved most and where he was most contented. The confusion and excitement of a large city were deadening to experimental research. And so I abandoned the Riverside Drive location, and decided in favor of the quiet and seclusion of New Jersey. We have lived here ever since."

And then she added simply, "My job has been always to take care of Mr. Edison—to take care that his home contributed as much as possible to his doing the work that he had to do to the best advantage. We have always put his work first, all of us. And we have tried to organize our home and our home life to give

(*Continued on page 42*)



The Gilded Pheasant

"At the end of five years to the night, which is this night, she would meet me here in the Faison Doré. I am waiting, my friend"

The gilded PHEASANT

By
STEPHEN AVERY

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD
BRETT

ON THE Continent somewhere, in a forgotten little cobbled street where the rain is drawing fine black lines across the yellow glow of a corner lamp, a man is peering into faces, passers-by, or someone in a carriage. Or later at a table in a tiny, dark place, such as he and you and a few would know, he will look up from his duck and Madeira and start as though he'd seen a ghost. Now, you will wonder why he does this, and I will tell you why—but strike me cold if I will tell you how I know.

One thing is certain—no one would know but for whatever disappointment there is in wives, or—to be pointed—in Forrest Windsor's wife. And yet, if a man can't pick one when he's thirty-six, when can he? Yes, when can he? But it's not precisely consistent to wait thirty-six years only to meet and marry a pair of gray eyes in a fortnight. It was expecting a lot—of gray eyes, and it was a long shot, and it met the fate of long shots.

After three years of it in just plain home and business, and three months of it in Europe, and three days of it in their suite in the Hotel Metropole, high above the Grand Place of Tours, Forrest Windsor meditated upon the slender back of her pale lavender peignoir and convicted himself of bad judgment. It had not been the sort of judgment, anyway, with which he'd brokered his way through Wall Street to a useful fortune. Marriage was his only wildcat plunge and—

SO NOW when he was nearing forty and his gold was just a heavy weight, and their apartment at home, full of museum antiques, was after all a lot of old junk, and his favorite Fifty-seventh Street club was in reality a den of dodos, and his tee shots were wilder than ever—he needed a woman, a wife. And all he had was a doll's face with a wistful half smile on her lips and a vague wonder-what-it's-all-about in her gray eyes. That was Marion to a T—when T stands for tragedy.

"Let's hire a hack and drive through the town," he said to the slender lavender back, though—and that was the devil of it—he knew exactly and in advance what the reply would be—"Very well, Forrest, if you wish."

Marion turned around with a white dot of powder on her short nose. Even her husband couldn't quarrel with her looks. "All right, Forrest," she said. "If you want to."

Close enough. Too close. He'd been up against that devastating obviousness for three years: evenings when he'd come home determined to tell her a story he'd heard or to pat himself on the back for some particularly smart deal in rails. But who could talk to a vagueness? Her clothes? Who wants to talk about a woman's clothes? Her ailments? When he knew perfectly well that they were imaginary? And as for plays and books, great heavens! He was too dissatisfied with his own to worry about the troubles of imaginary lives.

How Marion with her background of cultivation, her years of travel, her several languages, her reputed voice—well, what was the use? She never had mentioned a foreign place in any language, and she'd never sung a note, and, by George, that little Miss Evans, his secretary at the office, had more spirit. Forrest Windsor had taken Miss Evans out to lunch a few times, and he knew. But that is neither here nor there. He wasn't married to Miss Evans and he had been married to Marion for three entire years.

He remembered the last time he'd found her sitting in their car in front of the apartment house, all ready to take him for another everlasting drive through the eternal park. He had climbed in reluctantly and killed her faint smile with a perfunctory kiss, waiting to ask her what mail had come until she'd had a chance to inquire about his day at the office.

Halfway through the park he'd said, "I like that emerald ring, Marion." He simply had to say something or he'd become one of those queer, dear souls who pass one on the street babbling happily to themselves. "Yes, I think I'll match it with a bracelet for your birthday."

"That will be nice."

"To-morrow, isn't it?" he asked, encouraged. "We might dine out."

"Very well, Forrest, if you wish."

"Where then? Lido? Ten East Sixty?"

"Either will be very—"

"My God, Marion! Can't you—?" And then he had told her. There had been a sort of helplessness in her eyes, but he had told her that he was going to pull out of it. "I'm going to Europe for six months. You're too sick and, anyway, the other side's an old story to you"—

She had shot him a quick, frightened glance. "I think a change will be good for me, Forrest." But apparently, thought Windsor as he rose to phone downstairs for the "hack," Europe wasn't enough of a change.

LIKE the arm of one asleep beside a beloved, Tours reaches a bridge over the slow Loire. Their fiacre returned across it toward the scattered and then merging lights of the city, and down below the brown water was blackening because it was near to night. A boat barely moved.

Soon they jogged into town through the narrow aisle of the Rue Nationale. Blue and gold coaches had brightened that passage once, or a Duc de Guise at the head of forty plumes, or the flying hair of Charles Martel with a bishop's prayer on his head, a blunt battle-ax on his shoulder, and a slim maid on his saddle bow to bid him speed on the road to Poitiers.

"Shall we go back to the hotel, Marion?" he asked. "Why not the L'Univers or the Lyonnais for dinner?"

She was startled out of some distant thought—or some distant lack of thought. "Either will be very nice, Forrest."

He shook his head despondently. Country or continent cannot change a woman. "So kind of you to agree," he said. "We shall proceed to the end in the track of every confounded tourist who has ever been here. I thought at least you knew France—but you've a tourist mind, Marion."

She flushed. Presently she said, "Very well, then. We shall dine elsewhere. Tell the driver to go to the Faison Doré."

"Why didn't you say so before?"

The driver knew, though Windsor thought he'd forgotten until at a point he turned at right angles to take them, it seemed, head on into a wall until they made out the time-stained and crumbling archway through which they could pass. The Gilded Pheasant? No gilt here. They were in a small, stone-flagged courtyard and they were out of their century. "What sort of thieves' dive is this, Marion?"

Dim lights penetrated the barred and curtained windows, and when at the door Windsor jerked a dangling cord a bell rang as if far away inside. They followed the tottering, chattering old one who admitted them through a gloomy hall. "Avec moi, Monsieur-dame. Oui—à la minuit. The birds have—" He snapped his fingers for the English word—"they have just been turn. Et quel vin ce soir, Monsieur—"

The parlor in which Marion awaited him breathed a faint musk, as if it had just been opened after a few hundred years under lock. A swashbuckling cavalier grinned from a gold frame above the marble mantel. A crimson brocade before the windows looked brittle enough to break at a touch. Somehow Windsor was depressed. And Marion sitting there vaguely as though she didn't even realize she had brought him to a dead hole!

"S'il vous plait, Monsieur—"

The dining-room was long and narrow and not large. There were wall mirrors reflecting from every angle an unbelievable somberness of red and gold. As they followed silently to their table in the far corner, they caught glimpses through a haze of curtains—as of ages—of the Rue Nationale. So an eleventh Louis might have seen it.

A few older and rather pompous French were at the front tables, and near their own were two men, an English personage for one, and the other—? Well, not French. His back was turned.

Windsor felt sorry for Marion. She had doubtless been here before the place began to run down. Perhaps an aperitif would cheer her a bit. "Vermouth Cassis," he said when the waiter's grizzled head bent down. Was this an old men's home? It gave him the creeps.

"Vermouth Cassis," repeated the fellow. "But Madame will prefer vin blanc citron, n'est ce pas?"

Marion nodded absently. "I'm feeling rather faint, Forrest," she said.

So she was going to add to it all with one of her precious spells. He said something about a last trip to Blois, but he knew she wasn't listening. That Englishman was doubtless an ex-undersecretary or a defeated M. P. The younger man had the blackest hair he had ever seen. Indistinctly he caught the word "Americans." Well, what of it? Windsor had no liking for being discussed.

THE aperitif brought a little color to Marion's cheek and that maddening half smile to her parted lips. It was the fixity of the expression which got on his nerves. A low but resonant voice came from the other table, apparently careless as to whether or not it was overheard. "But their women, my friend! That is their genius, for no others have so much to offer a man."

He was tall and proud, that man, so much from the set of his shoulders and head. Windsor wondered about his face, and then, chancing to look up, he saw it in the mirror on the opposite wall—a lean face set with hot eyes and a striking texture of skin, under which ebbed and flowed with passing feelings the patrician fire of some southland. Spanish, he thought, and then doubted it. He wasn't quite that.

The ex-undersecretary was laughing. "Your enthusiasm suggests a personal experience. Carlos—"

Marion was asking the boat they would take to Blois. It was like her to be a magpie when he wanted to listen to someone else, and a sphinx when he didn't. "There are at least half a dozen boats, my dear. What's the difference?"

"—you will perhaps take me seriously when I tell you that I count all other experiences as nothing. Your democrats are right about one thing: A prince is made of the same flesh and blood as the rest of you—"

Windsor tried to shake the fellow's voice out of his ears. Prince? What a lot of bunk! He gave attention to the quality of the wine and the rather special savor of the dinner course. But it takes two also to make an appetite, and Marion wasn't eating a thing. (*Continued on page 32*)

It's just a tiny principality—and not subject to the laws of any "civilized" country

The cruelest city in the world

Here is the plain truth about "beautiful Monte Carlo," the gambling capital of the world

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

THE Prince of Monaco was broke. It doesn't seem possible, now; but, in the late sixties, it was so. And since he was a shrewd and traveled man, who had observed the profits of the gambling casinos which then flourished at Hamburg and Baden-Baden, he said to himself: "Why shouldn't I have a little casino in my home?"

His home was well situated for such a venture, at the Kohinoor point of the Riviera's jeweled crown: on the Rock of Monaco, named after the Greek strong man, Hercules Moniokos, and until this day an independent principality, a law unto itself.

To such a land of beauty and health and individual freedom, all the world would love to come. And does. Every season, at Monte Carlo, clerks and bookkeepers and seamstresses and school teachers bring millions of dollars to the cupolaed Casino—and *leave what they bring on the prince's tables.*

"The prince's tables" is not an accurate phrase; for early in his career the thrifty Prince of Monaco ceded that portion of his dominions known as Monte Carlo to one François Blanc, Blanc the First, a professional gambler, whose descendant, Camille Blanc, was the founder and until last year the chief "bather" in the "Societé des Bains de Mer"—the sweetly ironical name of the group of modern Borgias who own the gambling Casino at Monte Carlo and exercise a despotic control over the tiny principality.

The "Society for Sea Bathing" has done well in its rôle of benevolent despot. It can "point with pride" to its gardens, its terraces, its hotels, its cafés, its baths—from which it derives its respectable name—its opera, its reading-room, its tennis courts, its golf at Monte Agel, its funiculars to La Turbie, its quiet streets, its peaceful inhabitants; and it can say with truth that it runs the most skillfully conducted pleasure resort in Europe.

I have been to Monte Carlo many times. Summer and winter; in season, when all the world is lunching at Ciro's; and out of season, when only Mary Garden is dining on the shaded terrace of the Hôtel de Paris. I have been in most of the gambling casinos of Western Europe: Deauville, Nice, Cannes, Le Touquet, Ostend, Aix-les-Bains, and a host of smaller ones. I am not a gambler. But I know gambling intimately. And I say without hesitation that if there must be gambling casinos—apparently, in Europe, there must—there could be no better location than Monte Carlo and no better management than the House of Blanc.

But to the real gambler the Casino at Monte is a joke. No *real* gambler ever plays there—except, of course, in the Private Rooms and the Sporting Club across the street. The halls are attractive enough, in a heavy, Waldorf-Astoria way; but the players are a grim, depressing company, in whose ranks you look in vain for the kings and queens, ambassadors and cabinet members, peers and millionaires, whose giddy presences enliven the evening's play in the baccarat-rooms of Mr. Cornuche's well-known establishments at Deauville and Cannes. Mr. Blanc's Casino is more like an old ladies' home. William Allen White, I think it was, first called it that—and, in a sense, it is true.

I have known some of these pathetic old hags for fifteen years. I see one of them now: she wears a loud Scotch plaid skirt, a short velvet coat, and a red straw hat of the Queen Mary model which exactly matches the red of her nose. Another—a special favorite with me—sported for years on what was once her bosom a huge colored likeness of the late King Edward; recently, she has substituted an awful thing of the Prince of Wales.

Poor souls! I know nothing of their intimate finances. I hope they put their winnings in their stockings and borrow money when they lose. I know some of them do, because they borrow from me. One old hag with a monocle shuffled up to me last week, and touched me for a hundred francs. A few steps away another woman—younger and with something to sell—was negotiating for a thousand. It takes more than gambler's luck to earn a living year in and year out at Monte Carlo. The truly lucky ones are those who die!

The Man With Tragic Eyes

IF YOU happen to commit suicide at a Casino table, four "bearers," trained to the work, step forward out of nowhere and whisk your body behind one of those glass doors in the gloomy Salle Schmidt. No one ever hears of you again. There is no inquest. There is no publicity—except for winners—at Monte Carlo.

Not long ago, a man who had been losing heavily for weeks, was playing in the next chair to a member of my immediate family. He staked his last louis on his favorite, seventeen. The little white ball hesitated, trembled on the edge of the desired slot, and rolled into the neighboring twenty-five. The man rose, bowed to my relative and to the man on his other side, walked six or seven steps from the table, and blew his brains out.

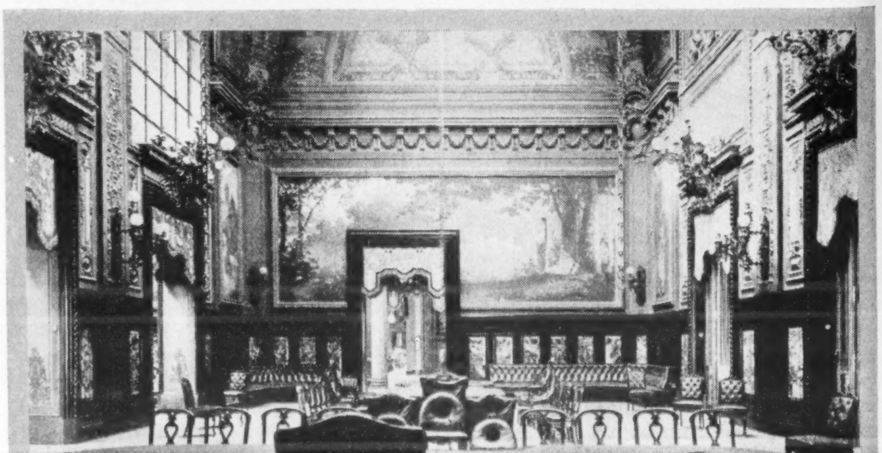
Play did not stop at the dead man's table.

But it isn't safe to judge even a gambling resort by appearances. One day last winter I was standing on the steps of the Casino, chatting with Mary Roberts Rinehart, when a tall, wild-eyed man rushed past us and disappeared into the whirl of the Salle Schmidt. He might have been a candidate for the gamblers' graveyard.

"That man," said Mrs. Rinehart, "has the most tragic face I have seen in Monte Carlo. Let's follow him!"

We did. And found him taking his seat at a busy table near the far end. He was a *croupier*—the man whose business it is to spin the wheel and roll

Gorgeous, isn't it? It's the Casino's "Salle Schmidt"



the ball—and his job had depended on his being on time!

Even suicides are deceptive. I am convinced that many people come to Monte for that very purpose, just as other people go to Reno to get a divorce. The convenient secrecy and the obvious excuse are both valuable to men and women already intent on dodging life's responsibilities. Men have registered at the "Paris" with empty kit bags and loaded pistols. One beautiful woman arrived, a bit hurriedly, in a chemise, a pair of silk stockings, and a sable coat.

They Needn't Go Home Broke

SO I do not hold all the tragic faces of the Casino "regulars" against the S. B. M. (the "Societé des Bains de Mer"). It is true that the average countenance around the green tables in the Salle Schmidt is debased by selfishness and distorted by greed. But these are sins which they may have brought with them to Monte Carlo. And I do not charge the S. B. M. with its full toll of deaths. Suicides at Monte Carlo may be "routine stuff," but the S. B. M. sees to it that they are not obligatory.

If you prefer going home broke to staying in Monte dead, the man behind the little glass door will give you a second-class ticket back to the old home town. "That's pretty decent of the S. B. M., isn't it, sending those poor devils back to Brington, Sulgrave or South Bend or Timbuktu?" Yes, it is; just as it is decent to keep the streets clean and sewers drained; and profitable, too, for the *viatique*, as it is called, has rid the community of hundreds of burdensome guests and presumably shut hundreds of bitter mouths.

I have said all I can for the S. B. M.—unless I give it credit for Monte Carlo's amethyst hills and sapphire sea! I have made every allowance for sensational exaggerations and unfortunate appearances. I might even concede that anyone foolish enough to go to Monte Carlo to play deserves the fate that waits him there. But I wouldn't be telling the whole truth if I did not say that, fundamentally, *the S. B. M. is the cruelest group of men and Monte Carlo the cruelest city in the world.*

The S. B. M. never forgets, or forgives, the truth. That's why you no longer read of the losses of Casino gamblers; but only of the winnings of the lucky ones. That's why you no longer read of suicides at Monte Carlo; but only of pigeon-shooting.

The trouble began with a man of God, who amused himself in his monastic cell by designing a wheel of thirty-six equal divisions, eighteen red and eighteen black. Paschal—that was the monk's name—found that by revolving his wheel in one direction and revolving a small white ball along its edge in the opposite direction, he had a true game of chance. According to the law of averages, the ball would stop half the time on a red division, and half the time on a black; and it would stop an equal number of times in the long run on each of the thirty-six divisions or numbers. Nothing could be fairer than that, not even Authors or Mah Jong.

But someone—I am not sure it was Paschal—conceived the idea of adding a thirty-seventh division, called Zero, which counted as red, if the player was betting on black, and black if the player was betting on red. Zero changed the odds on the "simple chances" of the colors from eighteen to eighteen, as it had been on the old wheel, to eighteen to nineteen, against the player and in favor of the bank. Some other ingenious citizen, doubtless the proprietor of a gambling house, arbitrarily declared that Zero could win, but could not lose. If the ball dropped on Zero, the bank took all the money bet on the other *thirty-six* numbers; but if it stopped on another number, the winning player did not win thirty-six times what he bet, but only *thirty-five* times. This man rechristened Zero "L'Ami de Maison" or Friend of the House. And he called the game Roulette.

The Casino at Monte Carlo is the product of much thought and considerable money. It is very lovely, but when you admire it don't forget its suicide record

You can see all kinds at Monte Carlo. These people in the Casino's "Salle Prince" have been playing baccarat, a dangerous game, but not quite so dangerous—for the player—as roulette

The obvious unfairness of a "game" in which the odds are automatically and inescapably against the player—a soulless, mechanical game in which the player is not allowed to exercise even a baccarat judgment on the draw of a card—soon drove the roulette wheel from even the most sophisticated halls of chance. First one great country and then another made the operation of such an instrument a punishable criminal act, until nowhere on the civilized globe can the game of roulette be legally played—*except at Monte Carlo.*

Crooked? Perish the Thought!

THE principality of Monaco, not being subject to the laws of any "civilized" country, allowed the House of Blanc to install this monkish spinning wheel; and successive princes of Monaco, feasting off the golden cloth of its weaving, have tolerated its continued existence. That, in a sentence, is the shameful story of Monte Carlo.

I am not saying that there is anything "crooked" about the Casino roulette wheels—or about any of the operations of the S. B. M. My quarrel is not with the way they "play the game" at Monte, but with the game they play—*a game of chance in which the player has no chance!*

Of course, there have been many attempts to get the better of the S. B. M. by illegitimate means. Unscrupulous players have tried to tamper with the wheel, but their success has been short-lived.

Legitimate efforts to "beat the wheel" have been equally unsuccessful.

As for the man who broke the bank of Monte Carlo, there ain't no such animal—except in the man's own mind. Each table starts the day with a "petty cash" capital of eighty thousand francs, or four thousand dollars. Ordinarily, this is quite enough to finance its banking operations throughout the day's play. But it is quite conceivable that a player, risking large amounts during a run of exceptional luck, might force the official in charge to send to the desk for more money.

If the chief of play is careless, and does not bring up the reinforcements in time, play at that particular table ceases until more purple bank notes arrive. Nothing has happened that would not occur at the cashier's window of your bank, if the official stepped back into the vault to replenish his stock of dimes and nickels.

But the player, if he is an impressionable soul, finds himself in a position of momentary prominence. He rushes out and cables the folks at home; and if the S. B. M. thinks that the time is opportune for a little advertising, it gives the news to the papers: "Mr. Cohunk of Cohunkville, the well-known plumber, has broken the bank of Monte Carlo." The chances are that the bank has broken him before the printed word is dry.

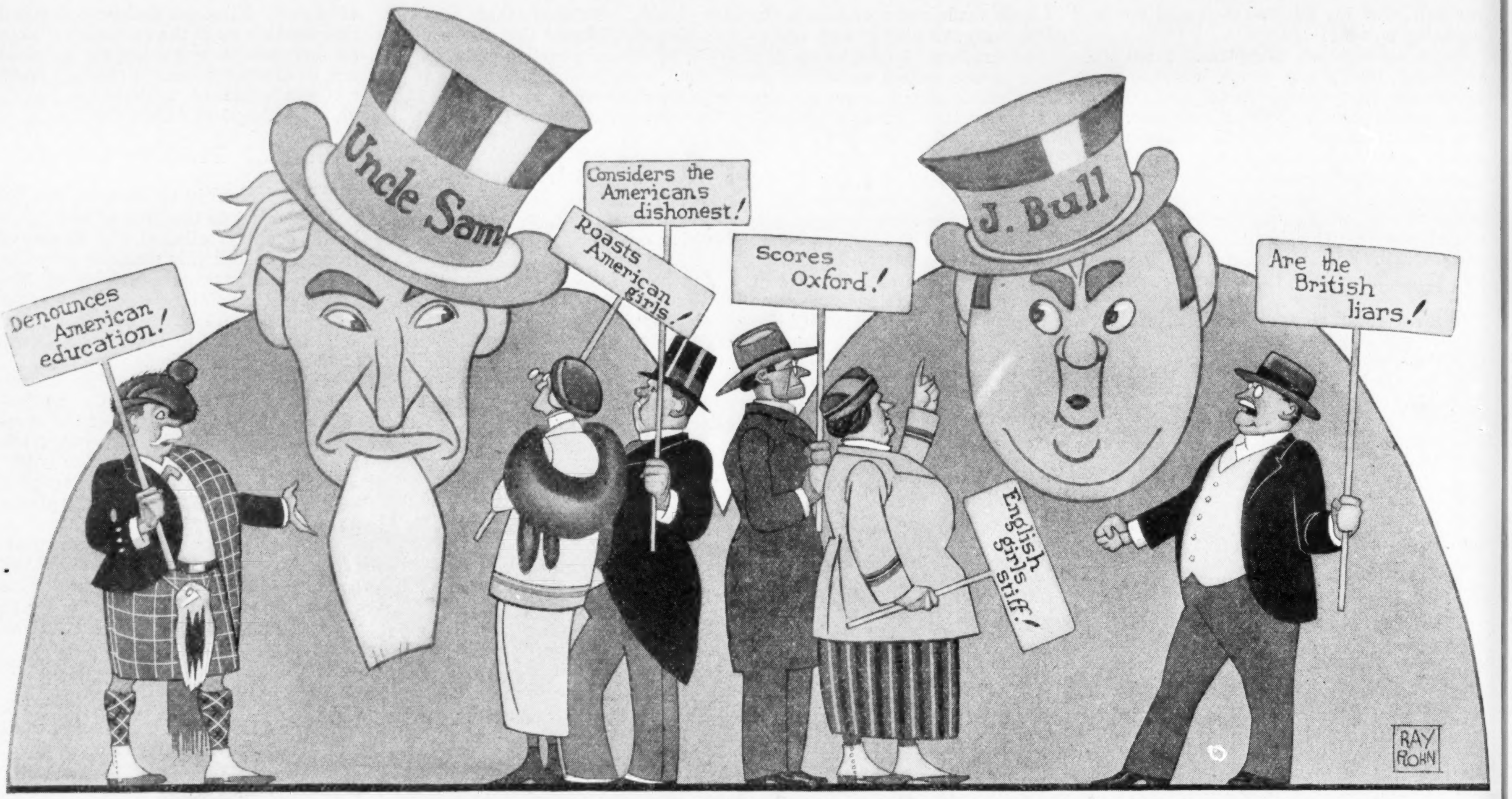
Riviera romanticists like to believe that a few of the "old ladies," by working hard and limiting their losses and not playing at all when the luck is running against them, do eke out a miserable living.

Hiram Maxim, Dr. Silberer, all of the other distinguished mathematicians who have studied the chances at roulette, agree that this cannot possibly be so; that no one can win "if he keeps on long enough."

The strain of playing steadily at Monte Carlo is so great, and the constant grinding absorption in the money-grubbing game is so demoralizing that even if they win, they lose.

Personally, I know of no such winners. I believe that the roulette wheel of the S. B. M. is absolutely fool-proof: Achilles without his heel; the surest sure thing in the world.

How can it be otherwise? The "Societé des Bains de Mer" pays an annual dividend to its shareholders of approximately two million dollars. It could not *always* pay a dividend, if it were doing what it purports to be doing: running a "game of chance."


Uncle Sam
J. Bull
Denounces American education!
Considers the Americans dishonest!
Roasts American girls!
Scores Oxford!
Are the British liars!
English girls stiff!
RAY ROHN

Slams across the SEA

"The American girl's shortcomings," says Lady V., "may be due to her habit of chewing tobacco." And that's that

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

HAVE you ever noticed the way in which the habit of "scathing denunciations," back and forward across the Atlantic, is growing in the press. Every time when international news gets a little slack somebody lands off a steamer and says something about British education or about American women that sets the whole press into a flame. The people who say the things are of no possible importance. They are for the most part people of whom nobody ever heard before and never will again. But that doesn't matter. The newly arrived visitor stands up on the deck of his steamer, gets the reporters all grouped around him in a ring, and then begins to "denounce." As a result, next morning the newspapers of the entire continent carry news items such as the following, and the public seethes with indignation:

Denounces American Education

"New York, April—Mr. Farquhar McSquirt, who holds a high position in the kindergarten department of the Scottish Orphans' Asylum at Dumfoolish, landed yesterday from the Aquitania on a tour of inspection of the American and Canadian schools, and at once uttered a scathing denunciation of education on this continent.

"He considers that the whole educational system of America is punk. He admits that a great many pupils attend school on this continent, but denies that they learn a thing. He considers that the average boy of twelve in the Orkney Islands knows more than a graduate of Harvard and Yale. The American student, he says, has never learned to *think;* whereas the Scottish boy begins to think soon after he learns to talk.

"Mr. McSquirt considers that the principal cause of the defect of American education is the utter lack of qualified teachers. He claims that the average American school teacher is a complete nut. Few of them stay more than ten years in the profession, whereas in Scotland the average period is well over fifty years."

As soon as this kind of thing has been spilt all over the map of North America, the next thing to do is to mop it up. The newspapers send out inquiries to ten heads of ten great universities, and they all answer that while they have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. McSquirt personally—which means that they hope they never will know him—they emphatically deny his strictures on our education. They claim that the average American boy, while he may not have such long ears as a Scottish boy, is more receptive. He may not know as much as a Scottish student but what he knows he has digested, a thing the Scottish student has little chance to do. After this the public is soothed and the affair dies down.

Of course it must not be supposed that these "denunciations" are all in one direction. Not at all. That merely depends on which direction the traveler is going in. If he is headed the other way and is standing on British soil the denunciation is turned around and it runs something after this fashion:

Scores Oxford

"London, April—Mr. Phineas Q. Cactus, T. Q., principal of the Texas Normal Institute for Feeble-Minded Navaho Indians, has just attracted wide attention here by a letter to the Morning Post, in which he utters a scathing denunciation of the University of Oxford. He claims that at Oxford a student learns nothing.

"He admits that they go there and they stay there, but he says that during the whole time in Oxford no student ever thinks. In the schools of Texas no student is admitted unless he has passed an examination in thinking, and during his entire course thinking is made compulsory at every step.

"Principal Cactus considers that Oxford dulls a man's mind. He says that after a course at Oxford the student is fit for nothing except the church or the bar or the House of Lords. He claims that the average Oxford professor would make but a poor showing as a cowboy in Texas."

Education is a splendid topic for this kind of business. But perhaps an even better one is found in getting after our women and girls and denouncing them across the Atlantic. This is always good for ten days' excitement. The sample press notice is as follows:

Scores American Girls

"New York, April—Lady Violet Longshanks, a direct descendant of Edward I in the male line, landed yesterday morning in New York from the Rule Britannia. Lady Violet has at once excited widespread comment by an interview which she gave on the dock to a representative of the press, a scathing denunciation of the American girl.

"She declares that the American girl of to-day is without manners. No American girl, the countess claims, knows how to enter a room, still less how to get out of one. The American girl, according to Lady V., does not know how to use her voice, still less how to use her feet. At the same time the countess expressed herself fascinated with the size of the United States, which she considers is undoubtedly a country of the future. Lady V. thinks it probable that many of the shortcomings of the American girl may be due to her habit of chewing tobacco."

And so, of course, as soon as Lady V. has said all this it has to be "mopped up" just like the other stuff. The press sends people to interview five heads of five women's colleges and they all declare that the American girl is as gentle as a lamb, and that if Lady V. really knew the American girl she would understand that the American girl can use her feet, and will. As to the question of chewing tobacco, they need only say that perhaps Lady V. is unaware that in all the first-class women's colleges chewing tobacco is expressly forbidden not only on the campus, but in the bedrooms.

This reassures the public and gradually the trouble subsides and everybody cools off and the American girl gets right back to where she was. And then some American lady takes a trip over to England and starts the whole trouble again in a reversed direction, like this:

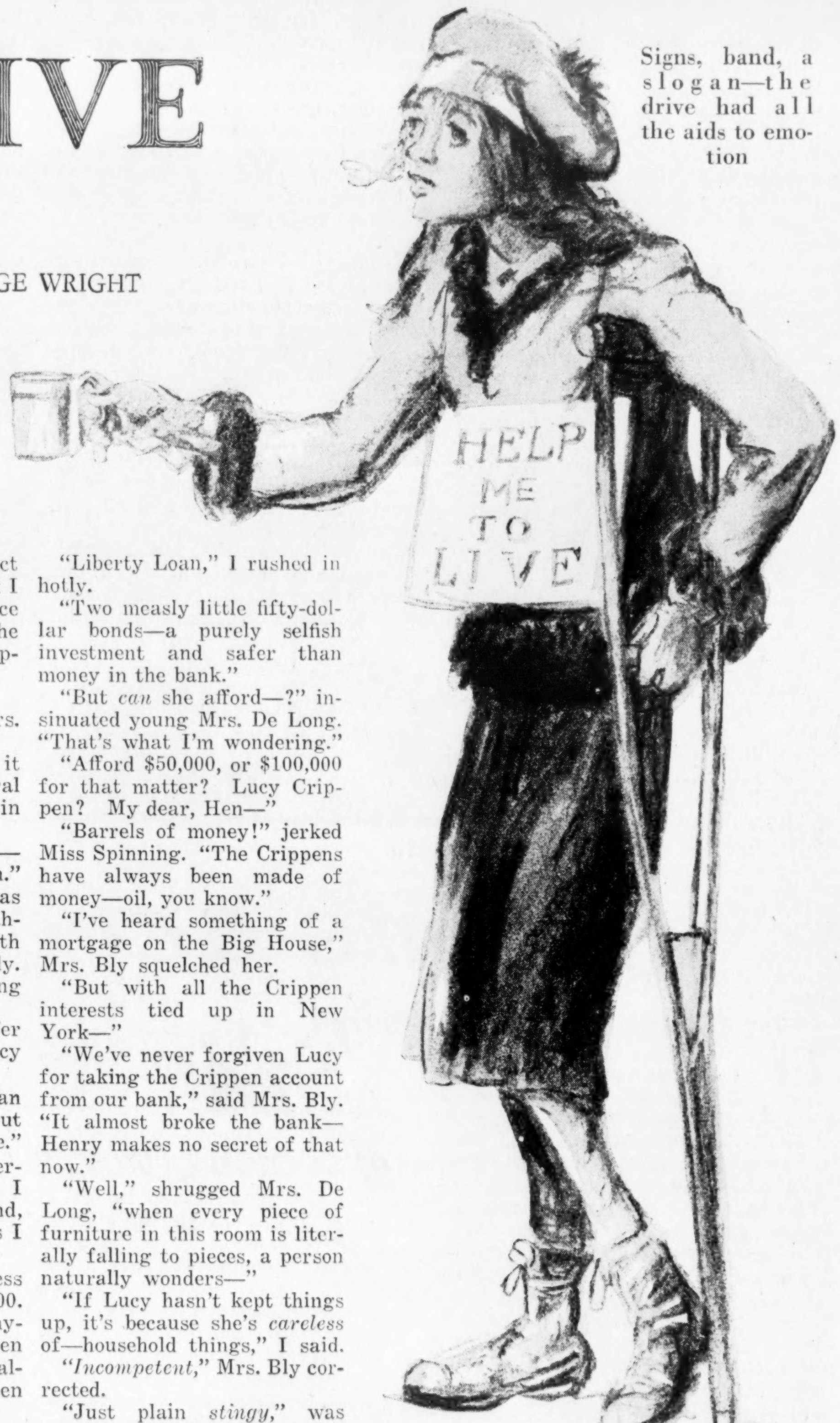
English Girls Stiff

"London, April—Mrs. Potter Pancake of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, president of the American Women's International Friendship (*Continued on page 34*)

The DRIVE

By VALMA CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT



Signs, band, a slogan—the drive had all the aids to emotion

THE goal was $150,000 in ten days, and the slogan "Help Me to Live!" The objective was a hospital with public wards and a free clinic—a bigger and better hospital for West Paradise than the hospital of East Paradise, our rival town. The ministers of all three churches had paved the way for the drive in glowing Sunday sermons. Everyone who passed the corner of Main Street and Park Avenue beheld a little girl on crutches standing wistfully at the threshold of an elegant stucco building with the plea "Help Me to Live"; there was a volunteer band and volunteer orators: all the aids to emotion. And not since Liberty Loan days had public feeling in West Paradise run so high.

The women who packed the two great parlors and the living-room of the Big House on that first day of the drive (the meeting had been foisted upon Lucy Crippen, since the Crippens had the only house in town large enough to hold us) were perhaps possessed by the vision of Better Health for a Better West Paradise, but it took them in little ways. Specifically, they were discussing Lucy herself in Lucy's absence.

Mrs. Bly, who is a large, efficient, sincere woman, and not by nature mean, had been holding forth as general chairman of the women's division: "You all know of Mr. Rauber's magnificent gift of $50,000, which is conditional upon the town's raising the remaining $100,000. I am proud to announce a gift of $20,000 from a friend of West Paradise who modestly prefers to remain unknown. Doubtless"—Mrs. Bly's eyes roved consideringly over the silk-tapestried walls of the Big House—"doubtless there will be other generous gifts; there are one or more citizens of West Paradise whose generosity has—h'm—in *past* days been a town tradition. But even with these large contributions the sum is a tremendous one, and West Paradise is a small town. We must each and every one of us give to our maximum if we want this drive to go over the top. I was speaking only this morning to a little woman whom we all know"—Mrs. Bly kept her eyes consciously above the head of Sally Meyers—"and she told me that she and her husband were pledging $500; they didn't see where the money was coming from, but they did feel that they couldn't give less. . . ."

SHE went on multiplying the list of admirable pledges, mentioning the dollars in round sums, veiling the identities not so heavily but that one could hazard a guess.

"It is not," Mrs. Bly finished, "for me or for anyone else to tell you what you shall give. Your contribution is absolutely your own personal affair, but remember that you are investing in a sounder manhood and womanhood! Remember that you are investing in the future health of West Paradise! And we are aiming toward something more durable than that very common frame structure which East Paradise has put up—toward stucco or brick at least.

"Pledge cards will be passed around to you, and you will sign them and return them to your district chairman as soon as possible. I think I have failed to mention that free space has been given to the drive by the Daily Bee for publishing the subscriptions."

"Names?" whispered Mintie Vail.

"The names with the amounts," Mrs. Bly clinched it.

She seated herself to applause, and it was then, under cover of the general hum of discussion, that speculation in our immediate circle turned to Lucy.

"I wonder"—Mrs. Bly concentrated—"if Lucy Crippen will come through."

"How much do you think—?" It was Miss Spinning, the librarian, a clutching, thin little thing by contrast with the poised expansiveness of Mrs. Bly.

"Well, with Frank Rauber giving fifty thousand—"

"I hear Frank made her another offer for the Big House yesterday, and Lucy turned him down flat."

"She would," I said. "If you can imagine Lucy in any other house but this, *I* can't; Lucy loves this old place."

"If she can love anything but herself," jabbed Miss Spinning. "Oh, I haven't forgotten you're her friend, Jean Leary, but you know as well as I do—"

"I know that it's Lucy's business whether she gives $50,000 or $5,000. But she'll give all right. Is there anything in West Paradise, from Crippen Park to the library, that pays your salary, Miss Spinning, that hasn't been given by a Crippen?"

"Sh—she'll hear you! But that's just it," gripped Mrs. Bly; "Lucy has that family tradition to public-spiritedness to maintain. If she weren't too—too utterly *light* to realize her responsibility! Why, Rufus Crippen has made West Paradise; he *is* West Paradise. Whatever is wrong with Rufus—whatever it is beside the stroke that has been ailing him these nine years—"

"The doctor is a tomb, but I have it on good authority—"

"Mental? Yes—"

"Whatever it is, he's too big a man to be—jugged," finished Mrs. Bly flatly, "by an incompetent little thistledown like Lucy Crippen. If I could once get through"—with a glance at the majestic stairway which Lucy had skimmed some minutes previous in answer to her father's bell—"to Rufus himself—!"

"Fine chance," sniggered Mintie. "She'll go on sitting on him, like she's sat on the family bank balance for the last nine years. If you want Lucy to put you in your place—"

"Well—" Mrs. Bly subsided.

"You'll be lucky if you get a hundred dollars out of her."

"She couldn't be so cheap!"

"Couldn't she? Has she supported anything since she's taken over the Crippen affairs?"

"Liberty Loan," I rushed in hotly.

"Two measly little fifty-dollar bonds—a purely selfish investment and safer than money in the bank."

"But *can* she afford—?" insinuated young Mrs. De Long. "That's what I'm wondering."

"Afford $50,000, or $100,000 for that matter? Lucy Crippen? My dear, Hen—"

"Barrels of money!" jerked Miss Spinning. "The Crippens have always been made of money—oil, you know."

"I've heard something of a mortgage on the Big House," Mrs. Bly squelched her.

"But with all the Crippen interests tied up in New York—"

"We've never forgiven Lucy for taking the Crippen account from our bank," said Mrs. Bly. "It almost broke the bank—Henry makes no secret of that now."

"Well," shrugged Mrs. De Long, "when every piece of furniture in this room is literally falling to pieces, a person naturally wonders—"

"If Lucy hasn't kept things up, it's because she's *careless* of—household things," I said.

"*Incompetent*," Mrs. Bly corrected.

"Just plain *stingy*," was Miss Spinning's version.

"Well, you can't convince me that Lucy's pinched for dollars. Look at her clothes!"

"Rufus spoiled her on clothes; he always doted upon fine dresses for Lucy."

"I was telling Henry at breakfast," said Mrs. Bly, "that it's a fortunate thing Lucy Crippen didn't marry a poor man and try to live on his income. She threw Porter Jones, you know, just because he had nothing—admitted it too, which shows her caliber."

"But if Lucy has enough for two—"

"Porter wasn't that kind. He's rushed off to make a fortune."

"Has he? And where is he?" wondered Mrs. De Long.

"CALIFORNIA, somewhere. No, not that I've heard. . . . But to come back to the drive—"

"Give Lucy Crippen to me, Mrs. Bly," grabbed Miss Spinning, who was chairman of the team which was canvassing the Myrtle Street district.

"No, she's in my district!" rose young Mrs. De Long. "*I* want Miss Crippen."

"Hush," Mrs. Bly commanded. "I'm keeping Lucy for myself. I'm going after her in armor, and I promise you—"

"Sh!"

It was the jar of a door—the town's great man being shut up in the big south bedroom again, where Lucy had kept him for nine years.

Lucy came about the curve of the staircase. She was a little person of perhaps thirty-five, not pretty, but light and graceful in the manner of the old school. It was still October, but she wore a new wood-brown chiffon velvet, with georgette sleeves fulled in, peasant style, to the wrists, buckled brown satin slippers, and blond chiffon stockings that came from no store in West Paradise.

Standing there, at the mahogany newel post, she was a little lady from a portrait, with the accent on slender hand and slim, arched instep.

Through the quarter chimes of the grandfather clock, it was Mrs. Bly against Lucy, with Lucy unconscious of the challenge. She smiled, "Hasn't Celia brought you your ice cream yet? I'll see—"

"Your father is worse?"

"Oh, no; a good day."

"Don't you think he ought to see some

of his old friends occasionally?" plowed Mrs. Bly.

"I am sorry that he is not able to."

"Don't you think," dared Mrs. Bly, "that you take a great deal upon yourself, Lucy, when you deny him his old friends?"

Lucy's head was higher, but she kept her smile, "Yes, Mrs. Bly."

Mrs. Bly's gaze faltered first.

"The pledge cards are just being passed, Lucy. You've missed my talk, but we've just been saying how West Paradise always can depend upon you Crippens when it's a matter of—uh—public-spiritedness and civic pride."

"Yes." Lucy stepped up to Mrs. Bly. She still smiled, but her hands rose and clasped each other in a sharp movement, and the full sleeves falling away from them in folds gave an effect of delicate but vivid supplication. "We have been . . . generous in the past. Won't you remember the gifts of the past, and —forgive us the slips of the present?"

"Are you asking me—?"

Lucy stood very proud: "I am not *asking* anything of you, Mrs. Bly."

"But you don't mean you won't give—"

Lucy became conscious of something approaching a scene. "Oh, no, I don't mean that," she said easily. "Was Madge going to play for us; don't you think a little music—?"

"And your pledge card—? Here!"

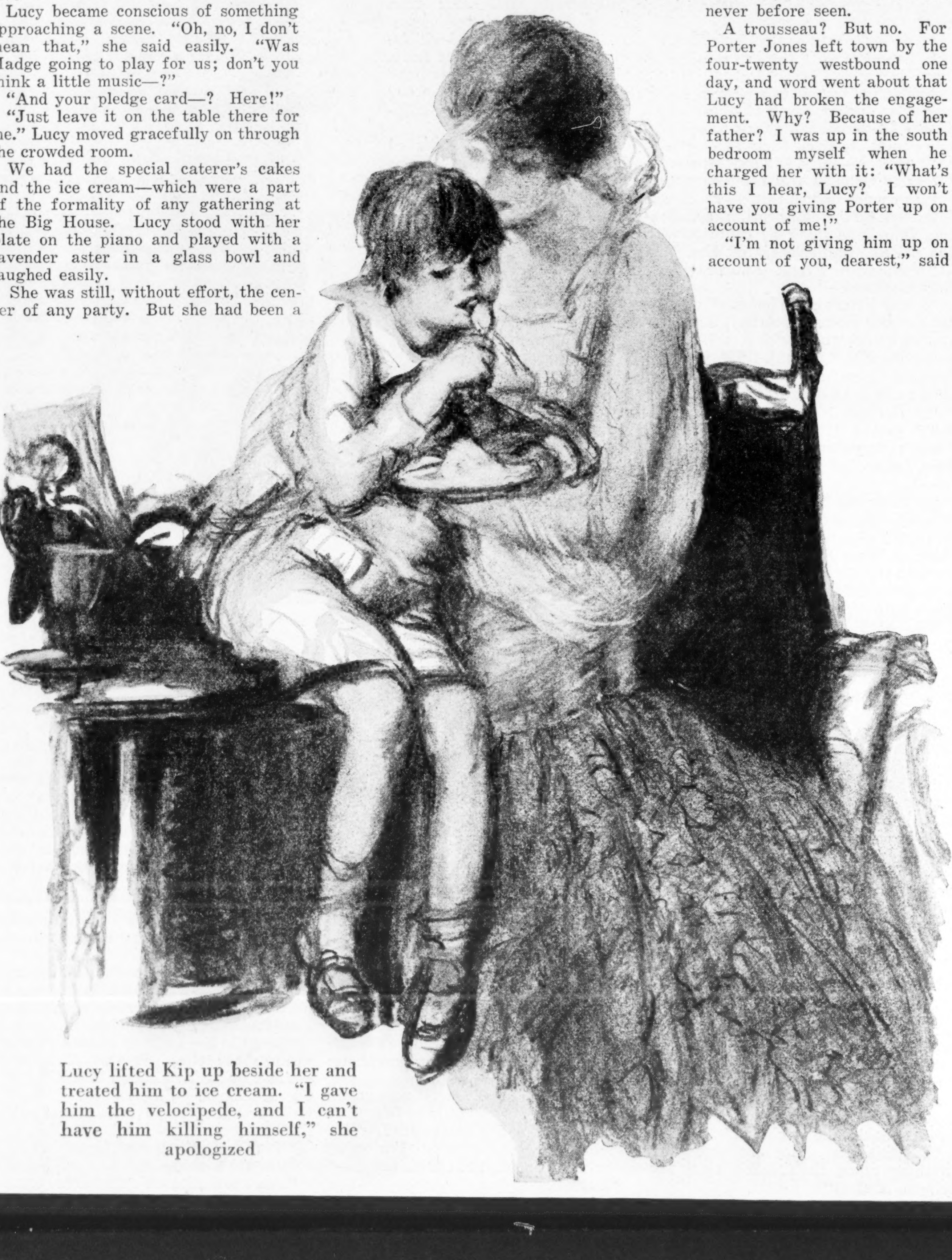
"Just leave it on the table there for me." Lucy moved gracefully on through the crowded room.

We had the special caterer's cakes and the ice cream—which were a part of the formality of any gathering at the Big House. Lucy stood with her plate on the piano and played with a lavender aster in a glass bowl and laughed easily.

She was still, without effort, the center of any party. But she had been a popular girl, loved and indulged by all the town for her grace and lighthearted gayety. She was not loved now; her frivolity had become heartlessness, and she had grown in dignity and poise, qualities of aloofness which a small town most resents. More, Lucy suffered by contrast with the legend of her father, who became greater-hearted and freer-handed as he retreated farther from reality with the years.

SUDDENLY Lucy, who faced the window, cried out, and I turned just in time to see a speeding car swerve and miss a child who had darted forth into the street on a velocipede. Lucy dropped her fork and ran out. She grabbed the boy—it was the youngest Smith urchin —from the velocipede, and shook him fiercely. She knelt down on the sidewalk and talked to him solemnly for a while. Then, with his hand in hers, she brought him, dirty face and all, into our meeting.

"He coasts down that hill and right out into the road a dozen times a day, though he's promised me— I gave him the thing, and I can't have him killing himself on it," she apologized. Lucy lifted little Kip Smith up beside her and treated him to ice cream. . . .



Lucy lifted Kip up beside her and treated him to ice cream. "I gave him the velocipede, and I can't have him killing himself," she apologized

She ought to have married, and to have had a Kip of her own. I saw them in the moonlit yard again. Lucy stopped to adjust, with that grace of slim fingers, the strap of the party dress which had worked from her shoulder. Porter bent abruptly to kiss the fingers, the shoulder. I saw her laughing down a winter of sleigh rides and dances, a summer of porch parties, happy, light-heartedly happy in her engagement to Porter.

Then her father's stroke, just at the time when he had been called to New York in regard to investments he had made. I—and the entire town—had taken care of Rufus, while Lucy absurdly went to New York in her father's place. There had been some sort of landslide on the stock market, in which the Crippens had come out ahead. Lucy's ideas of the technical details were of the vaguest, but her general tribute to the fortunate conclusion of the business was the purchasing of such a wardrobe of Fifth Avenue clothes as West Paradise had never before seen.

A trousseau? But no. For Porter Jones left town by the four-twenty westbound one day, and word went about that Lucy had broken the engagement. Why? Because of her father? I was up in the south bedroom myself when he charged her with it: "What's this I hear, Lucy? I won't have you giving Porter up on account of me!"

"I'm not giving him up on account of you, dearest," said Lucy, "I'm giving him up on account of me." She was trying on an old blue satin; she lifted an arm, watched the fall of a loose sleeve; dropped it. "Father, I can't marry a man without a bank balance. I can't live on nothing a year."

"Money? Money!" Rufus Crippen reached for his check book, a familiar gesture. "But, good gad, you know I would settle upon you—"

"But Porter won't take a penny."

"You—you told him you won't marry him without—money?"

Lucy nodded.

"He's gone off to—to make some money. . . . *Do* you like this blue one, Father?"

"Mercenary!" growled Rufus.

It was Lucy, not I, who allowed the cause of her broken engagement to get about town; perhaps her pride could not stand the growing rumor that Porter had jilted her, and not *vice versa.* At any rate, it became public knowledge that it was selfishness, rather than unselfishness, which was holding the spoiled little Crippen girl steady to her father.

Then one day Mrs. Cyrus Biggs, a really old friend of Rufus, called upon him to solicit for charity—and was refused a subscription by Lucy. That was the beginning of it, and it was the end of Lucy so far as public sentiment went. . . .

MAIN STREET had come awake to the drive. Up on the savings bank was a large colored sign showing a boy with crutches climbing a ladder to the top of a wall. The boy had reached the second rung of the ladder, and as the subscriptions swelled he would climb higher. The caption read: "Will He Go Over?"

We reached Crippen Hall—another of Rufus Crippen's gifts to the town—just as the first report meeting was getting under way.

When Mr. Hickok, the chairman, announced that, with the anonymous pledge of $20,000, we now had $31,078, we were all ready to go out and commit robbery to push that lame boy over the top of the ladder.

"Fine meeting!"

"That anonymous pledge: who in West Paradise could afford to give $20,000 besides the Raubers and the Crippens?"

"The Crippens! My dear, Lucy Crippen has pledged $5!"

"Lucy Crippen," said Mrs. Bly, and her voice fell like a weight on a pair of scales, "doesn't get by so easily. I'm going out now to see Lucy, and I'm going to tell her—"

Mrs. Bly dropped in to see me later. She sagged into a chair—not at all her usual firm, executive self. "Well, I've made a fizzle of Lucy Crippen, Jean; I want *you* to tackle her."

"No!"

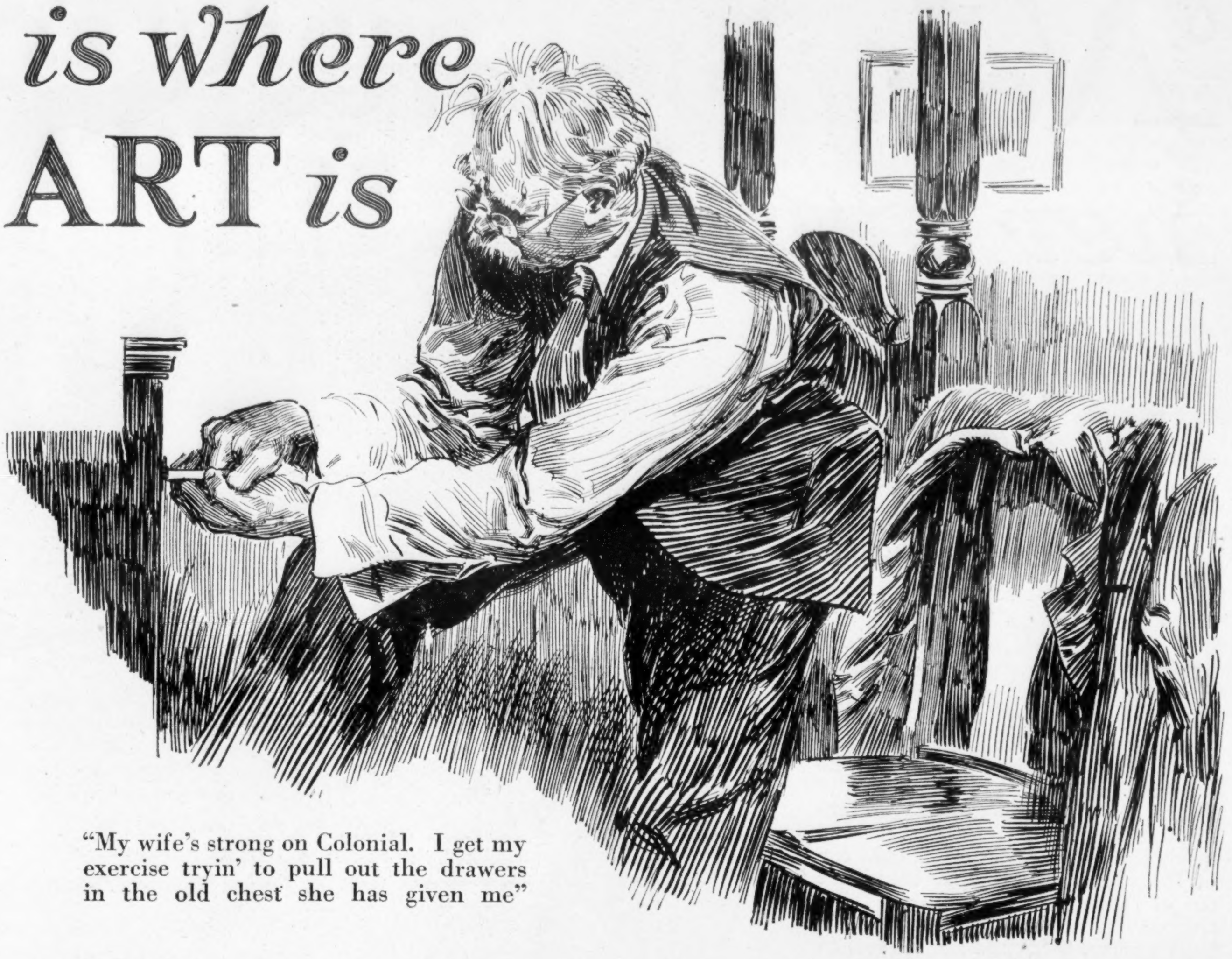
"Yes, you must. Listen. I was no good. I went up there all set, and somehow I just—I don't know what there *is* about Lucy Crippen," Mrs. Bly protested hotly. "Heaven knows, I don't usually lose my nerve, but—no, she simply froze me. I can't," Mrs. Bly insisted resentfully, "see how she does it. She just sits there, with a foot arched under a four-dollar chiffon stocking, and *is* Lucy Crippen, and somehow she gets it across. She acts as free of conscience on the matter of this drive as though she'd already subscribed royally."

"Why! Perhaps Lucy *has* subscribed! That anonymous $20,000, Mrs. Bly—who in West Paradise could have given it but the Crippens?"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Bly, startled. "It isn't like the Crippens; they've always taken credit for their gifts to the town." (*Continued on page 43*)

Home is where the ART is

Uncle Henry says a man can't leave his dog house out overnight without findin' it filled with tables and non-refillable chairs and a sign in front callin' attention to Ye Olde Tea Shoppe



"My wife's strong on Colonial. I get my exercise tryin' to pull out the drawers in the old chest she has given me"

"I'VE got nothin' against wimmin," said Mr. Stubbs, "but it is kinda queer that everything began to go wrong the minute we gave 'em the vote."

"Nonsense!" sniffed Uncle Henry. "Read the statistics an' you'll find that women don't take any more interest in elections than men. Why, no intelligent precinct captain ever sends an automobile out to bring female voters to the polls, for he knows they'll keep it to make calls in, an' it's days before he gets his car back. No, 'Lonzo, as far as the fair sex is concerned, a ballot's a good deal like a husband—they were only crazy about it till they got it.

"That's why I was always such an ardent advocate of equal suffrage. I got sick an' tired of hearin' my wife brag about the wonderful things women would do if they had the vote. No candidate would be allowed to present himself until he'd shown a letter from his pastor an' recited the Thirty-ninth Psalm, an' there was goin' to be an end to bosses an' graft.

"No one worked harder for the equal suffrage amendment than I did, an' I'm happy to say that I've had my reward. Instead of the old bickerin' an' discord, my home is a study in peace an' harmony. It used to be that the wife upbraided me bitterly when I played golf all election day, talkin' at length upon the sacredness of civic duty, but now she joins me in thinkin' up excuses why it isn't necessary for us to go to the polls.

Landscapes on the Coal Shovels

"AS a matter of truth, I actually wish that women *would* go in for politics more. Even if all of 'em got to be governors it couldn't be worse than their present craze for interior decoration an' freak tea-rooms. Honest, it's got so that a man can't leave his stable or dog house out overnight without findin' it littered up with hand-lacquered tables, non-refillable chairs an' a sign in front callin' attention to Ye Olde Tea Shoppe."

"Say," asked Mr. Stubbs. "Jes' what are shoppies anyway?"

"Oh, it's one way of gettin' the money without seemin' to move the hand. Those last two letters are presumed to take the curse off of trade. If you put on a blue smock and remove everything from your shelves that could possibly be of use to any human bein', why, you could conduct a shoppe yourself. Anyhow, there's one splendid thing about 'em. You run no risk of substitutes, for there's nothin' in a shoppe that's jes' as good.

"Every woman that isn't runnin' a shoppe of some kind is an interior decorator. It used to be that a commencement class worried a lot about what they were goin' to do when they left college, but now they begin collectin' rickety chairs an' refractory tables right in the middle of the senior year. It's a real menace, 'Lonzo. Heaven knows the home hasn't amounted to much since radio came in, but if this interior decoration business isn't stopped, there won't be *anything* left.

"Back in our youth I reckon there were jes' as many women that did things badly as to-day, but they did 'em on a smaller scale. They took perfectly good coal shovels an' painted landscapes on 'em, made tie racks out of rollin' pins, daubed up useful chinaware, an' made tidies for the backs of chairs that it took an hour to get your ear loose from. Any time a baldheaded man sat down he got up lookin' like a waffle iron.

"But the thing stopped right there. In those good days art was allowed to go jes' so far an' no farther. Nobody cared for a few coal shovels, plates an' rollin' pins, even a cauliflower ear or two, if it gave a girl pleasure, but when they tried to alter the fundamentals of the home, that was somethin' different. *They* were fixed an' immutable. Of course, a certain latitude was allowed as to the exterior, for some people liked more than one cupola, an' others wanted nothin' but jigsaws used on the woodwork.

"But when it came to the interior, an iron uniformity left nothin' to the idiosyncrasies of the individual. A Brussels carpet an' lace curtains were enjoined by the ages, an' people of refinement would as soon have thought of blowin' on their coffee, instead of pourin' it out in the saucer, as goin' against the commands of the mighty past. Some steel engravin's finished the ensemble, usually the Stag at Bay, Washington Crossin' the Delaware, the Battle of Gettysburg an' the Family Doctor, that one where he's smotherin' the patient with his whiskers.

Just Look at Her Bills!

"BUT all that's changed. The interior decorator proceeds upon the assumption that everything you own is wrong. Art is what you haven't got. Why do tailors announce each season that pants are goin' to be longer or shorter, wider or narrower? So's you can't wear the old ones. That's the whole theory of interior decoration. It's an easy game to put across, for all of us like to give the impression that we cut our teeth on art an' haven't let 'em heal.

"To make it still easier, they dig so far back into the past for their stuff that even the oldest inhabitant can't give you any figures on the cost. The interior decorator fixes you with a steely eye an' murmurs, 'Yes, the treatment indicated here is plainly Jacobin.' Or it may be Florentine or Medieval Italian or Looey Quinze or Looey Quatorze. All the Looeys were periods. An' then there are the Carolus periods, the pre-Eucalyptus an' the Early Spanish or La Argyrol.

"There's no use blamin' the people that lived in those days. They did their best to protect future generations. The French Revolution wiped out the last of the Looeys, the English people beheaded Charles the First, an' most of the Jacobins were executed. But the evil that men do lives after them. Instead of killin' the individual, the various revolutions ought to have concentrated on burnin' the furniture."

"There's no law compellin' you to hire an interior decorator, is there?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"The architect makes you," explained Uncle Henry. "After you get *her* bills, his won't seem so large. It also creates a lively demand for new houses. After the man sees what his wife has let interior decorators do to the house, he's in the market for another one the next day.

"Color is another feature of the interior decoration game that helps to put it over. What if you were a woman with the shape an' hue of a tomato, an' some slim, intense girl put her hand to the side of her face, studied you for a long while, breathed hard an' finally announced, 'I see you *mauve*.' Do you mean to say you wouldn't fall?

"My wife's strong on the Colonial. The antique works out in Grand Rapids have to work overtime to keep up with her demands. We never have a dinner party without puttin' a circus net under the table to catch the guests as they come through the chairs. I don't do my Daily Dozen any more, gettin' ample exercise tryin' to pull out the drawers in the old chest she's given me for my shirts an' collars. An' to gain my high, four-post bed at night, I have to stand on a chair, climb on the mantelpiece an' then do a giant swing from the chandelier.

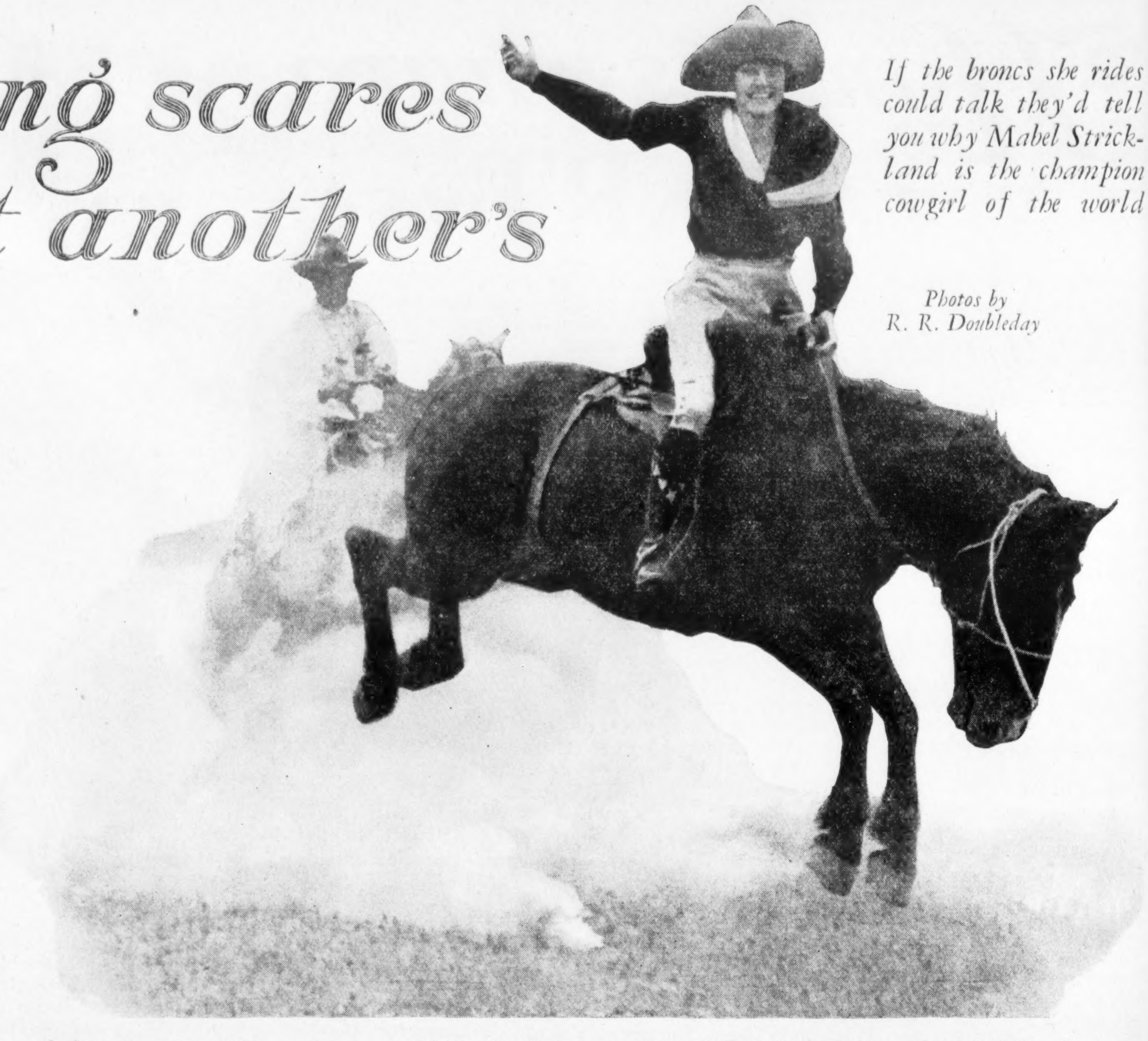
"Funny thing about art. It's no good unless it's old. Especially furniture. Did you see where that poor devil of a furniture manufacturer went into bankruptcy the other day because he buried a year's output to get the necessary effect of gangrene an' mildew, an' forgot to mark the place? Worms are the only judges whose judgment is accepted as final.

"If you ask me, I'll say that the whole thing looks like a Bolshevik plot. You are aware, of course, that it is the Soviet's hope an' intent to break up the home, so that bourgeois individualism will give way to the dormitory system of Communism? Well, as far as man is concerned, interior decoration is bringin' us all to a frame of mind where we're willin' to admit that Lenin an' Trotsky may be right."

"Last time I was in the city," said Mr. Stubbs, "I saw hundreds of interior decorator shops. How do they manage to make a livin'?"

"Oh, they only need one job to fix 'em for life," answered Uncle Henry.

Nothing scares her but another's danger



If the broncs she rides could talk they'd tell you why Mabel Strickland is the champion cowgirl of the world

Photos by R. R. Doubleday

By CLEM YORE

"LOOK! Look! Ladies and gentlemen! The next event will take place in the center of the arena. Mabel Strickland, Champion All-Around Cowgirl of the World, riding Kiss Yourself Good-by! Miss Strickland is now walking toward her bronc. She's the girl with the big white hat—the one who looks like a yearlin'!"

Out of the amplifiers came the announcer's voice, and thirty thousand heads turned to see their idol fight one of the sassiest broncs that ever came out of the sage.

I was standing close by the trim little woman, half child she seemed, as she laid a hand on the arm of Hugh Strickland, her husband, and smiled into his face. There was a daring gleam in that glance, a subtle working of those deep blue centers of her wonderful eyes . . . Mabel Strickland . . . the pride of the West.

No word passed between these two, yet the next instant might see an army ambulance carrying off the broken form of this daring woman. Hugh held her stirrup; she flashed to the saddle; the gunny sack was jerked aside, and Kiss Yourself Good-by unwound. Old hands looked out of grim eyes at what the horse let loose.

He sunfished, whirled, hit the grit with all four on a spot a hat would cover; tore away in mad half falls and torturing, stiff-legged bucks, but the silken garbed figure on his back rode him ragged and repeat; and scraped him, neck, shoulder and flanks, with both feet; and she never lost her smile. Then a gun barked, and a pick-up man reached out and took her off. She had ridden Kiss Yourself Good-by, full time, perfectly. I wish you could have heard the bellow that went up from that crowd. It was a contagious thing: a quality of tone that set one's heart to pounding; that spelled wonder to every person there.

Charles Irwin, standing at my elbow, with his immense body, jumped into the air like a boy, pulled off his seven X hat, flung it to the grass, and lit with both feet squarely on its crown. Seventy-five dollars were bent under those butterfly boots. Charlie let loose everything he had. And he can't whisper.

"Doggone!" he yelled, "I've seen 'em all, but this gal's got 'em plumb beat. I'm shore glad I'm due to die before I see a flock of these gals sittin' th' wild ones silly an' ridin' th' top hands to a fare-thee-well at their own game. Didn't Mabel ride that man killer, top, bottom an' sideways? Didn't she? *Eeeeeeyip!*"

That Western crowd took up that cry, *Eeeeeyip!*

Mabel ran across the field, bowed, waved her immense white sombrero, threw kisses at the stands, then sought a shady spot and hid. She's in her middle twenties and isn't afraid of anything on earth except another's danger—and praise. Her shyness is beautiful to see.

And there, at that instant, in the center of the field, the thing pictured opposite was happening. Dick Langley was leaving Sundance; and, by the way, the photograph on the next page is probably the most remarkable ever taken of an expert rider high-tailin' it for the stars.

Cowgirls Invent Thrills

AS DICK clawed the air Mabel clutched her husband's hand. I saw the tenderness of a woman flash into her eyes as she thought Langley was about to be hurt, but when he picked himself up and waved farewell to Sundance, now bucking riderless down the field, Mabel shouted a word of praise to the cowboy spanking dirt out of his batwinged chaps. That's Mabel! Always hoping nobody's hurt.

"I have the same thrills the people have in the stands," she said to me once, at Pendleton, "when one of the boys is riding. They're such desperate fellows, these boys, that I'm always excited when they turn a bad one like Sundance out of the chutes."

Bonnie Grey, standing near by, smiled at Mabel, and Bonnie Grey is a woman rodeo hand that is, in some things, of a class by herself. Said Bonnie: "That's all right, Mabel, but these old hands have the shivers whenever you fork the bad ones. Just braid a loop on that, old dear."

But I knew Mabel spoke the truth; she is fearful for others but never thinks of the danger in her own rides.

After Langley's spill I caught Mabel watching the grotesque antics of Red Sublette, the cowboy clown, and the way she laughed at his ride of a wild cow sounded like a kid turned out for recess. He wound up his fooling by falling off and pretending to shoot the cow.

Other cowgirls were riding broncs, and sandwiched between these were the classic rides of the world's greatest cowboys: Paddy Ryan, Miles City, Mont.; Yakima Canutt, Lacrosse, Wash.; Bob Askins, Miles City, Mont.; Ray Bell, the son of Cheyenne, and a host of others.

Presently Mabel joined the cowgirls and boy trick riders, and with her wonderful horse jogged down the track and with the others raced past the grandstand, each entrant doing some mad feat at the utmost speed.

There's a difference between the old-lady lope of a circus mare, groomed slick and slender, and the gallop of a cowgirl at a rodeo. These girls are showing off to riders, not children. They get everything out of a horse that is in it; they evolve tricks that are especially designed to shock and thrill because of the apparent danger. They crawl all the way under the horse; dropping down one side, reaching through for a stirrup, grasping a ring with a hand and coming up on the other side—sometimes the flying hoofs miss the head a fraction of an inch. Mabel is the best trick rider in the world, in my opinion. And from the hand she gets, everywhere, plenty more think as I do.

After the fancy riding, roping and clowning Mabel changed saddles and rode down to the steer chutes waiting for her turn at the steer roping.

In this event each contestant must rope and hogtie three feet, crossed. The animal must be roped, thrown and hogtied within one and one-half minutes or the contestant withdraws at a signal from the judges. Steer must be caught by both horns, head, half head or neck, and may include one front foot. To catch a steer in any other manner disqualifies the roper; two wraps and a half hitch to tie.

When her steer came tearing out of the pens Lawton Champi of Hot Springs, Ariz., champion cowboy rider of the world, turned to me and said, "If she ties onto that baby, somebody better be there with a basket." But he did not finish.

As the steer flashed across the whitewashed line and a starter's flag dropped, giving her the signal to begin, she touched her immense cow pony with a spur, and she was off. The tiny child—she seemed just this—swinging a rope and shaking out a small, well-formed loop, as she rode, stilled that enormous crowd instantly. A cow bellowed somewhere, the dust spiraled along the ground, and Mabel bent low over her pony's neck racing like the wind, then—

A flash of flying hemp, a graceful curving strand, pure white in the westering sun, and the steer was jerked high in the air and thrown full length to a perfect "bust."

"That's bustin' it!" yelled Eddie McCarty, who helped Tex Austin put over his show in London.

"He'll stay down now!" screamed Oklahoma Curly. "Lord! Look!"

A Record for All Time?

MABEL had lit running and was jerking a tie rope from her girdle. In a rapid series of perfect motions she had wrapped up that steer, and it was ready for delivery. Hugh Strickland was so amazed that when he leaped from his horse at her side he stood transfixed.

When her time of twenty-four seconds was announced it was seen that she had broken the world's record. The

Dick Langley, expert bronc-buster, loses a little argument with Sundance. It takes this sort of thing to scare Mabel

best hands I know say that her act will never be equaled.

The Fort Russell cavalry band began playing "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!" One blast we heard, then the roar from the crowds drowned out all else; cowgirls ran to congratulate her; cowboys jammed ten deep around her and slung facetious compliments at her by the bushel.

Hugh Strickland's face was a study indeed. He had taught that girl to use a lasso. Three years before she did not know how.

Men whose shirts held the gold medals of former days, some twenty-five years gone by, surged about the little woman champion, jostled her about and in their rough way almost made her cry. She knew! So did everybody else! What they were doing was the most eloquent tribute any act of hers had yet evoked. That was the first time I ever saw Mabel Strickland's lip tremble, and I've been watching her for years.

But what are world's records at a cow show?

A bugle snorted, and the arena cleared; a bunch of wild cows were turned out of the pens and dashed down the field. The wild-cow milking contest was on. This event consists of cowboys working in pairs, both mounted. Bossy is given a start, then one boy ropes and holds her, but must not throw her. The other milks her till he fills a half-pint milk bottle.

The event is side-splitting. Hardly had ropes fallen over horns than men were dashing toward the judges carrying bottles full of milk; feet were interposed and the cowboys spilled; likewise bottles. One lad, from Arizona, dashed up to Mabel holding a full bottle of milk. He was grinning.

"What luck, old hand?" she asked.

"None," he replied. "I had a full bottle hid under my vest, and as soon as I got close to the judges I jumped down and ran. And, believe it or not, there was seven there before me. This event is crooked, I think!" . . .

Mabel crowded over to the rail for the relay race.

Here's an attraction which brings the crowd to its feet and keeps it there. The race is one and a half miles and is the most grueling contest imaginable. Each rider has two assistants: one to hold and one to catch; saddles to weigh not less than twenty-five pounds; riders to make changes in their own fashion, unassisted.

The Woman Bulldogger

LORENA TRICKEY and Mabel Strickland are the champions at this game and fight out a daily battle all over the country in the summer; one day Lorena leads, the next Mabel, and it is a battle right to the finish always.

Lorena rides her own string and Mabel that of the Irwin Show Company.

These horses are high-spirited thoroughbreds and become frantic with vexation as they see their companions coming in to the change place. The riders dart to a fresh horse, after the half-mile track has been run, dismount, pull off and put on saddles, fly into position and dart away on the second leg. The third lap is sheer frenzy and always gives the prettiest imaginable exhibition of foxy riding. Lord help the girl who goes down with her mount at certain spots in that grind! When the race is over they can scarcely breathe and for a time are incapable of speech.

Jap Edmonds and Kenneth Miller and Tom Yarbury, three famous relay riders in their day, have told me that nothing in the riding or cowboy life so completely exhausts a man as relay riding; yet Mabel Strickland has been doing it for years. And—

She weighs ninety-eight pounds.

That day she beat Lorena. "But the contest was not over till it was plumb done," as I heard Shorty Kelso say to Doubleday, the rodeo photographer who gave me the pictures used herein.

After that performance the Squaws' race took place and then came the bulldogging and Mabel crowded to the rail. Fox Hastings, the only woman bulldogger in the world, was riding by and waved a hand to Mabel.

"Howdy, honey!" she said. "You oughta quit that relay riding—that's dangerous."

Mabel smiled. But the next moment she screamed.

Fox had leaped from her flying pony and had lit with her breast on the neck of a racing steer being hazed by her husband, Mike Hastings; the long, slender fingers of Fox grasped the wide-spread horns of the steer, and down it went in a blinding dust cloud. When the stand could see what was going on Fox Hastings had bulldogged her steer.

This act appalls Mabel, and she thinks it is the most desperate thing a man or woman can do; yet Fox Hastings shivers when she sees Mabel ride against Lorena Trickey.

Mabel—Drawn by Herself

AFTER the bulldogging (and here other world records were broken, for green hands were putting 'em down under ten and twelve seconds, to the disgust of such old bulldoggers as Slim Caskey, Shorty Kelso, Jim Massey, Ed Wright and Harry Bowles) the wild-horse race finished the day.

The latest "Frontier Days of Cheyenne" were over and the town had slipped into its second season. As an old citizen said to me, "Cheyenne has two seasons, brother: Frontier Days and winter."

But with the close of those four days came the end to old marks. Yakima Canutt had been uncrowned king and Paddy Ryan raised to the throne as champion bronc fighter of the world.

I hold no brief for Cheyenne. I differ with the gentlemen running the show on their judging and their awarding of prizes. I think much injustice is done tough riders who come vast distances and get only a first-day ride. Be this as it may, I do not imply unfairness on the part of the association, though I've heard all manner of good boys yowl out their complaints. I do say that Cheyenne is the Daddy of Them All and that here all hands work at their best, for to win at Cheyenne means to gain instant world fame—and $20,000 to $50,000 a year in earnings.

That last night Mabel and Hugh and I sat in a room and talked. And this is what I learned:

Mabel Strickland is a home-loving woman and an excellent cook and expert with a needle. Her ambition for her child April, born on the first day of that month, is to make an extraordinary dancer of her.

"I don't want her to follow my game," she said. "It's too hard for a woman and then, maybe, when she is old enough there won't be any contests." Hugh smiled. I believe he has other ideas.

"What are your ideas on matrimony?" I asked. "They say a celebrity such as you cannot have a happy home."

"Shucks!" she said in withering disgust. "Performers are like any other people. My religion about marriage is this: If a woman just loves, she'd better stay single. If she is capable of real affection for the man she loves, let her marry, show business or no show business. Now, here's the way it is with Hugh and me: He's a one-woman man, and—well, I'm a one-man woman. My home is my heaven. I don't care for these highfaluting ideas for women. I don't care about mixing in the dirty mess called politics. I don't want to learn how to be half a man."

I smiled, and she saw the point.

"I know," she laughed, "you think I'm a paradox. But I belong in the saddle, for I've been there since I was three. I love the open, dogs, horses, a gun, the trees, flowers. Rain on the roof or any weather is like music to me. Still, I love dresses and everything that goes with them. I can't tolerate the mannish woman any more than I can stand the womanish man. I don't chew, smoke, drink or get on the front pages of New York, Chicago or Washington newspapers. In my Fort Worth home I have all I want, and my friends, both men and women, are just as human, just as sweet and dear to me as those of any other woman.

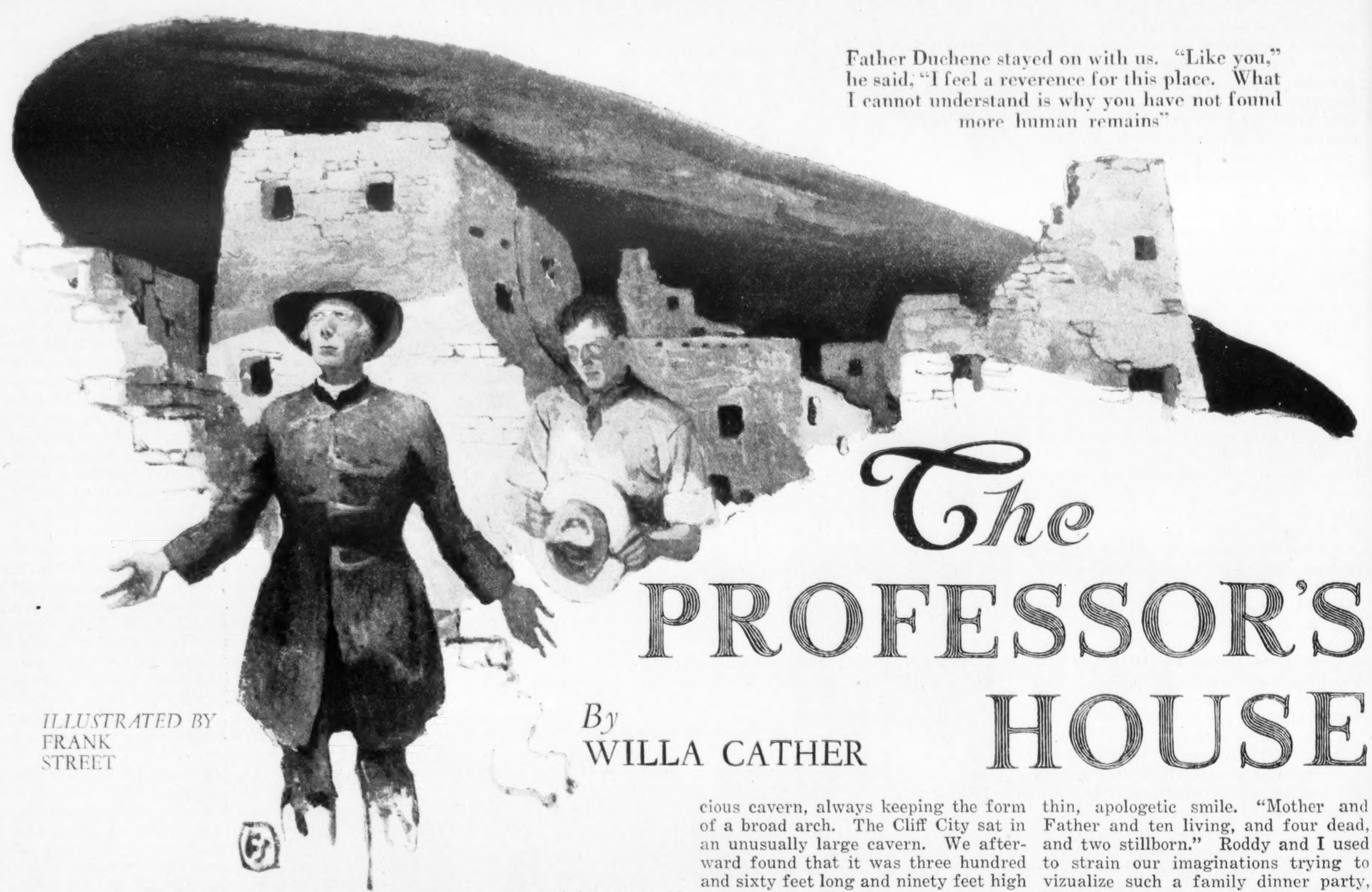
"Hugh's my husband, and that doesn't mean maybe; he's my manager, and he's a bird; he's my daddy sweetheart and we're pals right down to the last old heel of our boots. And when you slide in my baby girl, April, there you have it, full and complete, hog-tied and ready for any old judge to look 'em over. I'm a rider, roper and trick horsewoman, because God gave me the ability to please others and earn a large amount. Hugh is as great in his class as I am in my field and, I think, the foxiest, hardest-riding, surest old top hand in the business; and when he puts the ink to a contract for us there isn't anything cute above the signatures that will keep the money from our little April. Now I've told it all.

"Come on and let's go over to the Plains Hotel and get a good T-bone steak."

That's Mabel Strickland right down to the ground, and even though she some day will be compelled to sit in the stand and watch other girls she'll get a big hand and a big gate for just being there.

And if you think the West does not love her start panning her in any one of the twelve Western states—but leave the gate open so that you can get out.

When Mabel smiles—well, no wonder she's "the pride of the West!"



Father Duchene stayed on with us. "Like you," he said, "I feel a reverence for this place. What I cannot understand is why you have not found more human remains"

The PROFESSOR'S HOUSE

By
WILLA CATHER

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK
STREET

Book II

Tom Outland's Story *(Continued)*

As I stood looking up at the village I wondered whether I ought to tell even Blake about it; whether I ought not to go back across the river and keep that secret as the mesa had kept it. When I at last turned away I saw still another cañon branching out of this one, and in its wall still another arch, with another group of buildings. The notion struck me like a rifle ball that this mesa had once been like a beehive; it was full of little cliff-hung villages; it had been the home of a tribe, a particular civilization.

That night when I got home Blake was on the river bank waiting for me. I told him at once that I'd rather not talk about my trip until after supper; that I was beat out. I think he'd meant to upbraid me for sneaking off like that, but he didn't. He seemed to realize from the first that this was a serious matter to me, and he accepted it in that way.

After supper, when Blake had lit his pipe, I told him and Henry as clearly as I could what it was like over there, and we talked it over. The town in the cliffs explained the irrigation ditches. Like all Pueblo Indians, these people had had their farms away from their dwellings. For a stronghold they needed rock, and for farming soft earth and a water main.

"And this proves," said Roddy, "that there must have been a trail into the mesa at the north end and that they carried their harvest over by the ford. If this Cow Cañon was the only entrance, they could never have farmed down here." We agreed that he should go over on the first warm day and try to find a trail up to the Cliff City, as we already called it.

We talked and speculated until after midnight. It was Christmas eve, and Henry said it was but right we should do something out of the ordinary. But after we went to bed, tired as I was, I was unable to sleep. I got up and dressed and put on my overcoat and slipped outside to get sight of the mesa. The wind had come up and was blowing the squall clouds across the sky. The moon was almost full, hanging directly over the mesa, which had never looked so solemn and silent to me before. I wondered how many Christmases had come and gone since that round tower was built. I had been to Acoma and the Hopi villages, but I'd never seen a tower like that one. It seemed to me to mark a difference. I felt that only a strong and aspiring people would have built it, and a people with a feeling for design. That cluster of buildings, in its arch, with the dizzy drop into empty air from its doorways and the wall of cliff above, was as clear in my mind as a picture. By closing my eyes I could see it against the dark, like a magic-lantern slide.

Blake got over the river before New Year's Day. He didn't find any way of getting from the bottom of the box cañon up into the Cliff City. He felt sure that the inhabitants of that sky village had reached it by a trail from the top of the mesa down, not from the bottom of the cañon up. He explored the branch cañons a little, and found four other villages, smaller than the first, placed in similar arches.

These arches we had often seen in other cañons. You can find them in the Grand Canyon, and all along the Rio Grande. Whenever the surface rock is much harder than the rock beneath it, the softer stone begins to crack and crumble with weather just at the line where it meets the hard surface rock. It goes on crumbling and falling away, while the hard rock does not wear at all, but continues to lie in a slab, like a roof, over the washout formed beneath it. In time this washout grows to be a spacious cavern, always keeping the form of a broad arch. The Cliff City sat in an unusually large cavern. We afterward found that it was three hundred and sixty feet long and ninety feet high in the center. The red tower was sixty feet in height.

Blake and I began to make plans. Our engagement with the Sitwell Company terminated in May. When we turned our cattle over to the foreman, we would go over to the mesa with what food and tools we could carry, and try to find a trail down the north end, where we were sure there must once have been one. If we could find an easier way to get in and out of the mesa, we would devote the summer, and our winter's wages, to exploring it. From Tarpin, the nearest railroad town, we could get supplies and tools, and help if we needed it. We thought we could manage to do the work ourselves if old Henry would stay with us. We didn't want to make our discovery any more public than necessary. We were reluctant to expose those silent and beautiful places to vulgar curiosity. Finally we outlined our plan to Henry, telling him we couldn't promise him regular wages.

"We won't mention it," he said, waving his hand. "I'd ask nothing better than to share your fortunes. In me youth it was me ambition to go to Egypt and see the tombs of the Pharaohs."

"You may get a bad cold going over the river, Henry," Blake warned him. "It's bad crossing—makes you dizzy when you take to swimming. You have to keep cool."

"I was never seasick in me life," he declared, "and at that I've helped in the cook's galley on the Anchor Line when she was fair standing on her head. You'll find me strong and active when I'm once broke into the work. I come of an enduring family, though, to be sure, I've abused me constitution somewhat."

Henry liked to talk about his family and the work they'd done and the great age to which they lived and the kind of puddings his mother made. "Eighteen we was in all when we sat down at table," he would often say, with his thin, apologetic smile. "Mother and Father and ten living, and four dead, and two stillborn." Roddy and I used to strain our imaginations trying to vizualize such a family dinner party, but old Henry's modest pride was such that we could never laugh until we were out of his sight.

Everything worked out well for us. The foreman was so much interested in our plans that we told him everything. He insisted that we should stay on at the winter camp as long as we needed a home base and use up whatever supplies were left. When he paid us off he sold us our two horses at a reasonable figure.

Blake and I got over to the mesa together for the first time on the sixth of May. We carried with us all the food we could, and an ax and spade. It took us several days to find a trail leading from the bottom of the box cañon up to the Cliff City. There were gaps in it; it was broken by ledges too steep for a man to climb. Beside the first of these, we found an old dried cedar trunk, with toe notches cut in it. That was a plain suggestion. We felled some trees and threw them up over the gaps in the path. Toward the end of the week, when our provisions were getting low, we made the last lap in our climb, and stepped upon the ledge that was the floor of the Cliff City.

In front of the cluster of buildings there was an open space, like a courtyard. Along the outer edge of this yard ran a low stone wall plastered together with clay. In some places the wall had fallen away from weather, but the buildings themselves sat so far back under the rim rock that the rain had never beat on them. In thunderstorms I've seen the water come down in sheets over the face of that cavern without a drop touching the village.

The courtyard was not choked by vegetation, for there was no soil. It was bare rock, with a few piñons growing out of the cracks, and a little pale grass. But everything seemed open and clean, and the stones, I remember, were warm to the touch, smooth and pleasant to feel.

The outer walls of the houses were intact, except where sometimes an outjutting corner had crumbled. They were made of dressed stones, plastered inside and out with 'dobe, tinted in light colors, pink and pale yellow and tan. Here and there a cedar log in the ceiling had given way and let the second-story chamber down into the first. Except for that, there was little rubbish or disorder. As Blake remarked, wind and sun are good housekeepers.

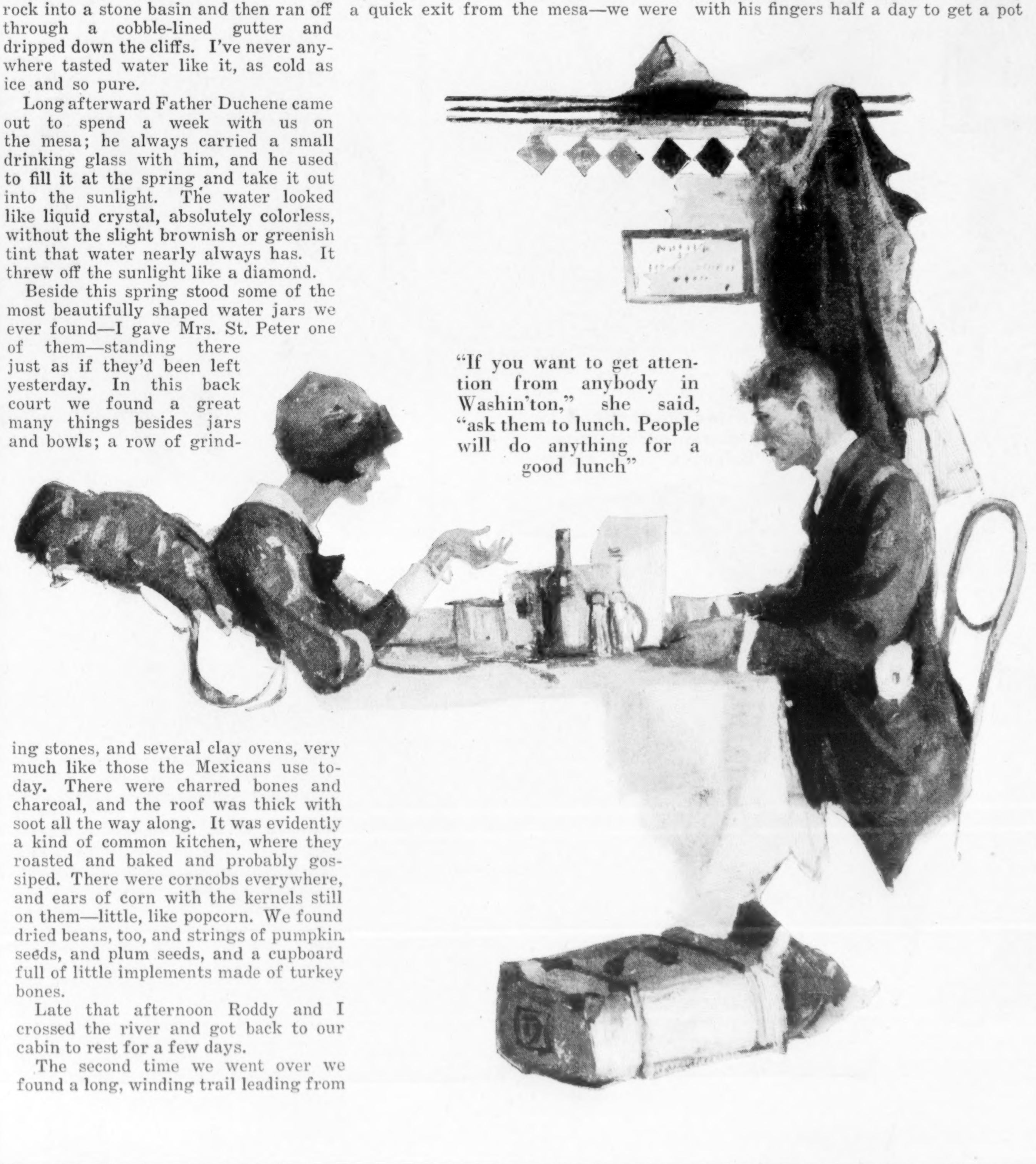
THIS village had never been sacked by an enemy, certainly. Inside the little rooms water jars and bowls stood about unbroken, and yucca-fiber mats were on the floors.

We could give only a hurried look over the place, as our food was exhausted, and we had to get back over the river before dark. We went about softly, tried not to disturb anything, even the silence. Besides the tower, there seemed to be about thirty little separate dwellings. Behind the cluster of houses was a kind of back courtyard, running from end to end of the cavern; a long, low, twilight space that got gradually lower toward the back until the rim rock met the floor of the cavern, exactly like the sloping roof of an attic.

There was perpetual twilight back there, cool, shadowy, very grateful after the blazing sun in the front courtyard. When we entered it we heard a soft, trickling sound, and we came upon a cold, clear spring that welled out of the rock into a stone basin and then ran off through a cobble-lined gutter and dripped down the cliffs. I've never anywhere tasted water like it, as cold as ice and so pure.

Long afterward Father Duchene came out to spend a week with us on the mesa; he always carried a small drinking glass with him, and he used to fill it at the spring and take it out into the sunlight. The water looked like liquid crystal, absolutely colorless, without the slight brownish or greenish tint that water nearly always has. It threw off the sunlight like a diamond.

Beside this spring stood some of the most beautifully shaped water jars we ever found—I gave Mrs. St. Peter one of them—standing there just as if they'd been left yesterday. In this back court we found a great many things besides jars and bowls; a row of grinding stones, and several clay ovens, very much like those the Mexicans use today. There were charred bones and charcoal, and the roof was thick with soot all the way along. It was evidently a kind of common kitchen, where they roasted and baked and probably gossiped. There were corncobs everywhere, and ears of corn with the kernels still on them—little, like popcorn. We found dried beans, too, and strings of pumpkin seeds, and plum seeds, and a cupboard full of little implements made of turkey bones.



"If you want to get attention from anybody in Washin'ton," she said, "ask them to lunch. People will do anything for a good lunch"

Late that afternoon Roddy and I crossed the river and got back to our cabin to rest for a few days.

The second time we went over we found a long, winding trail leading from the Cliff City up to the top of the mesa—a narrow path worn deep into the stone ledges that overhung the village, then running back into the wood of stunted piñons on the summit. Following this to the north end of the mesa, we found what was left of an old road down to the plain. But making this road passable was a matter of weeks, and we had to get workmen and tools from Tarpin. It was a narrow footpath, barely wide enough for a surefooted mule, and it wound down through Black Cañon, dropping in loops along the face of terrifying cliffs. About a hundred feet above the river it ended—broke right off into the air. A wall of rock had fallen away there, probably from a landslide. That last piece of road cost us three weeks' hard work and most of our winter's wages. We kept the workmen on long enough to build us a tight log cabin on the mesa top, a little way back from the ledge that hung over the Cliff City.

While we were engaged in road building, we made a short cut from our cabin down to the Cliff City and Cow Cañon. Just over the Cliff City there was a crack in the ledge, a sort of manhole, and in this way we hung a ladder of pine trunks spliced together with light chains, leaving the branch forks for footholds. By climbing down this ladder we saved about two miles of winding trail, and dropped almost directly into Cow Cañon, where we meant always to leave one of the horses grazing. By this route we could at any time make a quick exit from the mesa—we were used to swimming the river now, and in summer our wet clothes dried very quickly.

Bill Hook, the liveryman at Tarpin, who'd sheltered old Henry when he was down and out, proved a good friend to us. He got our workmen back and forth for us, brought our supplies up on to the mesa on his pack mules, and when one of us had to stay in town overnight he let us sleep in his hay barn to save a hotel bill. He knew our expenses were heavy, and did everything for us at a bottom price.

BY THE first of July we were low in money, but we had our road made and our cabin on top of the mesa. We brought old Henry up by the new horse trail and began housekeeping. We were now ready to commence what we called excavating. We built wide shelves all around our sleeping-room, and there we put the smaller articles we found in the Cliff City. We numbered each specimen, and in my daybook I wrote down just where and in what condition we had found it, and what we thought it had been used for. I'd got a merchant's ledger in Tarpin, and every night after supper, while Roddy read the newspaper, I sat down at the kitchen table and wrote up an account of what we'd noticed in Cliff City and its surroundings.

Henry, besides doing the housekeeping, was very eager to help us in the "rew-ins," as he called them. He was more patient than we, and would dig with his fingers half a day to get a pot out of a rubbish pile without breaking it. You see, he had a wider knowledge of the world than either of us, and it often came in handy. When we were working in a pale pink house, with two stories and a sort of balcony before the upper windows, we came on a closet in the wall of the upstairs room; in this were a number of curious things, among them a deerskin bag of little tools. Henry said at once they were surgical instruments; a stone lancet, a bunch of fine bone needles and wooden forceps.

One thing we knew about these people: they hadn't built their town in a hurry. Everything proved their patience and deliberation. The cedar joists had been felled with stone axes and rubbed smooth with sand. The little poles that lay across them and held up the clay floor of the chamber above were smoothly polished. The door lintels were carefully fitted; the doors were stone slabs held in place by wooden bars fitted into hasps. The clay dressing that covered the stone walls was tinted, and some of the chambers were frescoed in geometrical patterns, one color laid on another. In one room was a painted border: little tents, like Indian tepees, in brilliant red.

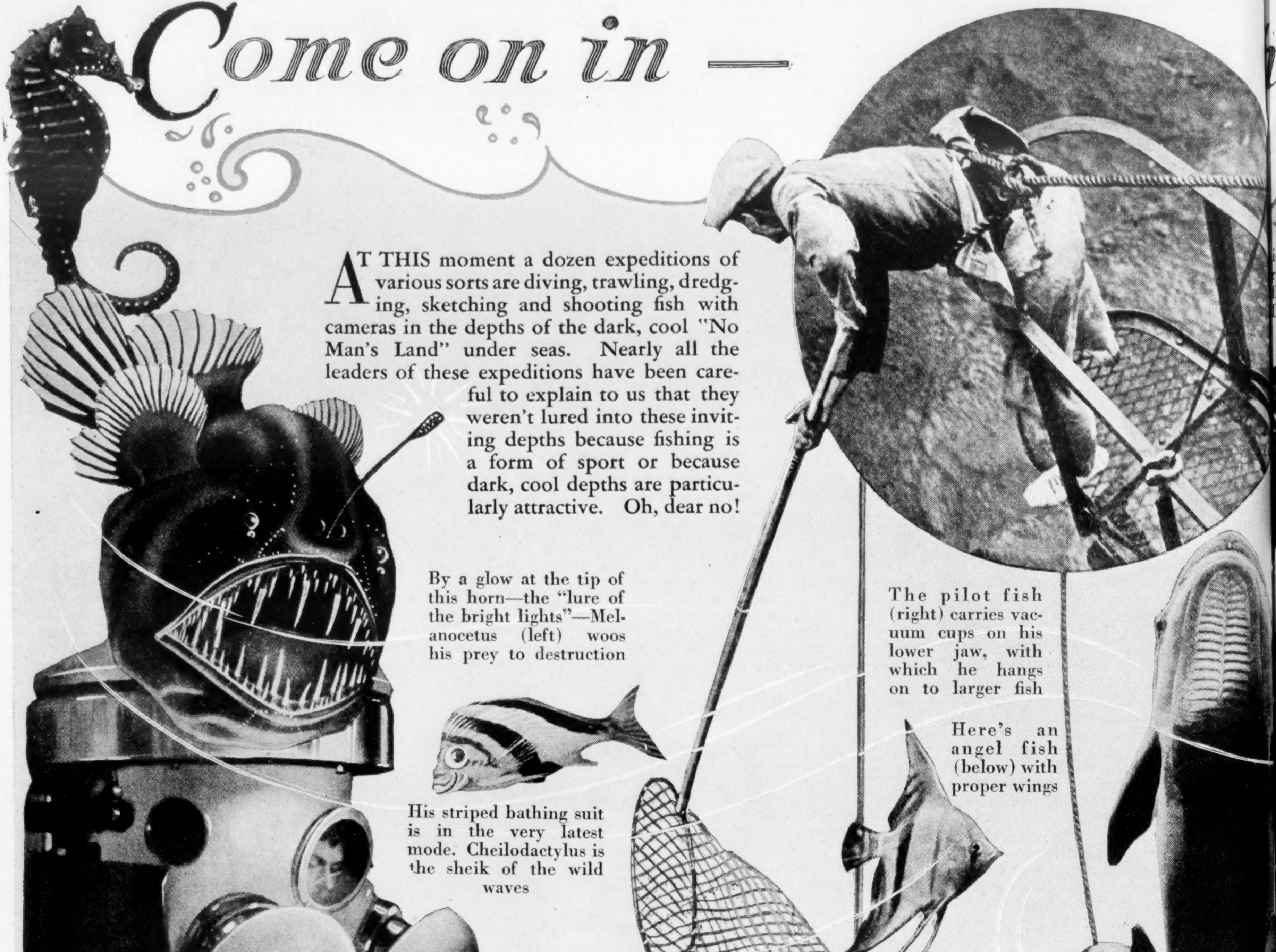
But the really splendid thing about our city, the thing that made it delightful to work there, and must have made it delightful to live there, was the setting. The town hung like a bird's nest in the cliff, looking off into the box cañon below and beyond into the wide valley we called Cow Cañon, facing an ocean of clear air. A people who had the hardihood to build there, and who lived day after day looking down upon such grandeur, who came and went by those hazardous trails, must have been, as we often told each other, a fine people. But what had become of them? What catastrophe had overwhelmed them? They hadn't moved away, for they had taken none of their belongings, not even their clothes.

OH, YES, we found clothes; yucca moccasins, and what seemed like cotton cloth, woven in black and white. Never any wool, but sheepskins tanned with the fleece on them. They may have been mountain sheep; the mesa was full of them. We talked of shooting them for meat, but we never did. When a mountain sheep comes out on a ledge hundreds of feet above you, with his trumpet horns, there's something noble about him—he looks like a priest. We didn't want to shoot and make them shy. We liked to see them. We shot a wild cow when we wanted fresh meat.

At last we came upon one of the original inhabitants—not a skeleton, but a dried human body, a woman. She was not in the Cliff City; we found her in a little group of houses stuck up in a high arch we called the Swallow's Nest. We went up there one Sunday for a holiday. She was lying on a yucca mat, partly covered with rags, and she had dried into a mummy in that water-drinking air. We thought she had been murdered; there was a great wound in her side, the ribs stuck out through the dried flesh. Her mouth was open as if she were screaming, and her face, through all those years, had kept a look of terrible agony. Part of the nose was gone, but she had plenty of teeth, not one missing, and a great deal of coarse black hair. Her teeth were even and white, and so little worn that we thought she must have been a young woman. Henry named her Mother Eve, and we called her that. We put her in a blanket and let her down with great care, and kept her in a chamber in the Cliff City.

Yes, we found other bodies, but afterward. One day, working in the Cliff City, we came (*Continued on page 28*)

Come on in —



At this moment a dozen expeditions of various sorts are diving, trawling, dredging, sketching and shooting fish with cameras in the depths of the dark, cool "No Man's Land" under seas. Nearly all the leaders of these expeditions have been careful to explain to us that they weren't lured into these inviting depths because fishing is a form of sport or because dark, cool depths are particularly attractive. Oh, dear no!

By a glow at the tip of this horn—the "lure of the bright lights"—Melanocetus (left) woos his prey to destruction

The pilot fish (right) carries vacuum cups on his lower jaw, with which he hangs on to larger fish

Here's an angel fish (below) with proper wings

His striped bathing suit is in the very latest mode. Cheilodactylus is the sheik of the wild waves

Diving suits are now as elaborate as submarines. Below, a pearl oyster

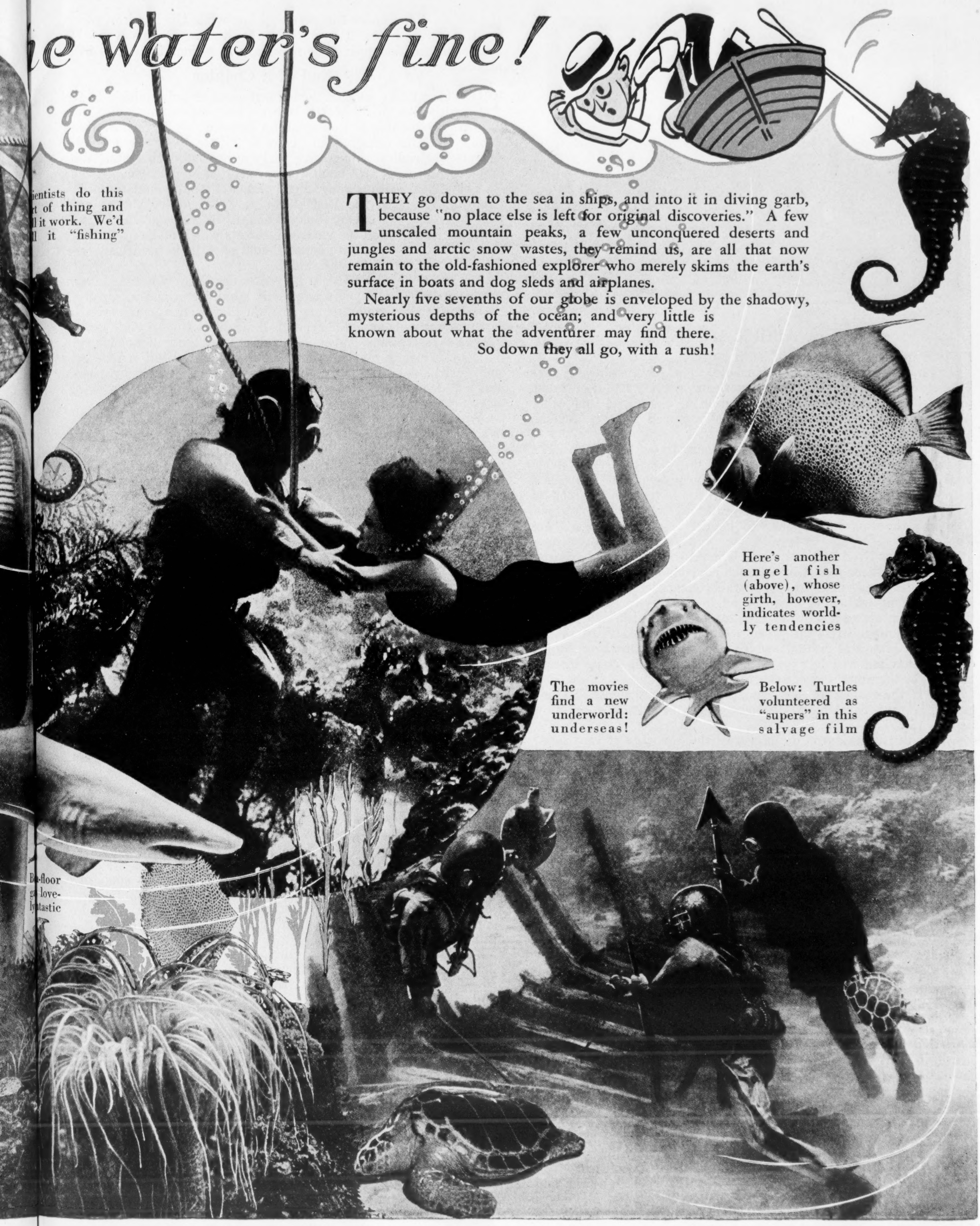
e water's fine!

ientists do this
t of thing and
l it work. We'd
l it "fishing"

THEY go down to the sea in ships, and into it in diving garb, because "no place else is left for original discoveries." A few unscaled mountain peaks, a few unconquered deserts and jungles and arctic snow wastes, they remind us, are all that now remain to the old-fashioned explorer who merely skims the earth's surface in boats and dog sleds and airplanes.

Nearly five sevenths of our globe is enveloped by the shadowy, mysterious depths of the ocean; and very little is known about what the adventurer may find there.

So down they all go, with a rush!



Here's another angel fish (above), whose girth, however, indicates worldly tendencies

The movies find a new underworld: underseas!

Below: Turtles volunteered as "supers" in this salvage film

B-floor
g-love-
ly-tastic

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WHAT ABOUT MEXICO?

THE Mexican pot is again boiling over.

Secretary Kellogg said in his note, to which President Calles retorted angrily, that much American property had been taken under the agrarian laws or in violation of them and that other American property has been practically ruined by the Mexican Government.

Modern civilization is based on the sanctity of contracts. The heart of the opposition to Russia lies in the fact that the Bolshevists repudiated debts and confiscated the property of foreigners without compensation. Mexico appears to have been inclined to follow communist practice, and, significantly enough, just about the time the Russians appear to be deciding that it does not work.

Mexico has lived by the sword. The peaceful Indian aborigines were killed and conquered by Spanish adventurers and their tradition has lingered. British colonists brought self-government to America along with their chattels, but to this day Spain seems not to have risen above a military dictatorship. Spanish soldiers and primitive Indians bred the present Mexico. It is absurd to imagine that laws and customs which are congenial to Englishmen or Scandinavians will flourish in the hands of people whose history has taught them nothing of such things.

Yet if the money of Americans or Hollanders or Englishmen is to be spent developing Mexican resources, bargains must be kept.

What can Washington do to compel the honoring of contracts? Something must be done. We will not let the British, the French, the Italians or the Germans collect their debts in Mexico and protect their people with their navies and their soldiers. The Monroe Doctrine blocks such action by European nations as would be taken elsewhere: it may demand activity on our part.

What can we do? Send down the army and navy to fire a few guns and then shamefacedly sail home? Public opinion certainly would not tolerate a war merely to collect debts. Moreover, even a successful army of occupation would settle nothing.

For military operations are always temporary, while the Mexican problem is persistent, if not permanent. Even though a General Pershing were again sent across the Rio Grande and given a free hand to police the country, even though warships seized all the ports and American commissioners administered the country, after the manner followed in Haiti, the difficulties would remain. Sometime an army of occupation must be withdrawn and then the original questions return.

The crux of the Mexican problem lies in the Mexican people. A government is no better than the people who produce it. The French terror was a reflection of the impoverished and depressed condition of the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century. The Bolshevist government is a natural consequence of the ignorance, dependence and brutality which characterized the Czaristic régime. The Mexican confiscations are similarly the action of a government which is seeking to conciliate a people who for centuries have lived as peons on the estates of aristocratic adventurers. The only contracts most of them have known bound them into servitude and from childhood they have been the victims of violence.

For all that they are a part of the North American world, and we, whose civilization arose from other sources, must find ways of doing business with them. The American Government will insist on its rights under international law while the Mexican people try to master the baffling problem of governing themselves. Patience and understanding are necessary if serious trouble is to be avoided.

The End of a Chapter

THE Third Party which bloomed last summer only quickly to feel the withering frost of November's election is now quite done for with the passing of Robert M. La Follette and Warren S. Stone. Brought to life chiefly as a personal tribute to two redoubtable fighters, the radical progressive party never had deep roots. With its leaders gone, it will doubtless swiftly fade from memory.

They were both strong men. La Follette, nominally a Republican, mastered the Republican party of Wisconsin as completely as did his enemy Boies Penrose in Pennsylvania. It is an ironic comment on the various interests which make up America to note that such opposite types should each have been leaders of the same party in different states.

La Follette will doubtless be remembered for what he accomplished in Wisconsin years ago. His administrations as governor were marked by achievements so solid that in late years even his former opponents accented them as desirable. Honest civil service, efficient state bureaus, and equal taxation were the fruits of his rule.

As the insurgent Republican of the Rooseveltian era he was embittered by frustrated ambitions when the Presidency passed him by. He guessed wrong about the war and many other things and that too cast a shadow over his late years.

Warren S. Stone joined with the Wisconsin leader last summer in a futile effort to found a Third Party, but Stone was a different manner of man. Leader of a great railroad brotherhood, he was never technically a trade-unionist. Still, under his guidance labor developed an extensive insurance system and then turned to numerous business adventures. Banks, coal mines, coöperatives of various sorts were a part of his scheme. A few months before his death the Equitable Building in New York City, the largest office building in the world and the home of the Bankers' Club, was bought by one of the companies controlled by this labor leader.

With Stone and La Follette no longer at the helm, the political movement which centered about them must find new channels.

A Parable of the Cart and the Horse

FIVE years in prison and a $10,000 fine were meted out in New York City the other day to a liquor dealer who had neglected to pay his income tax. It seems that he "cheated" the government out of something like $460,000. The United States attorney arose to the occasion, saying that this should be a warning to bootleggers, blackmailers and second-story men that full returns must be filed on illicit returns, with the alternative of jail sentences.

It's getting tough on crooks. If they have to pay the income taxes like the rest of us they might as well get regular jobs and not have to lose so much sleep of nights.

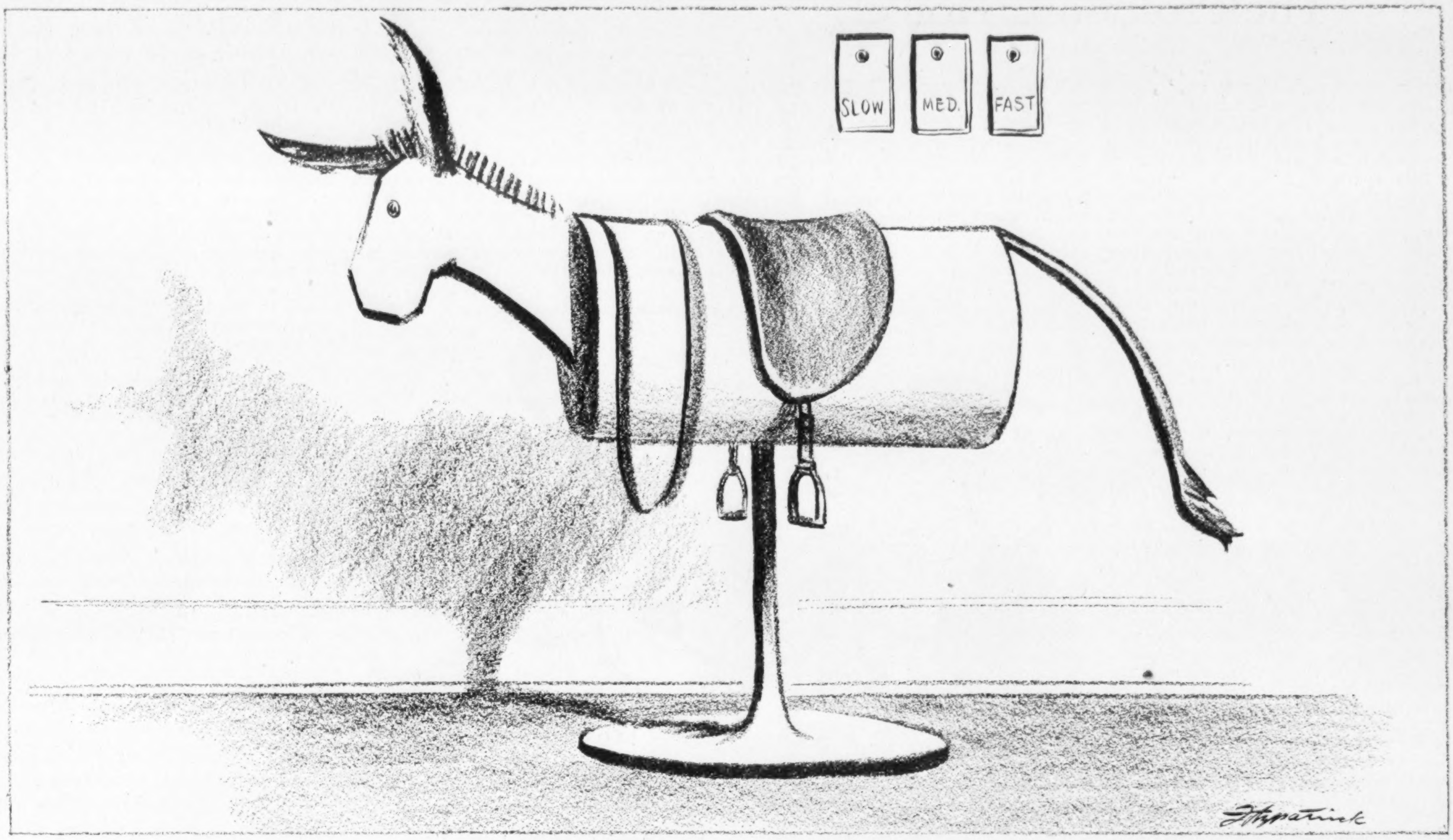
Remember the Country Doctor?

IF YOU were brought up in an American country town, say before 1900, you were well acquainted with one of the choicest of God's creatures—the old-fashioned country doctor. He settled down in your home community as a young man and stayed there till his beard was gray. He was at the service, midnight or noon, of a whole countryside, and he knew its people better than anyone else did. He was overworked, and sometimes he broke under the strain. But almost always he stood to his guns and kept his faith—and a noble faith it was.

But the country doctor is passing. In Vermont, as was recently pointed out, there are now 116 towns which have no resident physician. The same report comes from other states. Doctors, like many others, have felt the call of the city and larger town. Of course there is another side to the story: The modern doctor can travel at twenty-five miles an hour where the old-timer was lucky to do five. He can live at one end of the county and practice in another. When he can, he brings his patients to central hospitals, of which the number is growing rapidly, even in the rural districts.

He saves time and sometimes life by giving advice over the telephone. By coöperating with the health officers, and often by serving as health officer himself, he prevents much sickness once deemed unescapable. He is wiping out typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever and many other pests. All this helps make up for the fact that he is more businesslike than his predecessor, collects his bills more promptly and hasn't so much time to be neighborly.

But the old country doctor was a fine figure. His loss is one of the penalties of progress.



A Suggestion for the Democratic Party Leaders

WHAT BUSINESS MEN CALL "FRILLS"

By Edward W. Bok

As a Dutch boy, one of the cardinal truths taught me was that whatever was worth doing was worth doing well: that next to honesty came thoroughness as a factor in success. It was not enough that anything should be done: it was not done at all if it was not done well. I came to America to be taught exactly the opposite. The two infernal Americanisms "That's good enough" and "That will do" were taught me soon after my arrival, together with the maxim of quantity rather than quality.

U. & U.

It was not the boy at school who could write the words in his copy book best who received the praise of the teacher; it was the boy who could write the largest number of words in a given time. The acid test in arithmetic was not the mastery of the method, but the number of minutes required to work out an example. If a boy abbreviated the word "Company" to "Co." he received a hundred per cent mark, as did the boy who spelled out the word and who could not make the teacher see that "Co." did not spell "Company."

As I grew into young manhood, and went into business, I found on every hand that quantity counted for more than quality. The emphasis was almost always placed on how much work one could do in a day, rather than upon how well the work was done. And into this atmosphere of almost utter disregard for quality I brought my ideas of Dutch thoroughness and my conviction that doing well whatever I did was to count as a cardinal principle in life.

America has succeeded as a nation not because of its lack of thoroughness, but in spite of it. Here and there stand out evidence of how much farther we could go if the idea of quality nationally took first instead of second place with us. Naturally, the fundamental basis of engineering must be the most minute thoroughness and accuracy, but see the high rank that American engineering has taken in the world. Wherever thoroughness has entered into the production of any article, it has opened for itself a market and maintained it.

It is constantly argued in extenuation that as we grow older as a nation the lesson of thoroughness and its resultant efficiency will be borne more strongly upon us. But is it not time that we should begin to think of ourselves as a nation no longer in its infancy? America has outlived its period of swaddling clothes. It may not have reached its point of maturity, but it will reach that point with a far better reputation for solidity if, at this time in its history, it begins to think of how well instead of how fast a thing can be done.

I have been very successful in placing in the minds of a number of young people the kernel of thoroughness by the very simple method of teaching them the avoidance of all abbreviations in their letters, compositions or anything written by them: that each letter should be complete in and of itself, and that it should give out to the recipient the feeling that it had received careful thought, and not, as so many letters now indicate, that it was "dashed off."

But there is no use of preaching this doctrine of thoroughness if the son sees abbreviations rampant on his father's business letterheads and practiced by him in his letters, or if the daughter sees her mother's letters riddled with abbreviations. We must practice ourselves what we preach to our children. The feeling will arise, particularly with the man of affairs, that a business house has not time for these "frills," forgetting that the appearance of carelessness in correspondence is never a good advertisement for any business house and that one of the strongest commendations for a commercial house is the physical appearance and care shown in its correspondence.

Because an idea is simple we sometimes dismiss it as inconsequential; we forget what it signifies, and how great it can be in its potentiality. We flick a snowflake from our coat and yet, multiplied, that little atom can render helpless the most powerful engine conceived by the mind of man. We see a bird and we think of it as but an atom in the sky, overlooking the fact that a bird, multiplied, constitutes the most important economic factor in our lives and that without the birds the people of the United States would, in a space of five to seven years, starve to death and be effaced from the earth.

So the seemingly small lesson of an avoidance of abbreviations may well be the harbinger of a system of thoroughness which would alter the entire fabric of American life and make of the United States within a generation a nation known for that quality of thoroughness which to-day it so sadly lacks.

The Professor's House

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upon a stone slab at one end of the cavern, that seemed to lead straight into the rock. It was set in cement, and when we loosened it we found it opened into a small, dark chamber. In this there had been a platform of fine cedar poles laid side by side, but it had crumbled. In the wreckage were three bodies, one man and two women, wrapped in yucca fiber, all in the same position and apparently prepared for burial. They were the bodies of old people. We believed they were among the aged who were left behind when the tribe went down to live on their farms in the summer season; that they had died in the absence of the villagers, and were put into this mortuary chamber to await the return of the tribe, when they would have their funeral rites. Probably these people burned their dead. Of course an archæologist could have told a great deal about that civilization from those bodies. But they never got to an archæologist—at least not on this side of the world.

THE first of August came and everything was going well with us. We hadn't met with any bad luck, and though we had very little money left, there was Blake's untouched savings account in the bank at Pardee, and we had plenty of credit in Tarpin. The merchants there took an interest and were friendly. But the little new moon, that looked so innocent, brought us trouble. We lost old Henry, and in a terrible way. From the first we'd been a little bothered by rattlesnakes—you generally find them about old stone quarries and old masonry. We had got them pretty well cleared out of the Cliff City: hadn't seen one there for weeks. But one Sunday we took Henry and went on an exploring expedition at the north end of the mesa, along Black Cañon. We caught sight of a little bunch of ruins we'd never noticed before, and made a foolhardy scramble to get up to them. We almost made it, and then there was a stretch of rock wall so smooth we couldn't climb it without a ladder. I was the tallest of the three, and Henry was the lightest; he thought he could get up there if he stood on my shoulders. He was standing on my back, his head just above the floor of the cavern, groping for something to hoist himself up by, when a snake struck him from the ledge—struck him square in the forehead. It happened in a flash. He came down and brought the snake with him. By the time we picked him up and turned him over, his face had begun to swell. In ten minutes it was purple, and he was so crazy it took the two of us to hold him and keep him from jumping down the chasm. He was struck so near the brain that there was nothing to do. It lasted nearly two hours. Then we carried him home. Roddy dropped down the ladder into Cow Cañon, caught his horse, and rode into Tarpin for the coroner and Father Duchene.

We buried Henry on the mesa. Father Duchene stayed on with us a week to keep us company. We were so cut up that we were almost ready to quit. But he had been planning to come out to see our find for a long while, and he got our minds off our trouble. He worked hard every day. He went over everything we'd done and examined everything minutely: the pottery, cloth, stone implements and the remains of food. He measured the heads of the mummies and declared they had good skulls. He cut down one of the old cedars that grew exactly in the middle of the deep trail worn in the stone, and counted the rings under his pocket microscope. You couldn't count them with the unassisted eye, for, growing out of a tiny crevice in the rock as that tree did, the increase of each year was so scant that the rings were invisible except with a glass. The tree he cut down registered three hundred and thirty-six years' growth, and it could have begun to grow in that well-worn path only after human feet had ceased to come and go there.

Why had they ceased? That question puzzled him too. Smallpox, any epidemic, would have left unburied bodies. Father Duchene suggested what Dr. Ripley, in Washington, afterward surmised: that the tribe had been exterminated, not here in their stronghold, but in their summer camp, down among the farms across the river. Father Duchene had been among the Indians nearly twenty years then; he had seventeen Indian pueblos in his parish, and he spoke several Indian dialects. He was able to explain the use of many of the implements we found, especially those used in religious ceremonies. The night before he left us he summed up the results of his week's study, something like this:

"The two square towers on the mesa top, to which you have given little attention, were unquestionably granaries. Under the stones and earth fallen from the walls there is a quantity of dried corn on the ear. Not a great harvest, for life must have ceased here in the summer, when the new crop was not yet garnered and the last year's grain was getting low. The semicircular ridge on the mesa top, which you can see distinctly among the piñons when the sun is low and brings it into high relief, is the buried wall of an amphitheatre, where probably religious exercises and games took place. I advise you not to dig into it. It is probably the most important thing here, and should be left for scholars to excavate.

"The tower you so much admire in the cliff village may have been a watch tower, as you think, but from the curious placing of those narrow slits, like windows, I believe it was used for astronomical observation. I am inclined to think that your tribe were a superior people. Perhaps they were not so when they first came upon this mesa, but in an orderly and secure life they developed considerably the arts of peace. It is evident on every hand that they lived for something more than food and shelter. They had an appreciation of comfort, and went even further than that. Their life, compared to that of our roving Navahos, must have been quite complex. There is unquestionably a distinct feeling for design in what you call the Cliff City. Buildings are not grouped like that by pure accident, though convenience probably had much to do with it. Convenience often dictates very sound design.

"The workmanship on both the wood and stone of the dwellings is good. The shapes and decoration of the water jars and food bowls is better than in any of the existing pueblos I know, better even than the pottery made at Acoma. I have seen a collection of early pottery from the Island of Crete. Many of the geometrical decorations on these jars are not only similar, but, if my memory is trustworthy, identical.

"I SEE your tribe as a provident, rather thoughtful people who made their livelihood secure by raising crops and fowl—the great numbers of turkey bones and feathers are evidence that they had domesticated the wild turkey. With grain in their storerooms and mountain sheep and deer for their quarry, they rose gradually from the condition of savagery. With the proper variation of meat and vegetable diet they developed physically and improved in the primitive arts. They had looms and mills and experimented with dyes. At the same time they possibly declined in the arts of war, in brute strength and ferocity.

"I see them here, isolated, cut off from other tribes, working out their destiny, making their mesa more and more worthy to be a home for man, purifying life by religious ceremonies and observances, caring respectfully for their dead, protecting the children, doubtless entertaining some feelings of affection and sentiment for this stronghold where they were at once so safe and so comfortable, where they had practically overcome the worst hardships that primitive man had to fear. They were, perhaps, too far advanced for their time and environment.

"They were probably wiped out, utterly exterminated by some roving Indian tribe without culture or domestic virtues, some horde that fell upon them in their summer camp and destroyed them for their hides and clothing and weapons, or from mere love of slaughter. I feel sure that these brutal invaders never even learned of the existence of this mesa. If they had come here, they would have destroyed. They killed and went their way.

"What I cannot understand is why you have not found more human remains. The three bodies you found in the mortuary chamber were prepared for burial by the old people who were left behind. But what of the last survivors? It is possible that when autumn wore on, and no one returned from the farms, the aged banded together, went in search of their people and perished in the plain.

"Like you, I feel a reverence for this place. Wherever humanity has made that hardest of all starts, and lifted itself out of mere brutality, is a sacred spot. Your people were cut off here without the influence of example or emulation, with no incentive but some nat-

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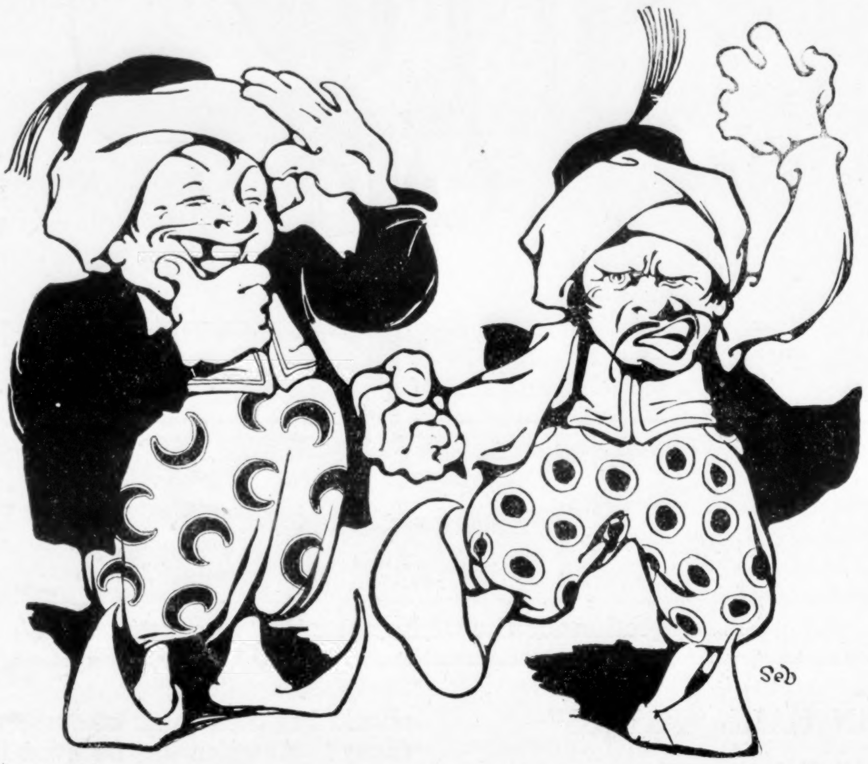

The Method of the Mad Mullah

By BERTON BRALEY

THERE was a Mad Mullah whose name was Abdulla
(Thus aiding these verses to rhyme).
No Mullah was madder, his temper grew badder,
Worse, worser and worst all the time!
But not every Mullah behaves like Abdulla,
And one day a Mullah came by,
A Humorous Mullah, who always could cull a
Gay laugh, as it were, on the fly!

"Ho! Ho! You Mad Mullah," he said to Abdulla,
"You scowl and you howl and you yell.
But what you are mad about, you, as you gad about,
Couldn't explicitly tell!
Say, listen, Abdulla! I'll bet in your skull a
Dissector could not find a brain.
With anger you chatter when nothing's the matter.
Abdulla, you give me a pain!"

"Shut up!" said Abdulla. "You Humorous Mullah!
You're fearfully cramping my style.
A Very Mad Mullah can easily gull a
Large public with venom and bile.
For fear I'll get worser they toss me a purse or
My stomach with dinners they feed.
Whereas, were I smirking, they'd set me to working
And that would be madness indeed!"

"I see," said the Mullah. "You're subtle, Abdulla.
You've shown me a horse of a different colah.
Your goose would be cooked if you laughed.
So pull all your stages of rancorous rages,
I won't interfere with your graft!"

The Humorous Mullah then left Mad Abdulla
And hustled for home without pause.
Now *he's* a Mad Mullah, more mad than Abdulla
At even his worst ever was!

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ural yearning for order and security. They built themselves into this mesa and humanized it."

Father Duchene warmly agreed with Blake that I ought to go to Washington and make some report to the government, so that the proper specialists would be sent out to study the remains we had found.

"You must go to the director of the Smithsonian Institution," he said. "He will send us an archæologist who will interpret all that is obscure to us. He will revive this civilization in a scholarly work. It may be that you will have thrown light on some important points in the history of your country."

After he left us, Blake and I began to make definite plans for my trip to Washington. Blake was to work for the Santa Fe that winter and save as much money as possible. The expense of my journey would be paid out of what we called the jack-pot account, in the bank at Pardee. All our further expenses on the mesa would be paid by the government. Roddy often hinted that we would get a substantial reward of some kind. When we broke or lost anything at our work, he used to smile and say, "Never mind. I guess our Uncle Sam will make that good to us."

We had a beautiful autumn that year: soft, sunny, like a dream. Even up there in the air we had so little wind that the gold hung on the poplars and quaking asps late in November. We stayed out on the mesa until after Christmas. We cleared up any litter we'd made in digging things out, stored all the specimens, even the mummies, in our cabin, and padlocked the doors and windows before we left it. I had written up my day book carefully to the very end—had even written out most of Father Duchene's deductions. This book I left in concealment on the mesa. I climbed up to the Swallow's Nest in which we had found the mummy of the murdered woman we called Mother Eve, where I had noticed a particularly neat little cupboard in the wall. I put my book in this niche and sealed it up with cement.

Roddy drew six hundred dollars out of the bank to stake me and bought my ticket and Pullman through to Washington. He went to the station with me the morning I left, and a hard handshake was good-by.

I GOT off the train, just behind the Capitol Building, one cold bright January morning. I stood for a long while watching the white dome against a flashing blue sky, with a very religious feeling. After I had walked about a little and seen the parks, so green though it was winter, and the Treasury Building, and the War and Navy, I decided to put off my business for a little and to give myself a week to enjoy the city. That was the most sensible thing I did while I was there. For that week I was wonderfully happy.

My sightseeing over, I got to work. First I went to see the representative from our district to ask for letters of introduction. He was cordial enough, but he gave me bad advice. He was positive that I ought to report to the Indian Commission, and gave me a letter to the commissioner. The commissioner was out of town, and I wasted three days waiting about his office, being questioned by clerks and secretaries. They were not very busy, and seemed to find me entertaining. I thought they were interested in my mission, and interest was what I wanted to arouse. I didn't know how influential these people might be—they talked as if they had great authority. I had brought along in my telescope bag some good pieces of pottery—not the best, I was afraid of accident, but some that were representative—and all the photographs we had taken. We had had only a small kodak, and these pictures didn't make much show—looked, indeed, like grubby little 'dobe ruins such as one can find almost anywhere. They gave no idea of the beauty and vastness of the setting. The clerks at the Indian Commission seemed very curious about everything and made me talk a lot. I was green and didn't know any better. But when one of the fellows there tried to get me to give him my best bowl for his cigarette ashes, I began to suspect the nature of their interest.

At last the commissioner returned, but he had pressing engagements, and I hung around several days more before he would see me. After questioning me for about half an hour, he told me that his business was with living Indians, not dead ones, and that his offices should have informed me of that in the beginning. He advised me to go back to our congressman and get a letter to the Smithsonian Institution. I packed up my pottery and got out of the place, feeling pretty sore. The head clerk followed me down the corridor and asked me what I'd take for that little bowl he'd taken a fancy to—said it had no market value: I'd find Washington full of such things. There were cases of them in the cellar at the Smithsonian that they'd never taken the trouble to unpack; hadn't any place to put them.

I WENT back to my congressman. This time he wasn't so friendly as before, but he gave me a letter to the Smithsonian. There I went through the same experience. The director couldn't be seen except by appointment, and his secretary had to be convinced that your business was important before he would give you an appointment with his chief. After the first morning I found it difficult to see even the secretary. He was always engaged. I was told to take a seat and wait, but when he was disengaged he was hurrying off to a luncheon engagement. I would sit there all morning with a group of unfortunate people: girls who wanted to get typewriting to do; nice polite old men who wanted to get taken out on surveys and expeditions next summer. The secretary would at last come out with his overcoat on, and would hurry through the waiting-room reading a letter or a report, without looking up.

The office assistants cheered me along, and I kept this up for some days, sitting all morning in that room, studying the patterns of the rugs and the shoes of patient waiters who came as regularly as I. One day, after the secretary had gone out to lunch, his stenographer, a nice little Virginia girl, came and sat down in an empty chair next to mine and began talking to me. She wasn't pretty, but her kind eyes and soft Southern voice took hold of me at once. She wanted to know what I had in my telescope, and why I was there, and where I came from, and all about it. Nearly everyone else had gone out to lunch—that seemed to be the one thing they did regularly in Washington—and we had the waiting-room to ourselves. I talked to her a good deal. Her name was Virginia Ward. She was a tiny little thing, but she had lovely eyes and such gentle ways. She seemed indignant that I had been put off so long after having come so far.

"Now you just let me fix it up for you," she said at last. "Mr. Wagner is bothered by a great many foolish people who waste his time, and he is suspicious. The best way will be for you to invite him to lunch with you. I'll arrange it. I keep a list of his appointments, and I know he is not engaged for luncheon to-morrow. I'll tell him that he has an appointment to lunch with a nice boy who has come all the way from New Mexico to inform the department about an important discovery. I'll tell him to meet you at the Shoreham at one. That's expensive, but it would do no good to invite him to a cheap place. And, remember, you must ask him to do the ordering. The luncheon will maybe cost you ten dollars, but it will get you somewhere."

I felt grateful to the nice little thing; she wasn't older than I. I begged her wouldn't she please come to lunch with me herself to-day and talk to me.

"Oh, no!" she said, blushing red as a poppy. "Why, I'm afraid you think—"

I told her I didn't think anything but how nice she was to me and how lonesome I was. She went with me, but she wouldn't go to any swell place. She told me a great many useful things.

"If you want to get attention from anybody in Washin'ton," she said, "ask them to lunch. People here will do almost anything for a good lunch."

"But a director of the Smithsonian, for instance," I said, "surely you don't mean that the high-up ones, like that—? Why would he want to lunch with a cowpuncher from New Mexico, when he can lunch with scientists and ambassadors?"

She had a pretty little fluttery Southern laugh. "You just name a hotel like the Shoreham to the director and try it! There has to be somebody to pay for a lunch, and the scientists and ambassadors don't do that when they can avoid it. He'd accept your invitation, and the next time he dined with the Secretary of State he'd make a nice little story of it, and paint you up so pretty you'd hardly know yourself."

When I asked her whether I'd better take my pottery to the Shoreham to show Mr. Wagner, she tittered again. "I wouldn't bother. If you show him enough of the Shoreham pottery, that will be more effective."

The next morning, when the secretary arrived at his office, he stopped by my chair and said he understood he had an engagement with me for one o'clock. That was a good idea, he added; his mind was freer when he was away from office routine.

I HAD been in Washington twenty-two days when I took the secretary out to lunch. It was an excellent lunch. We had a bottle of Château Yquem. I'd never heard of such a wine before, but I remember it because it cost five dollars. I drank only one glass, and that pleased him too, for he drank the rest. Though he was friendly and talked a great deal, my heart sank lower, for he wouldn't let me explain my mission to him at all. He kept telling me that he knew all about the Southwest. He had been sent by the Smithsonian to conduct parties of European archæologists through all the show places, Frijoles and Cañon de Chelly, and Taos, and the Hopi pueblos. When some Austrian archduke had gone to hunt in the Pecos Range, he had been sent by his chief and the German ambassador to manage the tour, and he had done it with such success that both he and the director had been given decorations from the Austrian Crown, as a recognition of his services. Then I had to listen to a long story about how well he had been treated by the archduke when he went to Vienna with his chief the following summer. I had to hear about balls and receptions, and the names and titles of all the people he met at the duke's country estate. I was amazed and ashamed that a man of fifty, a man of the world, a scholar with ever so many degrees, should find it worth his while to show off before a boy, and a boy of such humble pretentions, who didn't know how to eat the *hors d'œuvres* any more than if an assortment of coconuts had been set before him with no hammer.

Imagine my astonishment when, as he was drinking his liqueur, he said carelessly, "By the way, I was successful in arranging an interview with the director for you. He will see you at four o'clock on Monday."

That was Thursday. I spent the time between then and Monday trying to find out something about the kind of people I had come among. I persuaded Virginia Ward to go to the theatre with me, and she told me that it always took a long while to get anything through with the director; that I mustn't lose heart, and she would always be glad to cheer me up. She lived with her mother, a widow lady, and they had me come to dinner and were very nice to me.

All this time I was living with a young married couple who interested me very much, for they were unlike any people I had ever known. The husband was "in office," as they say there; he had some position in the War or Navy Department. How it did use to depress me to see all the hundreds of clerks come pouring out of that big building at sunset! Their lives seemed to me so petty, so slavish. The couple I lived with gave me a prejudice against

(Continued on page 32)

One Way TO GET RID OF *Mosquitoes*

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

IN THE old days the whalers of the north Pacific used to spend their winters in Honolulu. In their water tanks the fierce mosquito of Alaska used to breed; and there was also another kind. Neither of them was malaria-bearing, but both could sing—and bite. In Honolulu they made themselves at home; and the tourist afforded them special pleasure.

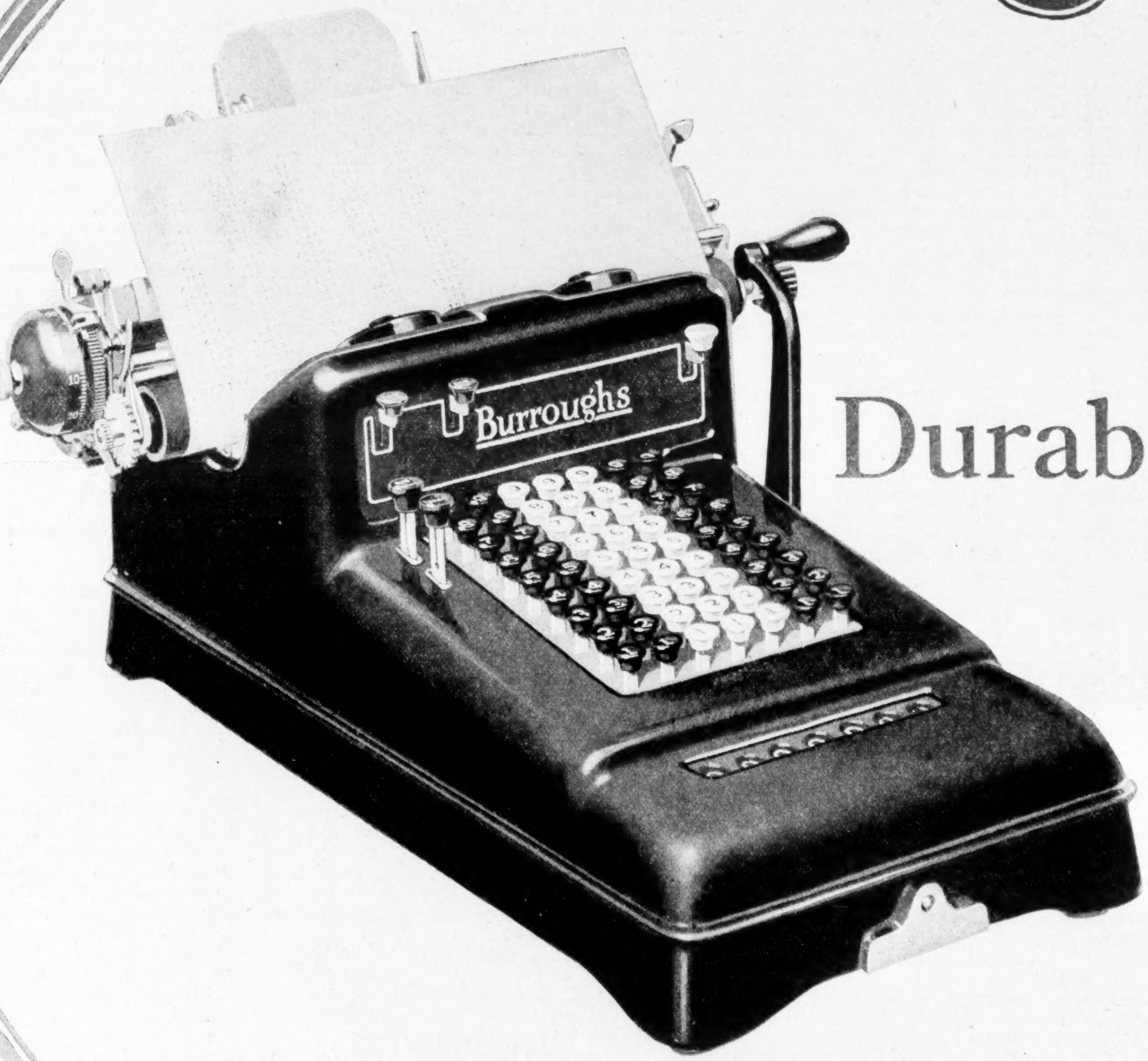
In 1904 the city fathers of Honolulu raised $1,500 and appealed to me for a fish which would live in rain puddles and rice swamps and feed on mosquitoes. I sent a student of fishes (Alvin Seale, now superintendent of the Steinhart Aquarium in San Francisco) to New Orleans with instructions to try out those local fishes known to eat mosquito larvæ ("wigglers"). He found yellow fever in New Orleans, and so moved on to Galveston, where he filled tanks with each of three species (Fundulus grandic, Mollienesia latipinna and Gambusia patruelis). All three are very hardy and the consignment reached Honolulu in safety.

The new arrivals proved to be of very unequal value. The big Killifish (Fundulus) demanded brackish water and showed no special interest in mosquitoes. The handsome Mollienesia preferred plant food. But the little Gambusias were in their element. Placed in a shop-front aquarium, filled with wigglers, they at once began to feast. And they multiplied rapidly. To-day—thanks to their descendants—it is only in remote or isolated puddles that a mosquito can lay its eggs in Hawaii. Though normally semitropical, they range northward to the Dismal Swamp of Virginia and to southern Illinois. They will live in garden pools as far north as San Francisco. In Hawaii they are now so plentiful that they are pulverized by the hundred as food for the fishes in the Waikiki Aquarium.

The female Gambusia is two and a half inches long, the male about one and a half. About eight females are found to one male. The young—translucent creatures which soon take care of themselves—are born alive in the spring, ten to twenty in a brood. The color of the Gambusias is dull olive, more or less speckled.

The name Gambusia comes from Cuba, where a luckless angler is said to "fish for Gambusinos."

Burroughs



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The Professor's House

Continued from page 30

that kind of life. I couldn't help knowing a good deal about their affairs. They had only a small flat, and rented me one room of it, so I was very much in their confidence and couldn't help overhearing. They asked me not to mention the fact that I paid rent, as they had told their friends I was making them a visit. It was like that in everything; they spent their lives trying to keep up appearances and to make his salary do more than it could. When they weren't discussing where she should go in the summer, they talked about the promotions in his department, how much the other clerks got and how they spent it, how many new dresses their wives had. And there was always a struggle going on for an invitation to a dinner or a reception, or even a tea party. When once they got the invitation, then came the terrible question of what Mrs. Bixby should wear.

The Secretary of War gave a reception; there was to be dancing and a great showing of foreign uniforms. The Bixbys were in painful suspense until they got a card. Then for a week they talked about nothing but what Mrs. Bixby was going to wear. They decided that for such an occasion she must have a new dress. Bixby borrowed twenty-five dollars from me and took his lunch hour to go shopping with his wife and choose the satin. That seemed to me very strange. In New Mexico the Indian boys sometimes went to a trader's with their wives and bought shawls or calico, and we thought it rather contemptible. On the night of the reception the Bixbys set off gayly in a cab; the dress they considered a great success. But they had bad luck. Somebody spilt his claret cup on Mrs. Bixby's skirt before the evening was half over, and when they got home that night I heard her weeping and reproaching him for having been so upset about it, and looking at nothing but her ruined dress all evening. She said he cried out when it happened. I don't doubt it.

Every cab, every party was more than they could afford. If he lost an umbrella, it was a real misfortune. He wasn't lazy, he wasn't a fool, and he meant to be honest, but he was intimidated by that miserable sort of departmental life. He didn't know anything else. He thought working in a store or a bank not respectable.

Living with the Bixbys gave me a kind of low-spiritedness I had never known before. During those days of waiting for appointments I used to walk for hours around the fence that shuts in the White House grounds and watch the Washington Monument color with those beautiful sunsets, until the time when all the clerks streamed out of the Treasury Building and the War and Navy. Thousands of them, all more or less like the couple I lived with! They seemed to me like people in slavery who ought to be free. I remember the city chiefly by those beautiful, clear, sad sunsets, white columns and green shrubbery, and the monument shaft still pink, while the stars were coming out.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Gilded Pheasant

Continued from page 13

"—My father's entourage was on the way to Biarritz by motor. There is a little place on the coast, just into France, called Christobal sur Mer. It is not a village. It is sort of white toy city with a miniature square and a hotel and tiny tram cars, and a theatre, and the whole of it set before a bright strip of sand against a background of pine-covered dunes. Oh, yes, too charming to be undiscovered. The little promenades are bright with the resplendent uniforms of generals and the parasols of ladies. Have you time, my friend? My chauffeur is calling for me here later on. But you?"

Some richness deserted the room when the low voice was still. Windsor picked up a menu and penciled a word. It was Christobal sur Mer. "Does he interest you, Marion?"

She smiled without replying. Probably not then. She was doubtless debating whether they would go to the boat landing to-morrow in a fiacre or a taxicab. By George, if she kept on she might go to Blois, or blazes, alone. Oh, here was the rest of it now—

"—our party had gone on, but I remained behind. Christobal fascinated me, full of little corners that were as intimate as stage sets, or as though one's favorite bit of Paris were hidden away in the dunes for his individual pleasure.

"So while my chauffeur was seeking in a shop for my particular preference in cigarettes, I decided to walk one time around the square, and when I returned, sitting in the tonneau of my car as though she owned it and the whole of Christobal as well, was the lady of whom I shall tell you. Will it not do if I say that she was the loveliest woman in the world? At least you will believe that she was the most surprised —when I opened the door and stepped in beside her. Or, being cynical, you will doubtless not believe it. No matter. But please do not smile like that. What is there to smile at in a broken heart?"

"My dear Carlos, I am smiling at you in the romantic rôle. I thought it was one you avoided."

"Very well, my friend, call it romance if you must. I shall call it fate. I asked this lady where I might drive her, and she replied in a French that put my own to shame: 'To the gendarmerie, Monsieur, or to the museum of art, where such a consummate presumption may be enshrined on a pedestal.'

"I said to her, 'I have no desire, Mademoiselle, either to disorganize the local gendarmerie, or to pale the art museum with your presence?'

"'In that case,' she said, 'I should advise you to evacuate Colonel Mills-Brackett's car.'

"As if, mind you, that military gentleman had the only car of the kind in Europe. But I was too concerned with hair that was black and red and golden in a dozen lights, and with eyes which were not like the eyes of my countrywomen and—but I told you she was the loveliest woman in—"

"Yes," interrupted the undersecretary, "the loveliest woman in sight."

"In the world, I believe I said. But I think you will credit me with too much sophistication to be bewildered by a pretty face. If that had been all—well, that would have been all. But it was her compassion—to my utter consternation, at that moment a group of gay young English people appeared and all of them at once began to clamber into my car, which was in reality Colonel Mills-Brackett's car, as you would have known in the first place if you had not been a cynical old dog. Compassion, I said, but it may have been her rare humor. She introduced me to them with a Spanish name. 'My friend Don Pietro Bomero dos Sanchos,' she said.

"Before I could even think the car started and I was being taken high up into the dunes to the little white villa of Colonel Gerald Mills-Brackett, who, by the way, can take a joke.

"Two days later I found my chauffeur waiting stoically at his wheel with a carton of my particular preference in cigarettes. I had quite forgotten the good lad.

"But I shall never forget the two days. They were the beginning for Beatricia and me. May I call her Beatricia? It was not her name, any more than Pietro was mine, though she called me that to the end. I hope in some reincarnation I shall be Pietro and she will be—there."

FORREST WINDSOR was startled. He had been far away from the Faison Doré with that whimsical liar of Christobal sur Mer, in whose face as he saw it half shadowed in the wall mirror was every expression of his fleet emotions. "Beatricia," he murmured and glanced up quickly to see if his wife had heard.

But his gaze met only the calm gray of Marion's eyes. What was she thinking? Had she been in Christobal too? Was he as far from Pietro for her as she was less than Beatricia?

They were lingering over coffee. "Don't you think we'd better go now, Forrest?"

"Wait," he said. "I want to hear the end of that—if there is any end."

Yes, Pietro had only paused to light one of his particular preferences and to order liqueurs. The instant he spoke his voice took them with him again: "So I have told you how I met her, my old friend; and, though you do not believe it, I will tell you more. That first evening, in a little lattice-inclosed rose garden behind Mills-Brackett's villa, she put a white rose in my buttonhole and asked, 'Pietro, what comic opera troupe did you run away from?'

"'I was playing the part of a meditative prince,' I said. 'But I did not like it, Beatricia.'

"'Yes, all the princes I know are dull,' she said.

"So I thanked cavalry training the next morning when we were riding the dune trail that I was able to take her from a crazy horse that would have broken her to pieces in the pines. She was more frightened than hurt, and before I had carried her far down the trail, she stopped me, insisting upon mounting her horse again. I tell you that for the sake of her courage.

"AND two weeks later, one night when the rest had gone down to dance at the yacht club, she took me in the semi-darkness to the piano and put me beside her on the bench and sang to me, in a low, sometimes whispering voice, three warm little songs which are known in the hills above Granada. I don't know why she did it, nor why I tell you, my friend, since I see you do not believe that she sang those Spanish songs.

"But as for me, I went upstairs to my room—that Mills-Brackett was a hospitable soul—and tore up all the frantic wires from Biarritz and my already written reply that I would be there to meet the little Dutch princess for whom I was destined from the age of ten. Be damned if I'd marry a Dutch princess. It is bad enough to be destined, but to know one's destiny—

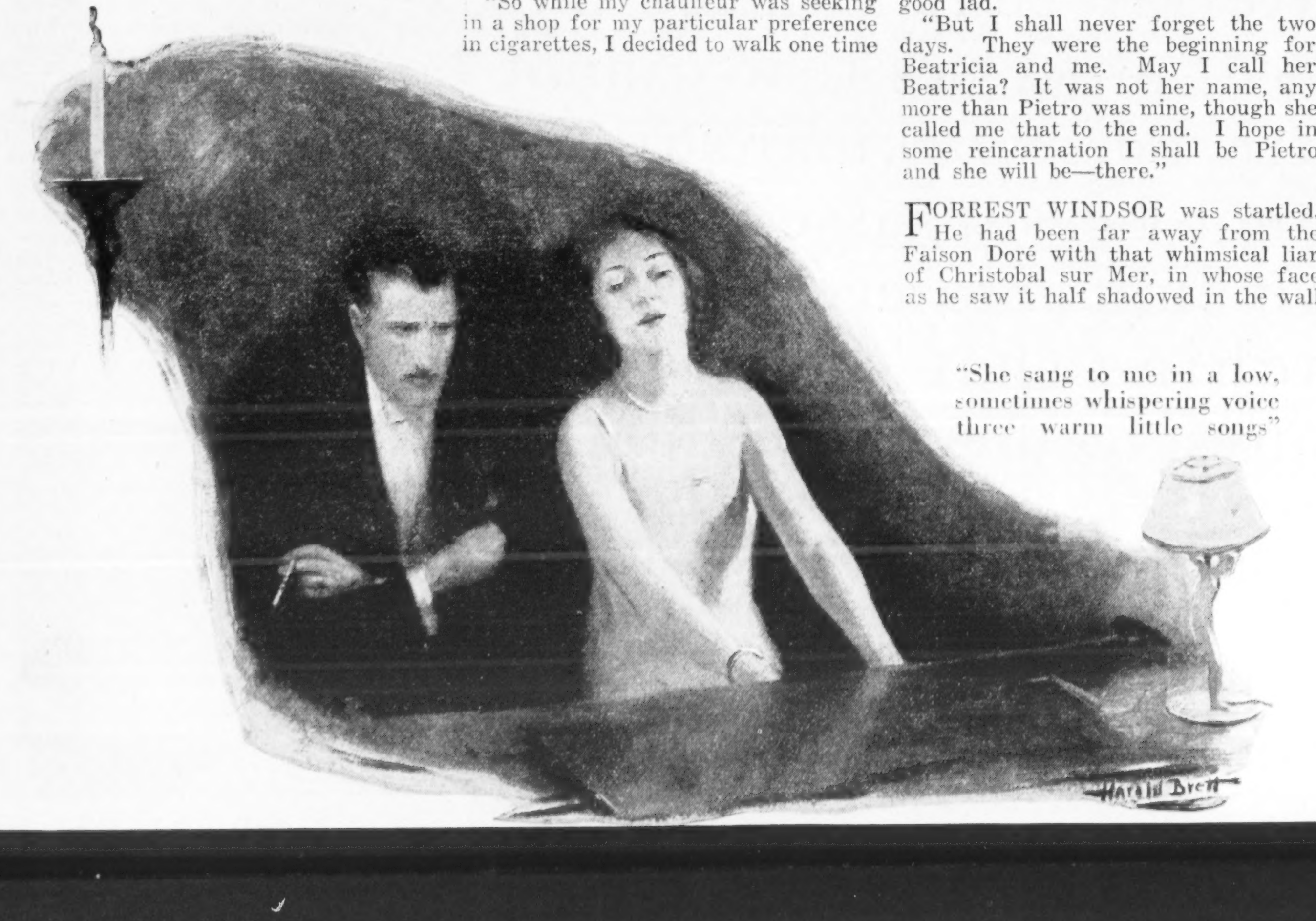
"Indeed, there are other things I should tell you of my Beatricia, but I will not, my friend—since you think she is a myth. Though if you had ever had an influenza and felt her hand upon your brow, you would know something of tenderness. 'It is my fault, Pietro,' she said, 'because I brought you here. So I must make you as good as new before I send you back.'

"But ill as I was, when in sheer gratitude I tried to kiss her hand, she slapped me. And it did not hurt."

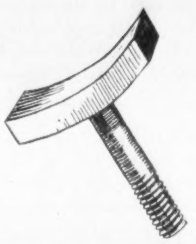
The man was too much in earnest now to be stopped by his companion's merriment. At the next table Forrest Windsor was still intent, avoiding his wife's gaze. Marion was pale again.

"Listen, old fellow, just one minute more and then laugh if you can. Let me get to the end. I was quite recovered from the influenza, good as new, as she said. We drove that day far up into the dunes to a tiny chalet called Maison Haut for luncheon, and afterward I dismissed the car so that we could walk back. There is a place where the little white stone path dips around a bend and a railing guards against one's tumbling off into the ravine. From there one could see out over that shining white Christobal and over the blue bay, and faintly to the south was the purple shadow of the Pyrenees.

"Beatricia had taken off her hat and the wind was in her hair, toying with the white things all about her. I will confess to you. She was not so beautiful. There was a certain dearness about her, a perfectly definite chin, a generous breadth of brow and eyes, hands that were not so small as the rest of her, little dearnesses which to me surpassed the beauty of a Trojan queen. And I thought the chin was



"She sang to me in a low, sometimes whispering voice three warm little songs"



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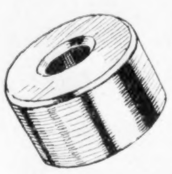

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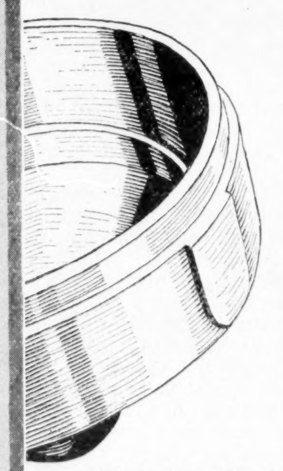

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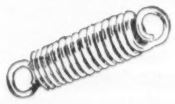

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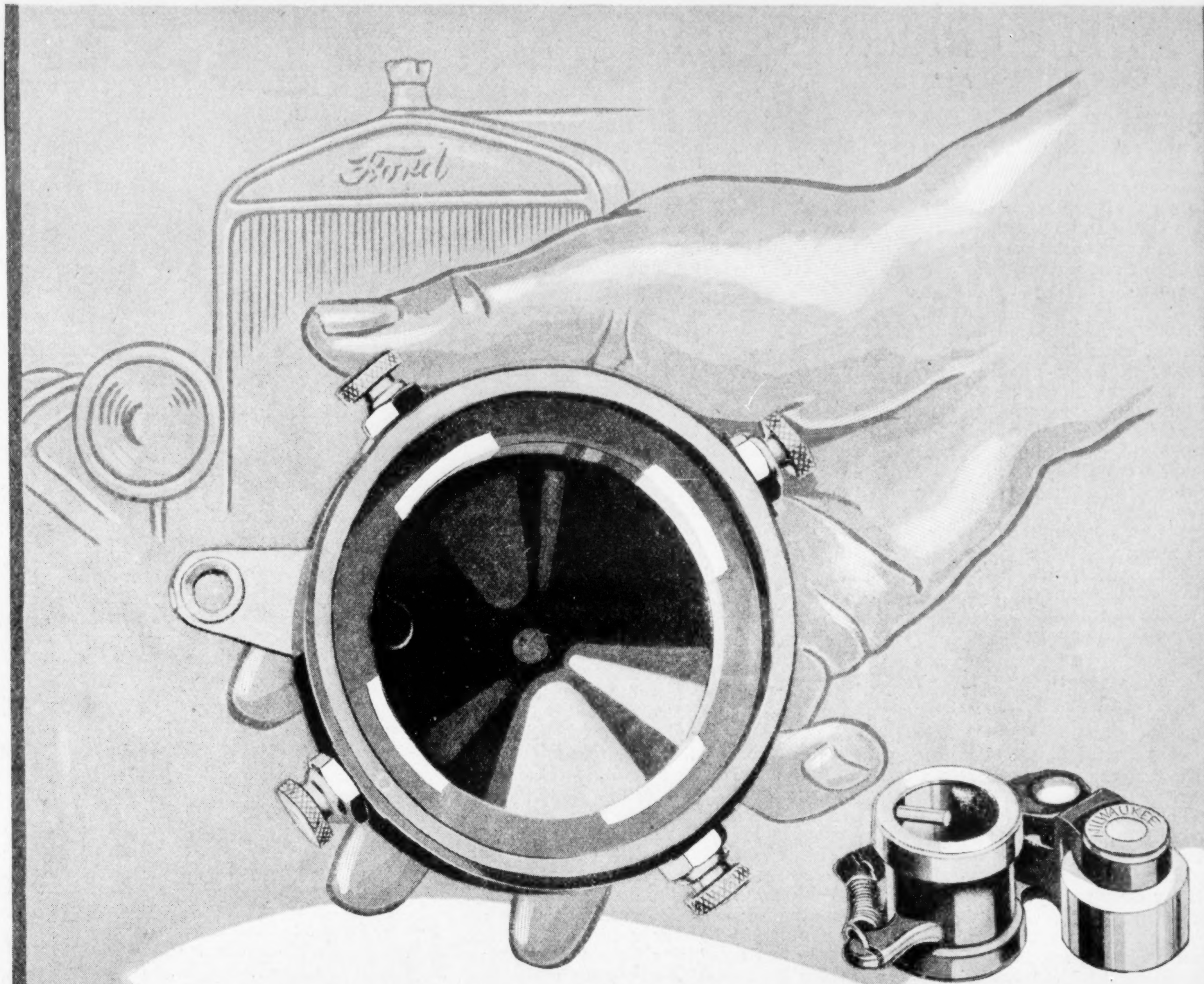

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The Gilded Pheasant

Continued from page 32

her courage, and the hand her tenderness, and the turn at the corner of her mouth was her wit and her charm, and in her eyes—well, what I saw in Beatricia's eyes is mine for always.

"I stood there and blurted out a love which I felt, in the language of a schoolboy. But she understood me. She was a woman. She put her fingers upon my lips in the end. 'Of course, we love each other, Pietro,' she said.

"I took her close into my arms then, but you may go hang before I say another word about that. As a matter of fact, I couldn't. I don't know what I said myself. I don't know how long it all lasted, but I came out of it with a wrench which was like the break of a bone, and with the realization that I could never have her. 'Beatricia.' That got away from me, and whatever pain was mine must have been known to her.

" 'Don't, Pietro,' she said. 'Don't tell me anything. I know who and what you are. I have known it from the beginning, from the very first day. If it is true that nothing can come of all this, what does that matter to —— now?'

"BUT I had destroyed our now, never to be recaptured. In vain I declared that I would blow it all, disappear with her, that a kingdom wasn't worth her.

" 'A whole people and five hundred years forbid you, Pietro,' she said.

"I knew it. I did not expect her to know it, though. She bade me be content with my duty to a people, and with her everlasting love. And then she bade me go on my way alone.

" 'Because I could not bear it to have you near, Pietro.'

"That night she drove with me into Christobal, to the spot where I had sent my chauffeur for cigarettes and started on my stroll around the square. My chauffeur was a good lad. As we left the town behind, I saw that there were tears in his eyes. There had been no tears in hers, at least as long as I could see them. A smile and a little wave as we wheeled around the corner—

"I could not stand it. If she could not bear to have me with her, I could not bear to be away. A month later I heard she was in Vienna. I went there for an evening and was sent away again. I followed her to Munich, to Algiers, my father's agents at my heels, just for a sight of her. She vanished for six months, and then one night I found her here in Tours. We came to the Faison Doré that night, and we made a compact.

"It was a hard compact for me, but I could see that she could not go on as it was any more than I. So I promised not to seek her for five years.

"Five years—what that has done to kingdoms! Well, I am no longer a prince royal now. My father's people will never be mine. With their revolutions and republics they have done with kings, and their most ardent republican rejoices in it no more than I. But they have done me out of what was worth a dozen of their little thrones. I have lost her somewhere. She may have married, anything, and it only remains for me to tell her that I was a fool to balance the rest of the world against five minutes with her."

Again the man's voice left the room in silence. The undersecretary was not laughing now. "What was her part of the compact, then?"

"That at the end of five years to the night, which is this night, she would meet me here in the Faison Doré. I am waiting, my friend."

The older man smiled, quite subdued now. "You would hardly expect her to follow you into the dining-room, Carlos. Perhaps she prefers the waiting-room outside."

"That is true. If you will pardon me—"

Forrest Windsor watched him push back his chair and walk deliberately through the long room. "By George, he looks a prince," he said.

"Yes." Marion was drumming her fingers on the table. "Are you willing to go now, Forrest? I really must."

He laughed. "At least wait until I've had a chance just to see such a woman once, Marion. Good Lord! Aren't you interested in anything?"

She rose and made her way out alone.

Windsor lighted another cigarette, glancing idly about the room. After fifteen minutes he was a trifle impatient and ordered another liqueur. Silly to expect a woman to show up after five years. Where was Marion? Had she lost her way as usual?

At the other table the undersecretary was studying him, and Windsor turned uncomfortably under the scrutiny. "It's the privilege of friends and wives to keep one waiting indefinitely," he remarked. "About time they came back."

The other leaned forward. "Do you see that wall mirror behind your back, sir, and the one opposite? Do you think he was looking and telling that story to me? They will never come back."

SO ON the Continent somewhere, now here, now there, in a little cobbled street in the rain, Forrest Windsor is searching for them. He does not wish to separate or trouble them, but he needs her absolution. He was married to a priceless woman and he held her cheaply—and that, if there is one, must be the unpardonable sin.

Or else at a table in some tiny, dark place such as they would know, he will look up suddenly and start when someone enters. And I have told you why he does this—and strike me cold because I've told you also how I know.

Slams Across the Sea

Continued from page 16

League, has just jarred English society off its hinges by a sweeping condemnation, handed out from the window of her hotel, directed against English girls. Mrs. Pancake claims that the English girl is absolutely without grace and that her movements are inferior to those of a horse. Mrs. Pancake states further that the English girl moves like an alligator and is unable to sit down. She considers that these defects are mainly caused by drinking gin in inordinate quantities."

Whereupon trouble breaks out all over the British press from Cornwall to the Orkney Islands. The Archbishop of Canterbury is consulted and issues a statement to the effect that in his opinion the English girl is more graceful than a cow and that he has yet to see an English girl of the cultivated class take what he considers too much gin.

After that the trouble blows over and international friendship is just getting settled again and there is every prospect of the payment of the British debt, the scrapping of both navies and the rise of the pound sterling away over par, when someone starts it all off again:

Considers the Americans Dishonest

"London, April—Mr. Joseph Squidge, M. P., Labor member for the mining district of Hiddaway-Under-the-Sea, has just returned from a three weeks' tour of America. Mr. Squidge, who visited the entire United States from New York to Yonkers, has just given an interview to the local paper at Hiddaway in which he says that public honesty is extinct in America. He considers that the entire population of the United States, not excepting the criminal classes, is crooked. He says that in America a man's word is never taken and that even in hotels a guest is required to sign his name."

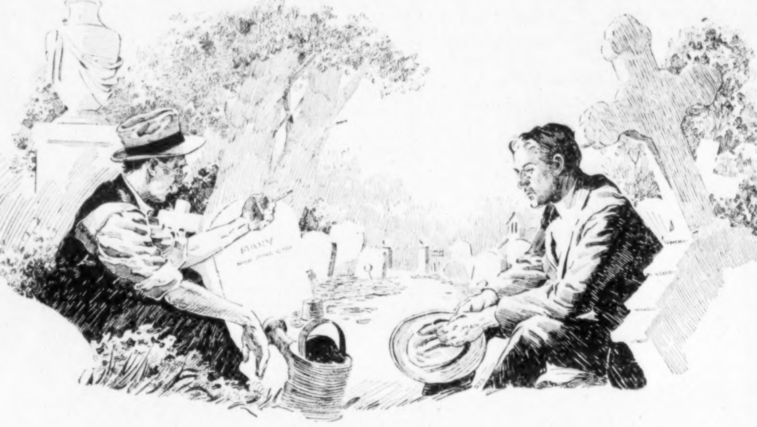
This of course is too much—and as a result someone is at once sent over to England, either by accident or by design, with the result that in a week or two the whole American press carries a dispatch as follows:

Are the British Liars?

"New York, April—Edward Angle-Eye, a journalist representing five thousand American farmers' newspapers, has just cabled from London to Coffin Creek, Idaho, to say that the British are all liars. He says that with the possible exception of the Prince of Wales and Queen Mary, it is impossible to trust anybody in the British Isles. Public morality, he claims, has reached its lowest ebb and is washing away. He attributes the trouble in part to the large influx of Chinese in London."

And after all that can you wonder if we find it a little hard to keep peace and good will across the Atlantic?

Stephen Leacock is a frequent contributor to Collier's. Another article will appear in an early issue.



Some Jolly Old Gravestones

By BURGES JOHNSON

IT WAS a prosperous New England town, but even my prejudiced Yankee eyes could not find it attractive. That part which age might have softened and beautified had fallen upon evil days and was unkempt.

But there was one feature of it all which brought joy to the beholder, and by reason of its dominance lent of its beauty to the whole neighborhood. Behind the town, and apparently rising out of it, was a green hillside with a grove of oak and maple marching in fine dignity and autumn-mantled beauty up the slope.

The spot was not hard to reach. The street I was on led almost directly toward it. I passed through a tattered fringe of the business section, the street became a roadway, began an upward slope and ended at a well-kept low fence and gate. Here I found an aged retainer raking a path.

"Who owns the estate up there?" I asked.

"Town owns it," he replied.

"Is there a poor house or hospital or something, over the hill?"

"They ain't any buildin'," he answered; "it's our cemetery."

"But I don't see any monuments."

"They ain't any stuns or monyments." The man was grinning. He evidently enjoyed my surprise. "Take a look through, an' I'll tell ye abaout it. I'm hired by the caretaker." He led me up the slope and through leaf-carpeted aisles to the foot of a stalwart oak. Between extended roots I saw a bronze tablet:

> "Planted to the memory of Ephraim Pease, who was born Nov. 9, 1796, and regretfully departed this world Mar. 1, 1877, wishing to leave it better than he found it."

"Tell me," I demanded.

The ancient settled himself upon a cushion of grass and proceeded to thumb tobacco into a cob pipe.

"Old Ephrum was a queer old feller," he began. "Made a fortune in graveyard monyments, an' got so's he hated 'em. I remember way back when I was a little cuss an' he was still doin' some of his own cuttin', I used to see him laffin' at the things folks wanted cut on the stuns. He used to say it was usually the biggest fool wanted the highest monyment. Used ter say funerals an' graveyards was heathen affairs.

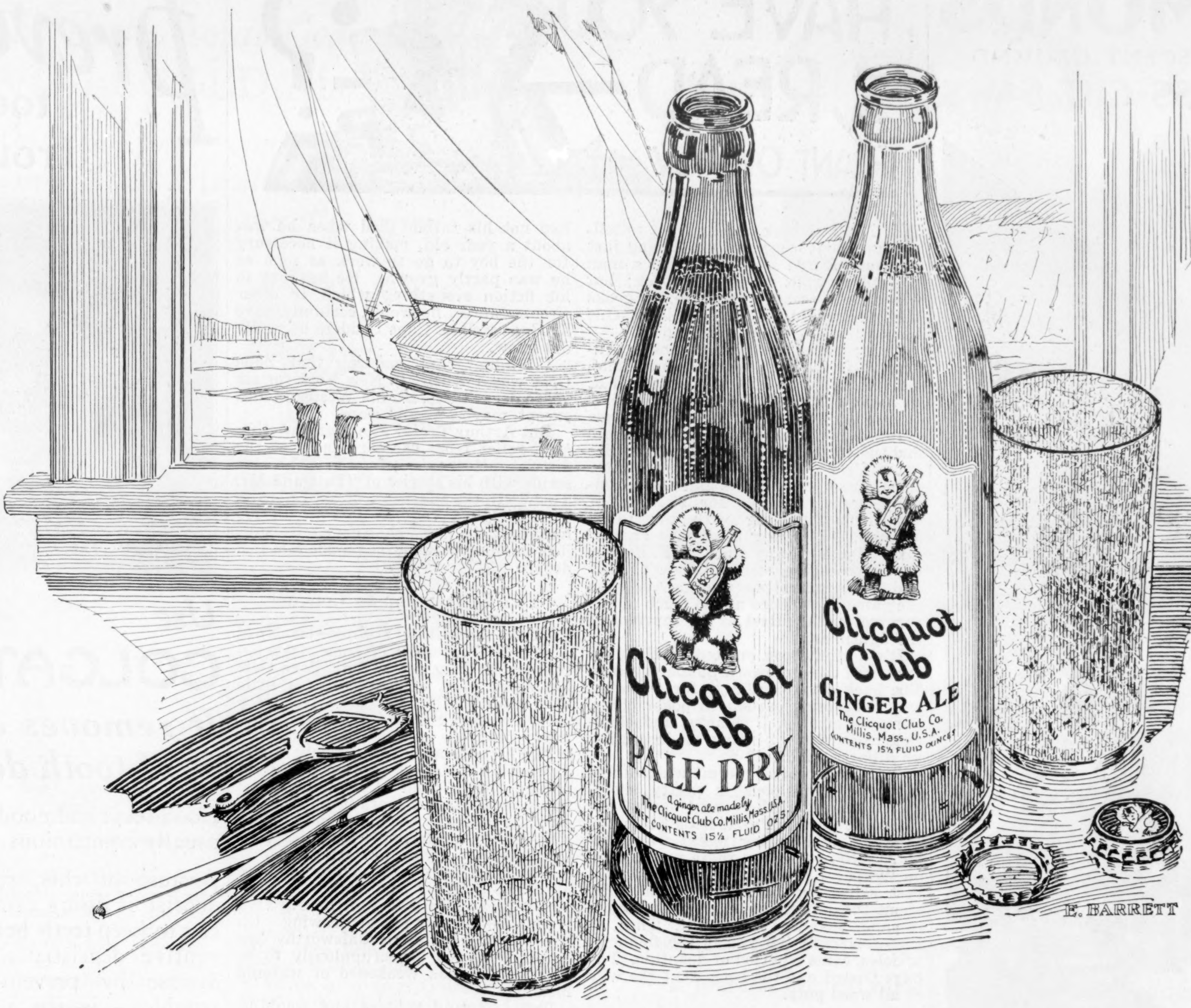
"The old man died when he was eighty-one, an' he left a will. Some will! He'd bought this hill pasture, an' he left it to the taownship fer a cemetary free an' clear, with an annual income fer its upkeep, an' a dum good salary fer a caretaker who had to know abaout trees. But here was the trick in the thing. Anybody buried here couldn't have no stun er monyment, an' no real humped-up grave. Jest level the graound an' plant a tree, an' then he could have an inscription on a tablet not more than one foot square at the foot of it.

"Everybody said they wa'n't nobody goin' to be buried here; but that's whar the joke come in. Folks in these parts is jest a mite close. Plots here didn't cost nawthin', so pretty soon when anybody in this taown died, unless thar was suthin' in the will agin it, his folks decided to put him here. Then after a few years the place got to be so admired by visitors that the taown got kinda praoud of it. Old Ephrum's younger brother showed up from the West later on—he was remembered in the will—an' he stuck up fer it from the first. When he died he provided fer an apple tree an' said the taown kids should be allowed to hook the apples.

"Funny thing, too," the old man's voice was dwindling off into faintness, "besides the cemetary idee, this side the hill ain't washed away at all like the other side, an' thar's a good spring with clean water thet don't never dry up."

The story ended in silence. I shook myself, and looked around. On every side of me were gravestones in ordered rows, broken occasionally by ornate tombs and unlovely monuments. Near me sat an old man, with a cob pipe in his mouth and an aggrieved look on his face. "Guess ye went to sleep," he said. "I was jest tellin' ye some of the important stuns, whar the inscriptions is wore out. Of course only a few of the really old ones stays. If a family don't keep a grave up, it gits leveled off in time."

I turned and glanced at the ornate monument against which I was resting. The old man noted my action. "Funny abaout that one," he said. "Old feller made a lot of money out of gravestuns. I guess he made all the monyments araound here with urns an' weepin' willers on 'em. His plot looks tidier than most the other old ones; he provided fer that in his will. But I guess there ain't nobody in taown remembers him. His folks is all dead or gone."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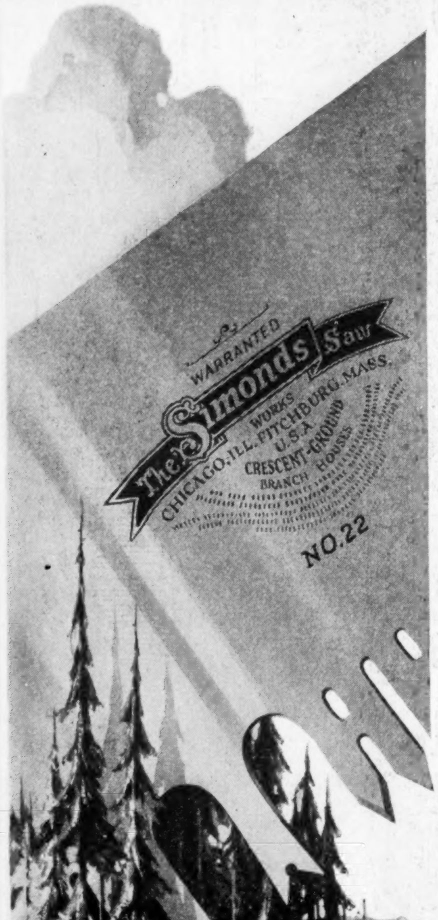
CROSS-CUT SAWS



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Wherever men depend on cutting tools most—and the timber faller or log bucker certainly depends on them—they get best results, easiest and quickest cutting with Simonds Crescent-Ground Cross-Cut Saws.

It's the Simonds exclusive method of grinding cross-cut saws, coupled with the heat treatment of perfectly tempered Simonds Steel, that produces these easy-cutting, edge-holding, economical saws. Sold by hardware and supply dealers wherever timber is cut.

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HAVE YOU READ—?

By GRANT OVERTON

IN MY last book column I got to telling about some new novels and just remembered at the end that a man might want to read a book; but there didn't seem to be many new books that men would rush out and buy. One has come along since, so here goes.

Title: "Webster's Poker Book." Authors, H. T. Webster, the cartoonist, George F. Worts, Marc Connelly and R. F. Foster. Foreword by George Ade.

Webster provides the scenery—some fifty of his drawings of poker games and those little domestic crises that arise out of 'em. These, if you don't know them, are a joy. Worts and Marc Connelly are responsible for a series of essays on "Dealing with the Little Woman," "Planning the Poker Party," and so forth—funny stuff. R. F. Foster, expert on card games, tells how to play and gives the rules. George Ade says the game is evidence not so much of the survival of the fittest as the survival of the fightin'est.

It's a stunt book put out by the publishers of the crossword puzzle volumes. The back cover is a case for a sliding tray containing cardboard poker chips, a supply of I. O. U. blanks, and blank postcards which you may use in getting up a party. All set?

Poker is probably permanent; otherwise the stunt book is pretty short-lived. Only the other day I heaved the "Third Crossword Puzzle Book" into the sanitary, non-leaking metal wastebasket. Why, years ago there was a book on "Paper Bag Cookery" and it was a best seller for months. For a while about the only thing that wasn't cooked in paper bags was the peanut. Then, as the economists tell you in the financial articles, came a period of deflation. The bags busted and the book went the way of all wood pulp.

The Better Way to Do It

HAVE you read—? asks the heading of this article. There are two ways of asking that. The dash may stand for the title of a book, or I may say: "Have you read Willa Cather?" or "John Galsworthy" or "H. C. Witwer" or another author.

The second form of the question indicates the better way to do your reading.

It's a funny thing, though, that oftener than not interest in and understanding of an author's work hinges on knowing something about the author as a person.

I don't mean "born, 1879" and that sort of stuff. But, for example, take Willa Cather's books. In nearly every one of them there is a boy or very young man who tells the story, or who is of first importance in it. A typical instance is Tom Outland in her new novel now running serially in these pages.

"Why the boy or young man?" you ask Miss Cather, who laughs and replies that she grew up with three brothers, "all nearly of an age" and the point of view comes natural to her.

Kathleen Norris was one of a sizable family left destitute by the tragic deaths of the parents. She went to work, and to hard work. That's why the poor but jolly families in her fiction are real to the reader.

Mary Roberts Rinehart is not only the wife of a physician but she was a trained nurse before her marriage at 19. When she wrote "K." and the Tish stories she had background to begin with.

Joseph C. Lincoln, author of a long series of Cape Cod stories and one of the most popular writers in America to-day, was born on the Cape and comes of a line of sea captains. He would undoubtedly have gone to sea himself had not his father died when he was about a year old, making it necessary for the boy to go to work as soon as he was partly grown. He has put in his fiction everything which, in other circumstances, he would certainly have lived, as well as Cape Codders he really did know.

I'll admit that knowing that Zane Grey was a dentist in New York for six years doesn't explain his Western stuff, except, maybe, as an escape.

But Arthur Train, who began writing as a relief from the sordidness of the district attorney's office, first hit his stride with his stories of "Tutt and Mr. Tutt." In the character of old Ephraim Tutt he gave vent at last to all his hatred of the law's chicanery. He says it is the first writing that made him feel deeply.

You Can't Stoop to Conquer

IT'S the intensity of feeling—combined with literary skill of some degree—that makes the great writer. Zona Gale has spent most of her life in a little Wisconsin village; but Zona Gale is a person with an emotional capacity about thirty times the normal. Out of the life of this little village came not only all her Friendship Village books but her great novels, "Birth" and "Miss Lulu Bett." Some people spend years in all the fascinating places of the globe and get less kick out of a lifetime than Miss Gale extracts from a year in Portage.

Of course there's the classic instance of Sinclair Lewis and "Main Street." The trouble with a fervent hate is that it gets the picture out of drawing. On the other hand, John Galsworthy has sometimes tried so scrupulously to be fair that he has weakened or watered his effect.

Ten thousand writers and would-be writers have at one time or another perused the tremendously popular writers, like Harold Bell Wright and the late Gene Stratton-Porter, and said, tongue in cheek: "Gosh, this is easy. Watch me write a book that will sell a hundred thousand."

And the books they wrote sold a thousand instead of the hundred thousand. Why? You can't write well unless you feel the stuff you are writing. As Booth Tarkington put it, these writers have said to themselves, "I will stoop to conquer," and as he added: "Those who stoop to conquer, don't conquer." There is something about the stooping position, the attitude of condescension, that cramps the style.

The reading public senses insincerity with a speed like lightning and uncanny accuracy. Those who try to take in the public misunderstood Barnum. You can fool the public for a home run only if they like it. They knew all about Barnum, but they liked him.

Try This in Your Hammock

WHAT, another stunt book! Well, if I can't go abroad I can buy a yachting cap and stick this copy of "The Steamer Book," by Edwin Valentine Mitchell, under my arm. Mr. Mitchell is a lawyer who got tired of teaching law and came East several years ago to start a bookshop. In six months he had half the state of Connecticut running to his shop.

"The Steamer Book" is a miscellany of verse, short stories, simplified nautical information and essaylets. It's not half bad and for all I can see it reads just as well in a hammock as in a deck chair.

"Webster's Poker Book." By H. T. Webster and others. Simon & Schuster.
"The Steamer Book." By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. Dodd, Mead & Company.

Prevent tooth trouble

Use COLGATE'S

It removes causes of tooth decay

Good teeth and good health are usually companions.

Because of this, the modern dentist is doing everything he can to keep teeth healthy. Preventive dentistry—combating disease by preventing tooth troubles—is the new health move. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream always has been in the forefront of this move for better teeth and health.

"Washes"—does not Scour

Colgate's is a preventive dental cream. It *removes causes* of tooth decay by "washing" your teeth safely and thoroughly. Colgate's contains no harsh grit, no dangerous drugs. Its principal ingredients are mild soap and fine chalk, the two substances that authorities say are most essential in a tooth paste. Its function is not to cure, but to cleanse and protect.

The taste of Colgate's is delicious. And its price is as pleasant as its taste—only 25c for the large tube.

COLGATE & CO., *Established 1806*

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
CLEANS
TEETH THE RIGHT
WAY

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

The Best Moral Code is a TWO-LEGGED *Moral Code*

On that point winners in Collier's $1,000 Moral Code Essay Contest pretty generally agree

MAGINEL WRIGHT BARNEY

YOU can't fool the children. You can't consistently preach one kind of life to them and live another kind of life before them. The children have eyes, they have brains and they have a lively way of using both. And who knows this better than the school teacher?

Six months ago Collier's published a Moral Code for Youth compiled after an extensive and laborious endeavor to find out those fundamental precepts of right living upon which all men are practically agreed, and which could be confidently set up in our public schools without sectarian opposition.

Having produced a Moral Code, Collier's then sought to determine with what success the Code could be used as a basis for character education in schools. The interest and coöperation of the National Education Association was enlisted. Teachers everywhere were asked to teach the Code in their own way and report the results. One thousand dollars in prizes was offered, through the National Education Association, for the best ten essays on how to teach the Moral Code.

Teachers in nearly every grade and in most states in the Union submitted essays. They have found that Collier's Code exactly meets their requirements.

One thing stands out in these prize essays—a big, fine, understanding thing that speaks volumes for the intelligence, the integrity and the sincerity of America's school teachers. It is the moral consciousness of the teachers themselves.

"The teacher must endeavor to live according to the Moral Code that she tries to teach," writes one teacher. "It is just as reasonable to expect a person ignorant of Greek to teach the language as it is to expect the person ignorant of a moral principle to teach it to others."

"Have a Moral Code of your own and let your own life be a commentary on its teachings," writes another.

The prize winners in Collier's $1,000 Moral Code Essay Contest conducted under the auspices of the National Education Association are:

Ray McCory, Instructor in Civics, West Division High School, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Lucy Taff, Principal, Elementary School, Fort Dodge, Iowa; Miss Alice Bridgett, Colony Street School, Wallingford, Conn.; Harold S. Tuttle, Instructor, Training Dept., Pacific University, Forest Grove, Ore.; Miss Edna Bradfield, P. K. Yonge School, Pensacola, Fla.; Earl C. Bowman, Dean, West Liberty State Normal School, West Liberty, Va.; Mrs. Hannah M. C. Ebert, Teacher, Spring Hill School, San Diego County, Ramona, Cal.; Tenta Grissinger, 89 Clairmont, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Emma A. Dodson, 2705 South 7th Street, Terre Haute, Ind.; Wayland J. Hayes, Principal, Charlottesville High School, Charlottesville, Va.

Each of the prize winners receives a $100 life membership in the National Education Association.

The judges of the contest were Mr. Milton Bennion, Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah, and Chairman of the Character Education Committee of the National Education Association; Mrs. A. H. Reeve, National President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers; and the editor of Collier's. Contestants who deserve honorable mention are:

Adelaide H. Wilson, Fifth Grade, Franklin School, Tacoma, Wash.; Sarah Stansell, 2101 Duncan Avenue, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Anna Bruce, 723 East 7th Street, Tucson, Arizona; Alice G. Feeney, Auditorium Teacher, Lillibridge School, Detroit, Mich.; Blanche MacCuiag, Elementary Teacher, The Grattan Grammar School, San Francisco, Cal.; Charles Fleischman, Director, Industrial Arts Department, Boise High School, Boise, Idaho; Hazel Kearney Schmidt, Alpine Street School, Los Angeles, Cal.; Grace E. Jennings, Murrayville, Ill.; Mrs. S. C. Hutt, Coburn Street School, Lynn, Mass.; Frances M. Sterling, West Leonard School, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Rosalie Ethel Ray, Teacher of English, Lake Harriet School, Minneapolis, Minn.

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SUMMER
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A COOL MOTOR CAUSES GASOLINE WASTE USE RADIATOR COVER
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THAT bright red column of the Boyce Moto-Meter today stands guard for more than five million motorists. Fifteen to twenty minutes before serious motor trouble can develop, it signals them to stop and investigate.

It *prevents* burned out bearings, scored cylinders and overheated motors. It keeps your car out of the repair shop; conserves fuel and prolongs the life of your motor.

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"Your car deserves one"—too

FREE—10-Day Tube—*Note Coupon*

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Dazzling White Teeth

Here is the quick, *new* way dentists are widely urging

Make this unique test. Give your teeth high polish, and fresh new color simply by removing the dingy film that coats them and invites decay and gum troubles.

THIS offers you a simple, scientific test—one judged *the most remarkable of all dental tests.*

It will bring out qualities in your teeth you do not realize they have. In a short time you can work a transformation in their color and their luster.

Modern science has evolved a new and radically different method which successfully removes the dingy film that imperils healthy teeth and gums.

Simply send the coupon. Don't think your teeth are naturally "off color" or dull. This will prove *they are not.*

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

Film—the enemy of beautiful teeth and healthy gums

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film . . . a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

* * *

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.

New methods remove it. And Firm the Gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

* * *

The world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Why follow old methods when world authorities urge a better way?

FREE
Mail this for 10-Day Tube

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 886, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
Send to:

Name ....

Address ....

Only one tube to a family. 1858

Monkey Business in Tennessee

Continued from page 9

said to me: "Why, the theory of evolution doesn't hurt my religious belief at all. It shows there are rules in the universe. Who made the first cell? Who made the rules? You can't answer those questions without admitting that there is a God. There are rules; that tells the whole story."

These are the men—and their opinions—who tossed the quarrel between religion and evolution to the democracy of America where it is to-day. It came from Scopes' "buddying." He took science out on the sidewalks and tossed it to an inquisition of the crowd.

Money-Making vs. Truth-Seeking

THERE was a strange mixture of money-making and arguing when I was at Dayton. The grand jury, made up of thirteen farmers and merchants, met to decide whether or not they should indict Scopes, who had not spent a day in jail, having been released on his own recognizance. If those thirteen men had refused that morning to return an indictment they might never have been forgiven by the folks of Dayton. Their refusal would have killed the trial. It would have turned the crowds away from Dayton. A great industry would have been killed for the town—the industry of a holiday trial of evolution.

One of the prosecuting lawyers told me that he himself had written the indictment against Scopes before the jury retired. For several days before the indictment the delighted merchants were saying, "We must get ready to handle crowds of twenty thousand people or more, and feed them and house them. The court house won't be big enough." There is no Rotary, Kiwanis or Lion's club at Dayton. The Dayton Progress Club does the town boosting. We correspondents were invited to attend a special meeting of the club to give advice as to the handling of great crowds and the conduct of great trials. "You'll have as many as they had at that cave when Floyd Somebody was buried," said one reporter, in a street conference with several merchants.

The evening before the grand jury met I sat at the supper table with Judge John Raulston, the circuit judge selected to preside. He wanted the utmost publicity for the trial.

"I'm perfectly willing to hold court in the ball park or in a big tent," he told me. "Everyone is entitled to hear the trial. I'm even willing to have the proceedings broadcast by radio."

"Are you going to restrict the trial to technicalities?" I asked.

"No, sir," he replied. "I want this trial to go into the whole question of the origin of man."

You felt that Dayton was getting ready to hippodrome its search for truth; to make a great Roman holiday of the discussion between science and religion. The grand jury hearing had been hastened; an old grand jury had been reconvened in special session because Chattanooga had threatened to have some of its professors arrested and have an evolution trial there this summer. Some folks said that it was illegal to reconvene a grand jury that had been dismissed some weeks before, but something had to be done to stall off Chattanooga.

Someone rang the court house bell as if there were a great fire the evening that Dayton heard what Chattanooga was planning. Folks came flocking by hundreds and an indignation mass meeting was held in the big court-room, with speeches. One speaker, George Rappelyea, made a hit when he said Chattanooga was "aping" Dayton. That was the night that the barber hit Rappelyea right before hundreds of men because he didn't think the question of his mother's heredity or her religion, either, for that matter, ought to be tried in any court-room. Those who were mad at Chattanooga were very mad; for an hour or so Dayton stopped joking. Whenever it stops joking you see it turn grim.

"What's the meeting about?" asked a farmer that evening.

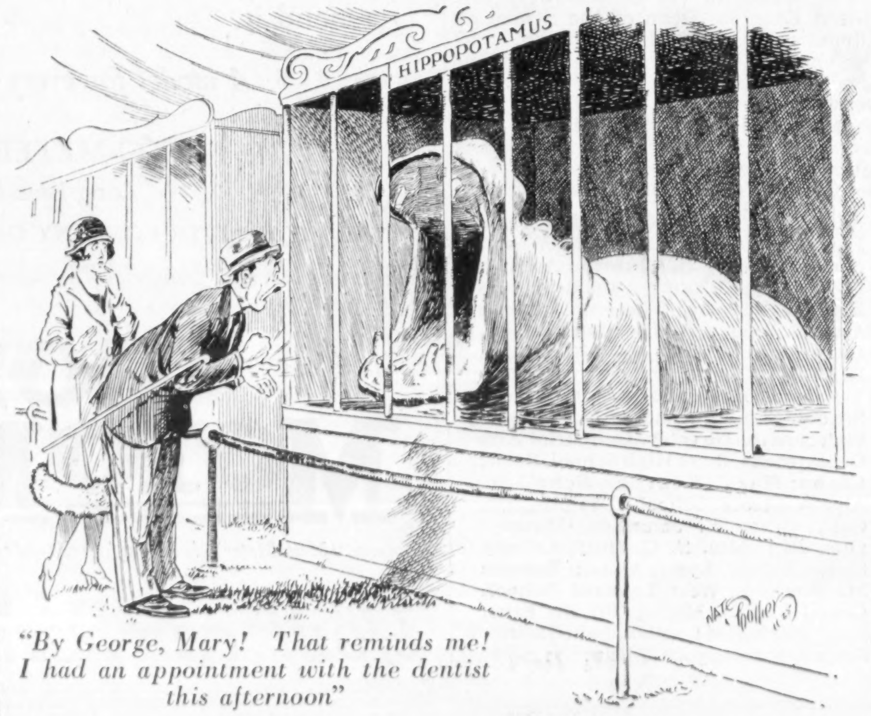
"Why, we want to try a young fellow here who said we descended from monkeys," was the answer. "Chattanooga wants the trial."

"Try him!" shouted the farmer. "Why in hell do you want a trial? Why don't you take him out and hang him?"

A Cell or a Handful of Dust

THERE are plenty of things in connection with Dayton's search for truth that are ugly. Democracy's quest in Dayton for an answer to Pontius Pilate's question "What is truth?" is not all beautiful and spiritual. It has its mercenary and brutal aspects. It proves that either an improved creation of man or more evolution wouldn't hurt us very much. But if you let this side of the Dayton trial—the physical side—alone impress you too much you lose a true sense of what is going on. You cannot indict all the folks of Dayton. "This trial was bound to take place somewhere," George Rappelyea told me. "It's an issue that is coming up everywhere in the United States."

Right in the Robinson drug store, with a photographer who had come



"By George, Mary! That reminds me! I had an appointment with the dentist this afternoon"

"I'm glad you like my 'all-day' shoes"

"I certainly like to wear them. No matter how warm the day is they are as easy on my feet in the evening as they were when I put them on in the morning. They're Cantilevers—those shoes that are built just like the foot with a flexible arch and natural shape. It's fine to wear shoes that make you feel so up-and-doing. You notice how much further I can walk these days."

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It's wonderful what a difference shoes can make in the way you feel. Some shoes work against you all day long, nagging your nerves and restricting your feet. But Cantilevers conform to the feet and function with them.

Cantilever Shoes are modeled along the natural lines of the foot, and like the foot, they are flexible from toe to heel. Thousands of men and women find relief from puffy, burning feet in these comfortable shoes. They allow Nature's "cooling system" to operate efficiently by freeing the circulation, which permits the feet to be cool, comfortable, active. In Cantilevers your whole foot is free to function with the easy flexibility that Nature intends.

Cantilevers are made in a variety of styles that will please the most fastidious women. There are trim, comfortable oxfords for walking and general utility wear, fashionable pumps in a variety of easy fitting models and a number of white kid or fabric shoes in pump and oxford styles. For men there are dignified and comfortable lasts in which the same Cantilever principles are embodied.

Have you tried Cantilevers yet? Summer days are good days to wear Cantilevers for they will keep your feet cool—and you will feel cooler, too, as a result.

Cantilever Shoe
for Men and Women

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412 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me the address of the Cantilever store nearest me.

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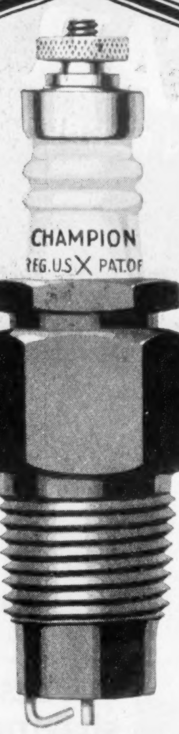

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For more than 13 years Champion X has been standard equipment on Ford Cars, Trucks, and Fordson Tractors.

Like all Champion Spark Plugs it is better and will give satisfactory service for a longer period because of its double-ribbed sillimanite core, unbreakable in use; its semi-petticoat tip which retards carbon formation; its special alloy electrodes; and its two-piece, gas-tight construction.

This is why Champion X is out-selling all over the world and is bought by Ford owners as a matter of course.

Champion Spark Plug Co.
Toledo, Ohio
Windsor, Ont., London, Paris

Blue Box for all other cars, 75c. More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions. You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed core.

No. 4

CHAMPION

all the way from Baltimore waiting to take pictures of a copy of the textbook I was perusing, I read the essence of the quarrel in Dayton.

First I had read in a King James version of the Bible the first chapter of Genesis and the second chapter down through the seventh verse. This verse reads:

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

No one knows who wrote these undying words. Then I read parts of the textbook that Scopes had read to his high-school classes. One paragraph ran:

"We have now learned that animal forms may be arranged so as to begin with very simple one-celled forms and culminate with a group which contains man himself. This arrangement is called the *evolutionary series.* Evolution means change and these groups are believed by scientists to represent stages in complexity of development of life on the earth."

That seems to have been the issue in Dayton; shall we take the Bible version of man's creation or shall we take the theory of Charles Darwin that life began in the one-cell form? The Darwin idea is new to the folks; the Bible idea is old. The man on the street in Dayton is for the old idea, if I measured him correctly.

I have told you that "Over the tracks by the smelter" lived poor folks who belong to a peculiar religious sect. One of the street sights among the crowds in Dayton is poor, blind, happy, laughing "Johnny." He belongs to that sect. Everybody in town knows him with his tapping cane, his tin cup for pennies, his tattered clothes and his songs that come from a half-paralyzed throat. On the afternoon that I left Dayton I heard Johnny, cup in hand, trying to sing. His song was almost tuneless; the words almost incoherent. I listened long to catch a strange familiarity in his muddled melody. At last I got it. He was trying to sing "The Old-Time Religion is Good Enough for Me:"

"It was good enough for Father;
It was good enough for Father;
It was good enough for Father—
And it's good enough for me.
It will take me home to glory—
And it's good enough for me."

His song brought me to a dead standstill on the sidewalk. In my pocket I had a statement for the press written by the judge in the great trial.

"I am not so much concerned," he writes in part, "as to whence I came as to whither I go."

And here was blind, ragged, happy Johnny, his face beaming, telling us in his song, amid the hot-dog-eating crowds, that he had no doubt as to where *he* was going and that he knew how to get there.

Can Johnny be right, after all? I do not know. And who does know?

One thing I know, however. It came to me on the train as I left Dayton. I do not believe that I shall accept any plea which John T. Scopes can make or any verdict which *that* jury can render.

This is the "old" fighting against the "new;" "belief" fighting against "science." I thought of Socrates, who was poisoned because he tried to convince men of "ignorance mistaking itself for knowledge," and who "made the son wiser than his father." I thought of Galileo, standing on that leaning tower of Pisa, dropping weights to prove to mankind the power of gravity and the fact that the earth revolves around the sun; I thought of him, threatened with torture on the rack, forced, for his very life, to deny a truth which we all know to-day; the earth *does* revolve around the sun. I thought of Christ, who brought the new idea into the world that, by loving God and loving each other, men could make this world a better, happier and kindlier place for all mankind; I thought of *His* trial before Pontius Pilate.

Those verdicts, as all the world knows to-day, were wrong; they were given amidst excitement and hatred to protect the mistaken beliefs of mistaken crowds. And now we have another trial with something of the same issues at stake.

No, with all due respect for the court, I shall not accept the Dayton verdict or any results of that trial. How can a jury of Tennessee folks or any other kind of folks decide these questions by the thunder of oration, amid the roar of crowds, the tapping of telegraph keys, the clicking of cameras and perhaps the rasp of radio static in the presence of sandwich-munching crowds that know less than half the facts.

It is not under such circumstances that we shall discover whether blind Johnny is right or wrong.

The Lady of Lyons, N. Y.

Continued from page 7

wanted to know all about Fairfax Falls, the natives, the Fairfax family history, etc., etc., and even etc. The haunted house particularly aroused her attention and she made me promise to show her the place at my earliest convenience. Then she dreamily begins brushing the sleeve of her dress with her lily-white hand.

"And—Pansy?" she asks me, without looking up. "Your sweetheart?"

"By no means," I grins. "I ain't got no sweethearts—I'm just a boy which girls forget!"

That extracted a laugh from Barbara, a delightful sound as she handled it.

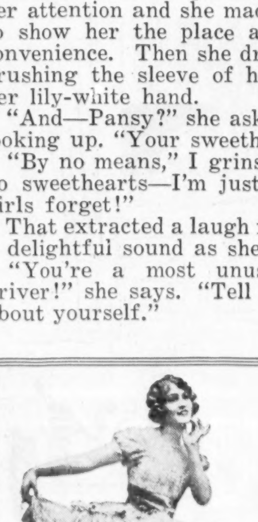
"You're a most unusual—er—taxi driver!" she says. "Tell me something about yourself."

Well, at last we'd struck a subject on which I was well posted, and I certainly done it justice! During the course of the next half hour I broadcasted.

Barbara Baxter didn't pitch right into her job as school-teacher, but Jack Fairfax stayed in town and pitched right into trying to put over a fast one. He fairly swamped Barbara with flowers, candy, books, auto-ride invitations or what have you? Then, to my great astonishment and rage, this scissorbill begin to get results. Twice she went out riding with him, which got me redheaded and tickled Pansy silly.

After giving matters plenty of due consideration, I decided to interview Barbara on the subject of Jack Fairfax.

(*Continued on page 40*)



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in next week's Collier's

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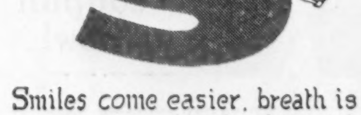

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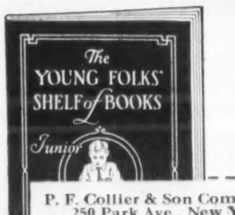

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The Lady of Lyons, N. Y.

Continued from page 39

I seen her trip into Yackley's drug store one morning and stopping my comedy taxi outside I strolled in after her. We sat down at the fountain and I plied her with a chocolate soda.

"Where have you been keeping yourself?" she asks me, watching my face in the mirror behind the counter. "Long time no see!"

"That don't seem to of ruined your health," I says gloomily. "If I was you, I wouldn't give this Fairfax too much leeway. Fun's fun, but that bird's forever looking for the best of it and—"

"Just a moment!" she cuts me off, colder by fifty-four degrees than the ice cream in her glass. "I think you forget that you and I are but chance acquaintances, Bill. You're not my father, my brother, my guardian or my fiancé. I'm quite able to take care of myself—in *any* company!"

Surprised and hurt, I leaped up off the stool.

"Good-by and excuse me!" I says.

Darn it, I could feel my face flaming as red as all the tomatoes in the world. She had gave me the razzberry, cold turkey! I started for the door, positive that there ain't no Santy Claus, but she called me back—in a far different tone of voice.

"Is your taxi engaged?" she smiled—and I'm in love all over again.

"No," I says. "And *I* ain't engaged either. I ain't even *going* with nobody!"

"Then take me out and show me that haunted house you told me about," she commands. "And take that sullen look off your face. You know, you're really handsome when you smile, Bill."

"When *you* smile, the rest of 'em is just girls," I says and told the truth.

Well, I drove her out to Fairfax's alleged haunted house and once we got there I had a hard time getting her to leave. Although she'd asked me a raft of questions about this trap before, that didn't stop her from asking me all about it again. I never seen nobody so curious! Did anybody else besides Fairfax ever visit the haunted house? When and how often is the ghostly noises heard? Had the place ever been offered for sale? Did Fairfax himself tell people it was haunted? That's just a few of the things Barbara wanted to know and I give her as many details as I had in stock.

Fairfax heard about this trip we took—probably from Pansy Pilkington which saw us coming back—and he gnashed his teeth. The very next day he walks up to my stand outside the hotel and says his car's in the repair shop and he wants to engage my taxi for the afternoon. He acted so friendly I should of been suspicious, but instead I was thrown off my guard. So I met him at two o'clock as arranged, and he orders me to drive him to the Commercial House. Still I don't tumble. But when he comes outside with Barbara Baxter on his arm I like to fell off my seat!

"Just drive us around for a couple of hours," says Fairfax, grinning from ear to ear. "I'll tell you when to come back!"

Barbara looked amazed when she seen me—staring first at Fairfax and then back at me. I thought she was in on this attempt to humiliate me and I give her a frigid glare. Up goes her head with a toss.

"You don't mind driving us?" she asks me.

"Why should I?" I shot at her. "This is my business, ain't it?"

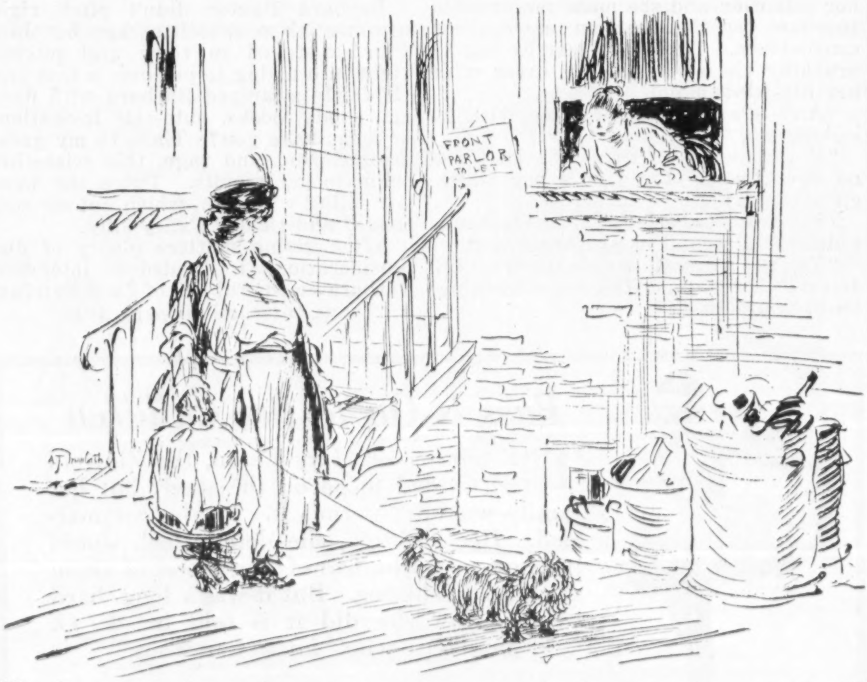
BUT within a hour I was three feet past infuriation at the cracks Fairfax was making about me from the back of the cab. I suddenly whirled my taxi off the road, shot through a gap in a fence and drove 'em madly across a newly plowed field, stepping on the gas and nearly bumping my passengers and my seagoing taxi apart! When later I come to a halt outside the Commercial House, I'm satisfied I'd of dropped dead if a look from Fairfax could of killed me.

"How much do I owe you, you infernal idiot?" he pants, crazy mad.

"Twenty-five bucks, you inveterate sap!" I says, and taking off my coat I begin to roll up my sleeves.

Barbara tried hard to keep a straight face and glare at me, but she must of thought of something funny because all at once she bust out laughing, winked at me behind Fairfax's back and skipped into the hotel. Fairfax gazed after her, glowered at me for a minute, muttered a baffled oath and practically hurled the twenty-five fish at me. In a way, that was a disappointment. I was hoping he'd want to battle—if he had, he'd of sure got service!

About a week after Barbara Baxter descended on Fairfax Falls, a couple of more strangers got off 84, the dilapidated spur-line train, and stepped into my cab. Right off the bat I got a kick when they asked to be hauled to the haunted house. They're a pair of mysterious-looking eggs, and one of 'em must of spoke out of turn somewheres, because he had a broken nose. While I'm trying to figure 'em out, the other guy says they're newspaper reporters from New York City and they're going



"Back so soon from the country where there's flowers an' everything?"
"Flowers is all right in their way, Mrs. Hickey, but I likes a front yard which has personality"

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Originators of the Wide Web Idea

to write up something new and startling about the haunted house, but they don't wish nobody in Fairfax Falls to know of 'em being there. The fellow with the bum smeller then shows me a twenty-dollar note, tears it across and gives me half of it, telling me I'll get the other half if I drive to the haunted house as fast as my bus can go and by some route which won't take 'em through the town. I left 'em outside, looking at the house.

WHEN I get back to my stand, I go to brush out the cab and I find one of them jazzbos has forgot to take a portfolio with him. So once again I drive to the haunted house, but there's no sign of nobody around, and though I thump and thump on the front door I can't get no answer. Going around to the rear of this old ruin, I get a attack of dumfoundment. Cuddled up against a window is no less than Barbara Baxter, plainly getting a earful of what's going on inside the house!

"Well, for weeping in public!" I gasps, "what are *you* doing here?"

You should of saw her jump!

"I—why—I—well—er—spiritualism is a hobby of mine, Bill," she says, recovering her wits and coming over to me. "I've been studying the haunted house—listening for the—er—ghosts and that sort of thing, you know!"

She winds up with a little laugh which sounded to me like it was forced. I must say she seemed anything but at ease.

"Well, there ain't no ghosts in there now!" I says. "There's a couple of guys—"

Running the Rum Blockade

CAPTAIN DINGLE is well known as a fiction writer, but he didn't need his imagination to manufacture thrills when he rode in a whisky boat. His boat eluded the Coast Guard and got through! Read the article in next week's Collier's by

CAPTAIN DINGLE

"Yes—who *are* they?" she butts in excitedly.

"I promised I wouldn't tell," I says, after a minute. I was thinking of something else. "Say, listen—when are you going to begin teaching school here?" I ask her.

That innocent question didn't seem to add nothing to her peace of mind. She give me a long, odd look.

"Very soon, now," she says. "I'll wait in your taxi and you can drive me back to town. I—I *walked* out here, you know. And—Bill, don't say a word to those men in there, or to *any* one, about my being here!"

While Barbara sat in the cab around in front I pounded on the back door of the house till the fellow with the caved-in beak answered, asking who I was through the door before he opened it. I gave him the portfolio and he's highly delighted, calling to his pal to see what they nearly lost. This little act of honesty on my part wins me ten bucks more and a order to call for 'em at eight the following night. It wasn't till I'd left Barbara at the hotel that the thought struck me, "How did them two guys get in that house when it's always locked?"

Driving to the haunted house a little before 8 P. M. the following day, as per my engagement, who should call to me from the sidewalk but Barbara Baxter. No sooner does she find out where I'm bound for than she insists on going with me. Well, I was in a fine predicament. She wanted to go, she was sure she'd see the "ghosts" at night, and if you ever witnessed this girl you'd get a idea of how hard it was to refuse her *anything!* So I took her with me on the front seat, just to see what would happen. I seen what would happen, I'll howl to the wide, wide world!

I parked a little distance from the haunted house at Barbara's request and left her there while I walked up, knocked, and was let inside. The first thing I noticed is that the hall is full of wooden boxes, piled high on top of each other. One of the reporters says to back my taxi around to the rear, as they wish to load the boxes in it. I asks him where are they going, and he says to Rochester.

"Nothing stirring!" I says firmly. "I wouldn't wheel that old bus of mine to Rochester at night on a bet. Besides, it would fall apart with all them boxes in it. What's in 'em?"

"Never mind what's in 'em!" says the guy with the broken nose shortly, "but there's seventy-five bucks in this for *you* if you tend to your knittin'!"

But I had a sudden, queer feeling that something was wrong. I thought of Barbara sitting outside alone in my taxi, and I commenced to back out the hall, when a door's flung open and Jack Fairfax stumbles headlong into the house! He ain't got no hat on, and his face is as white as a sheet. Personally I'm commencing to get a bit dizzy.

"What the—" begins one of the reporters.

"The state troopers are on their way here—we're sunk!" bawls Fairfax and then he catches sight of me. "What did you let *that* fellow in here for?" he howls. "He's the one who tipped them off!"

Fairfax stood in the background, panting and swearing at me, but the two reporters rushed me together. We are wrestling all over the place when the doors crash in and the house is swarming with state troopers. I never seen so many guns before in my life, and the next thing we're all pinched, including your boy friend Bill Grimm.

ONE of the troopers caved in the lid of a box in the hall, and it turns out to be full of bottles. The bottles is full of booze. Good night! Things had indeed come to a pretty pass, and I seen the hoosegow staring me right in the face, when Barbara Baxter saunters in the now open door. Fairfax, held by a couple of husky troopers the same as I was, give a gasp and looked thoughtful when he seen her, but I was too dazed to gasp—the whole thing smacked of a nightmare to *me!*

The troopers seemed to know Barbara and give her respectful attention, while she give me a pleasant and unanswered smile. Then she tells 'em to take their hands off me, as I'm as innocent as a very young baby. Not only that, she goes on, but I've helped her get the evidence that Jack Fairfax and the other two scofflaws is the master minds of a state-wide gang of common, ordinary bootleggers. They was no more newspaper reporters than I'm a Siamese duke!

While the troopers is loading their cursing prey and the boxes of hooch into the cars outside, Barbara leads the way into the deserted front room of the house and tells me things. There was spirits in that haunted house all right, but they was "*spiritus frumenti*"*!* It seems State Prohibition Enforcement Headquarters had been tipped that whisky was being brought to Fairfax Falls from Canada, taken to the alleged haunted house, and "cut" before being sold throughout the state. Barbara Baxter, a special revenue agent, was

(*Continued on page 42*)

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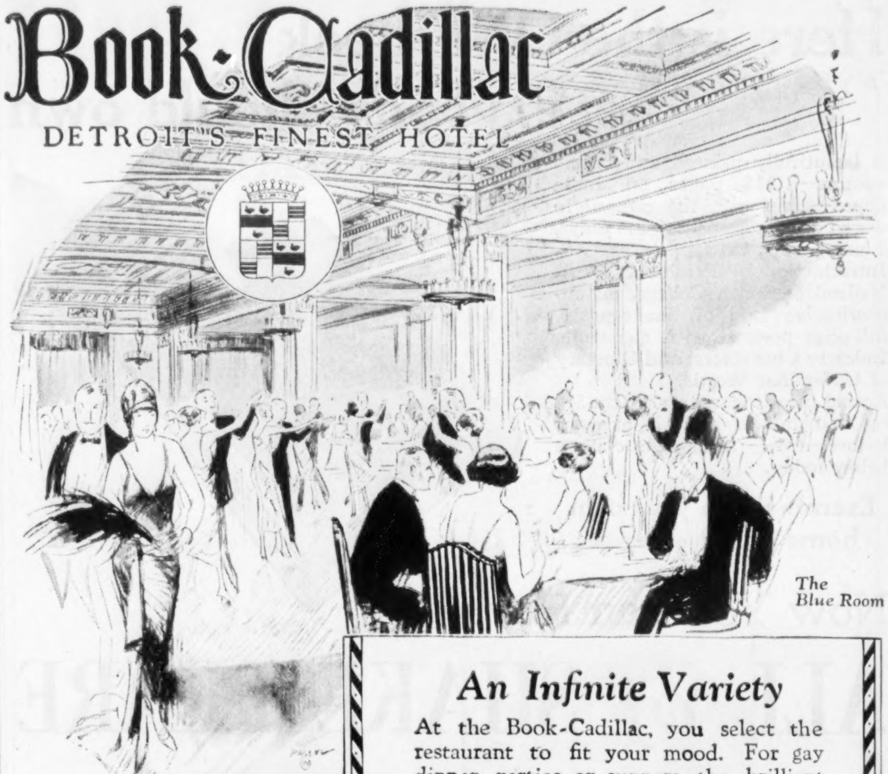

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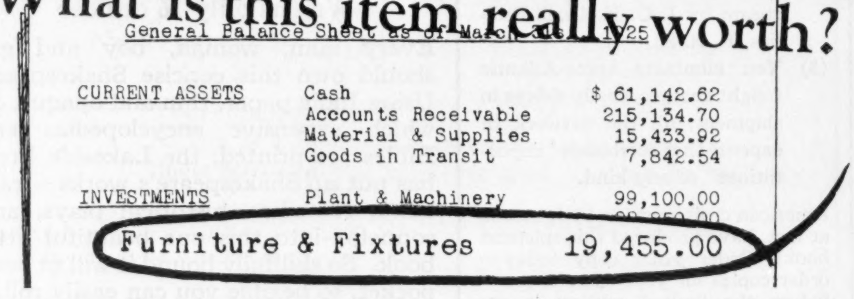

General Balance Sheet as of March [illegible] 1925

CURRENT ASSETS	Cash	$ 61,142.62
	Accounts Receivable	215,134.70
	Material & Supplies	15,433.92
	Goods in Transit	7,842.54
INVESTMENTS	Plant & Machinery	99,100.00
	Furniture & Fixtures	19,455.00

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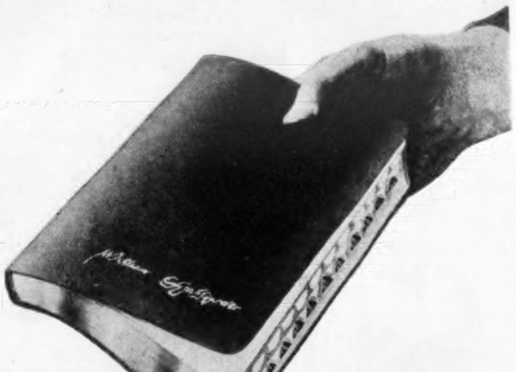

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The Lady of Lyons, N. Y.

Continued from page 41

sent to our town as a school-teacher to get Fairfax and his pals with the goods.

"Hasn't it all been thrilling, Bill?" she asks me, with her hand on my arm. But I'm half sore—half disappointed.

"You've made me look like a squealer!" I says, "I ain't infatuated with Jack Fairfax by no means, but that ain't the way I'd of boxed him. I fight in the open, myself!"

"But you've done a splendid thing!" says Barbara, though she did blush. "They were vicious lawbreakers, Bill, and—"

"Why did you give *me* a run-around about being a school-teacher?" I shut her off. "I told you the *truth* about myself!"

"Bill—I—I had to feel my way carefully," she says. "I had to know I could trust you!"

"Well, do you trust me now?" I asked her.

"Indeed I do!" she whispers. Again her hand touches my arm, and them Alice blue eyes looks deep into mine. Standing as close to her as that in the pitch-dark room, I got more kick than there was in all of Fairfax's booze. I had to put on the brakes—hard!

"Being a copper is no job for a girl!" I busts out. I *had* to say something!

"Oh, isn't it?" says Barbara. "Well, I made good, didn't I? Bill—bootleg whisky ruined my home! It killed my father and cost my brother a high executive position. I wish I could put every one of those murderers in jail for life! I—why are you so—so quiet?"

"I'm thinking that the only reason you were nice to me at all was to get the dope on them guys!" I told her.

"Then you're thinking wrong!" she says softly. "I—I like you, Bill!"

That's where we should of went into a clinch, but she was alone in that dark room with me, and she trusted me. I didn't know how she'd take it, and I refused to gamble! I figured it would keep, so I just said "Thanks!" and shook her hand.

"Bill," says Barbara, "are you going to be a taxi chauffeur all your life?"

"What's the difference?" I says. "It's a honest trade, and there's good money in it! I—"

"Nonsense!" she butts in. "Why don't you get out of Fairfax Falls, get rid of that absurd automobile, and start doing something big? Get into something worth while and lay the foundation for your future before it's too late. Why, there must be dozens of things you can do that offer more possibilities than driving a taxicab in a small town."

I said nothing at all—I was busy thinking. Then I realized I still had hold of her hand, and I let it go. We went out to my taxi, and I drove her back to town, the trip being made mostly in silence, though she sit beside me on the front seat. When we got to the Commercial House she says she was going to New York City to stay with her aunt for a while, and when I merely give her a gloomy "Good-by!" she seemed peeved, for some reason. Then she give me her aunt's address and phone number, again telling me to leave Fairfax Falls, which was cramping my style, for bigger fields and bigger opportunities. I took it for granted she was walking right out of my life when she walked up the stairs of that hotel. I'll never take *nothing* for granted again!

Well, I followed Barbara Baxter's advice, and I did get out of Fairfax Falls for a bigger playgrounds. I went to New York City, and I drove a taxi there!

Now *you* tell one.

Another story of Bill Grimm's progress will appear in an early issue of Collier's.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

takes Father Brown to America to solve the amazing death of a millionaire in "The Arrow of Heaven"

in next week's

COLLIER'S

Most Difficult Husband in America

Continued from page 11

results just as much as the laboratory.

"When I discovered that music meant so much to my husband," said Mrs. Edison, "we set about plans to put it to work in our home. And we found that the kind of music that we were getting the most out of was the music that we produced ourselves."

Edison has never been interested in public amusements. He has seldom gone to the theatre. Yet because of his activities with the phonograph and the family concerts at home he is as familiar with the musical offerings of Broadway as the most enthusiastic theatrical patron.

"Flowers," said Mrs. Edison on one occasion, "have made the most important appeal in our domestic life, outside of music. Soon after our marriage I found that no matter how absorbed Mr. Edison might be in the experiments of the laboratory he could always find time to inspect the products of our conservatory or garden.

"We have cultivated this fondness—all of us. That was one reason for the conservatory in our home in Orange and it is one thing which makes Mr. Edison enjoy our winter visits to Florida. It has cemented another interest in our lives too—our friendship with the Ford family. Their flower garden is one of their great delights. We have spent much time in discussing different varieties of plants, and in exchanging our experiences as gardeners.

"Mr. Edison has few friends. Because of his work he has had to live a great deal by himself and in himself—shut out from the social contacts open to most men. Our intimacy with the Fords has been a very significant fact to him."

Mr. Edison's deafness has often been commented on. Long ago he learned to take his affliction as a matter of course, awkward and embarrassing at times, but after all something that could not be helped.

Mrs. Edison, however, believed that it *could* be helped, and finally she found a great specialist who shared her belief. To persuade Mr. Edison to submit to the necessary examination was a feat which no one but herself could have accomplished. But the result splendidly justified her effort.

After more than half a century of deafness Mr. Edison was informed that his hearing could be restored almost completely by a comparatively simple operation. The date was set for a week in advance.

On the eventful day Mr. Edison appeared at his laboratory with a face somewhat more thoughtful than usual. Turning to his personal assistant, he said carelessly, "By the way, will you telephone that doctor and tell him he is not to come over to-day; I am not going to have the operation."

For a moment his alert eyes were curiously shadowed under their heavy brows. Nobody but Mrs. Edison knew how much the words had cost him.

And then he gave the explanation:

"I have learned to *think* by being shut away from confusion and sound. And I have a lot more thinking I want to do before I die. If they fix up my ear I'll have to learn how to do it all over again. I haven't the time to lose!"

Edison rarely submits to a professional interview with a doctor. It took years to persuade him to have his eyes examined for glasses, and then he complained that they interfered with his efforts at concentration so that he doesn't wear them unless he is literally forced to.

Doctors have a habit of telling him unpleasant things. For instance, they urge him to give up smoking. Black cigars and black coffee are his only dissipations—and they will probably be permanent.

In the average popular health advice given to business and professional men for keeping in condition, a prominent item is always that of physical exercise. Edison, one of the hardest working men of his generation, doesn't take one hour's physical exercise in a month—and never has.

A conspiracy was once formed by his family to interest him in golf, but it ended in failure. Mrs. Edison made the nearest approach to success in any outdoor activity when she awakened his interest in motoring.

"The automobile came like a godsend to us," she said. "I had almost given up hope to get Mr. Edison out of doors for any length of time—although we could all see that the constant confinement of his work was beginning to tell on his health. The automobile appealed to him at first mechanically—and gradually I managed to persuade him to longer and longer drives and when he found that he could speed he became really interested in automobiling. The short trips grew into weeks of drives and then into family camping trips and later into tours with the Fords, John Burroughs and Harvey Firestone. These brought complete success to my efforts, and made him an enthusiastic motorist—when I could get him away from the laboratory long enough for a trip."

In a period of fifty years Edison has never had any extended illness. He himself will tell you, characteristically, it is because he doesn't drug his system with too much sleep, and never wears clothes that constrict the freedom of his body.

Mrs. Edison will tell you it is because he always keeps himself interested in something he has never yet had a chance to do—and probably never will have a chance to do if he lives to be a hundred.

The world may never have another great Edison invention. But from Edison's point of view that fact is secondary. The big fact is that he, himself, is keeping just as active an interest in the day's job as he had twenty-five years ago.

There is probably no other living man of world consequence so isolated from normal society. The man who lighted Broadway doesn't see Broadway twice a year—and then only for hurried glimpses.

The keenest newspaper editor, however, doesn't keep more closely in touch with current events. If Edison doesn't go into the world he brings the world to him. There is possibly no heavier individual subscriber in the country to magazines and newspapers. On his reading table may be found the most technical scientific journals stacked by the side of the Police Gazette and the New York Clipper.

Edison does most of his reading at home in the library during the evening, after he has undressed. His light may be going until two o'clock in the morning, but he will be up and dressed, and as alert as ever, at seven. He never needs an alarm clock to call him from sleep. If Mrs. Edison has had domestic problems of peculiar difficulty, certainly she has never had the problem of many wives of getting their husbands up in the morning.

Edison's work has demanded often an intensity of application few men could have given. Perhaps the isolation of his life has made possible this concentration. Perhaps a great deal of this ability has been due to the contributions of Mrs. Edison.

"I have had a definite life job—the intimate service of Thomas A. Edison. And it has been worth everything I could give—worth it a thousand times over."

Thomas Alva Edison, at seventy-six, is not the Edison of thirty-eight. His life is as intense but it is more ordered—his work is as active but it is more conserved. He has learned to philosophize rather than to speculate.

In the twilight of his years he has found that the most futile thing in life is to expect perfection.

As Mrs. Edison says, it is possible often to work our way through things that we can't see through. Thomas A. Edison is doing his best to keep on working, even if he confesses that he can't see his way through to the finish.

For him work will not stop until life stops.

"Home Can Make or Break You" is the title of another interview with Mrs. Edison in the August 1st issue.

The Drive

Continued from page 18

"Yet it's possible."

"There's nothing to it, but just to satisfy you I will find out from Sam Hickock. And then, Jean, you've got to go after Lucy."

Mrs. Bly nagged me until I finally agreed to call on Lucy. "I'll go up and talk to her, but I won't promise to say a word about the drive."

I *didn't* broach it; Lucy suspected me and I simply hadn't the nerve to dun her. We sat in the green parlor, and discussed "The Blind Bow Boy." I decided, all over again, that she was heartless, shallow and charming.

But she came back from a trip to her father's room, and said suddenly, impulsively: "I know what you're thinking, Jean; I don't care what the others think, but I wish *you* wouldn't. Father's not like he used to be; he doesn't want the same things."

"He—he's altered so much?"

"Not really, in the essentials. He still sees himself as— It would kill him," she murmured more to herself than to me, "to live in any other house, to be anything but—Rufus Crippen of the Big House. . . .

"Listen, Jean, I am going to ask a tremendous favor of you. You're the only one I can trust. Celia has gone home to her sister, who's had an operation. On Saturday I may have to go up to Rochester to see a man on business about the estate. I can make Father comfortable for the day, but there's always the danger of another stroke. Will you stay in the house, and not go into his room, whatever happens; just send for Dr. Peters if he rings the bell by his bed?"

"Why all the mystery? If you can

(*Continued on page 44*)

MAKING HAIR LOVELY

in four easy scenes

with the shampoo that *feeds* while it *cleans*

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

Before you wet your hair—you first rub a little TAROLEUM into your scalp.

Into the washbowl goes all the dust, grease and dandruff. Lather again and rinse well.

About five minutes of this sends the life-giving crude-oil to the hair-roots. Then wet the head.

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BUY IT IN THE RED BOX

The Drive

Continued from page 43

trust me that far, can't you trust me a little farther?"

"I've told you," she said, with all her dignity, "that Father cannot stand the excitement of new faces. You won't—let Mrs. Bly, or anyone, at him? Promise?"

In the interval between my call and Saturday occurred the tragedy of the drive. Someone had dressed up a car with special drive posters; someone else had requisitioned the fire engine for the occasion. So it happened that the engine clanged wildly up and down Main Street and all over the town, bearing placards: "Paradise in West Paradise!" . . . "Dollars for Lives!" . . . "Help Me to Live!" And it happened, ironically, that little Kippy Smith coasted down his hill and into the road once too often.

A little group of stunned, whispering citizens gathered in the bay window of the post office. Dead? Yes. Fractured skull, and one arm crushed—pretty bad.

They had rushed him to the hospital at East Paradise, but had been too late. A hospital here, and the facilities for a speedy operation, just might have saved Kip. . . . Yes, it certainly did prove the pressing need of the hospital. . . .

If you ever loved a horse -- —

or ever laughed at human nature, you'll want to read Hermann B. Deutsch's story in next week's Collier's,

QUEEN *of the* TURF

BEFORE I left the post office little Kip Smith had become a martyr for the cause. By supper time the fever of the drive had flared up afresh all over West Paradise; the lack of a hospital (stucco or brick) was the direct cause of Kip's death. The thing struck home; parents saw in Kip's fate the fate of their children, without a hospital.

Folks remembered Lucy Crippen's fondness for Kip and the fact that she had given him the velocipede. How was Lucy feeling now? they speculated. She'd be made of stone if *this* didn't drive the necessity of the hospital home to her. . . .

After I had finished the dishes, I went up to the Big House. For the first time in years I found Lucy not dressed for callers; her hair was almost slovenly, and she wore an old rumpled lavender linen, faded from washings. She was standing at a window of the living-room, which was lit only by two bulbs in a high, central chandelier of many bulbs. She returned to the window, her back to me. "They've done it—I hope they're satisfied now they've killed him! That drive—! That engine with all those darn silly signs ripping up the town, exceeding every speed limit—! What is there, Jean, about a drive that makes such extravagant fools—such unimaginative, heartless, brutal beasts out of—of good people?"

"A quick operation might have saved Kip; the hospital will save—other Kips."

That was the only appeal which I allowed myself to make to Lucy, and she met it with no hint of apology for her own contribution toward the hospital.

I spent the following day alone in the Big House, according to my agreement with Lucy.

It was a dull afternoon, with only far sparks of the drive enthusiasm—muffled, to be sure, out of deference to Kip, but still burning strong—to divert me.

Four-ten—almost time for Lucy's train; nothing to break the monotony of the long day. I'd be glad to get off. Chowder for supper, I planned, if I could find any clams at the market on my way home.

But now a bell pealed like a challenge through the house. Mrs. Bly at the front door!

She pushed past me, stood at the foot of the stairs. "Jean," she announced, "that anonymous check was not Lucy's; I've just found out definitely, and—"

"Then whose—?"

"I am not at liberty to say. But it is not Lucy's, and I came straight here. I am going to see Rufus!"

"No! You are not going to see him in Lucy's absence. I promised Lucy—"

Another bell—the side door, this time.

"There," I breathed, in relief, "that may be Lucy herself. Come in here, Mrs. Bly, and sit down"—I steered her into the parlor—"and promise me—"

ON THE side porch, poised for flight, was little Betty Hickock.

"C'n—c'n I have a penny from—Miss Crippen for our Doll Hospital Fund?" she gasped.

"Betty Hickock, if your mother knew you were begging pennies—!"

"My mamma," she sniggered, "says Miss Crippen wouldn't give a penny to a starving orphant." And she ran giggling off to her giggling friends.

In the parlor Mrs. Bly's chair was vacant; her voice carried down to me from above stairs.

I was furious—and frightened. I ran up. At the open door of the south bedroom my knees melted.

Mrs. Bly's large voice plowed ruthlessly on: "—And I knew your reputation for giving—knew that you wouldn't want to be left out in such a—a humanitarian—"

"Gad, no!" The full tone was normal. Mr. Crippen himself, propped up on pillows and surrounded by all the elaborate luxuries of the pampered sick, was entirely normal.

Mrs. Bly was tumbling it out at him, all her incoherent enthusiasm for the drive, and old Rufus was hearing her in full possession of his wits, and was agreeing with her in no uncertain terms.

"But sure I want to give! I tell you, I wrote out my check for Lucy to give you. I can't understand how she failed. Never mind!" He took up the check book at his elbow with the familiar flourish. "I'll write you another check.

"Twelve thousand—a paltry sum, Mrs. Bly, but you'll understand, Mrs. Bly, when you read my will. A pet dream for West Paradise--yes, a free dental service, but keep it under your bonnet for the present."

"Thank you, Mr. Crippen, thank you!"

Mrs. Bly waved the check like a banner. I was feeling an impulse to rise up and cheer the twelve thousand when Lucy stepped through the door.

Lucy merely looked from Mrs. Bly to me.

"I didn't—I couldn't help—"

Lucy returned to the slip of paper in Mrs. Bly's hand. "Well—how much?"

"Your father, my dear Lucy, has generously contributed twelve thousand to—"

"Twelve thousand?" She laid the chrysanthemums on the bed.

"Lucy, how come you didn't turn in my check to the fund?"

"I was—turning it in, Father."

"I was sure, Mr. Crippen," Mrs. Bly stressed her triumph, "that we could count on *you*."

"Heart," he sagged abruptly. "My pills, Lucy—"

She followed us, after several moments, to the door. She said coldly, "You will do me a favor, Mrs. Bly, if you will not deposit that check before Monday afternoon."

"Certainly," Mrs. Bly stammered.

"Thank you."

"But—but—you aren't in—in financial difficulties?"

"Pardon me?"

"Pardon *me*, Lucy—I didn't mean—"

"The check," said Lucy clearly, "will be honored when you deposit it on Monday afternoon."

THEN, at Sunday-morning service, the whisper went over the congregation that Lucy had sold the Big House to Frank Rauber.

Now, at last, the definite suspicion began to percolate through the town that Lucy had nothing; that for nine years she had been playing a game; for nine years she had been exhibiting the highest form of gallantry. Finally, that Lucy had probably sold the house to make good her father's check for $12,000 to the drive.

"But why—*why!*" Mrs. Bly wailed.

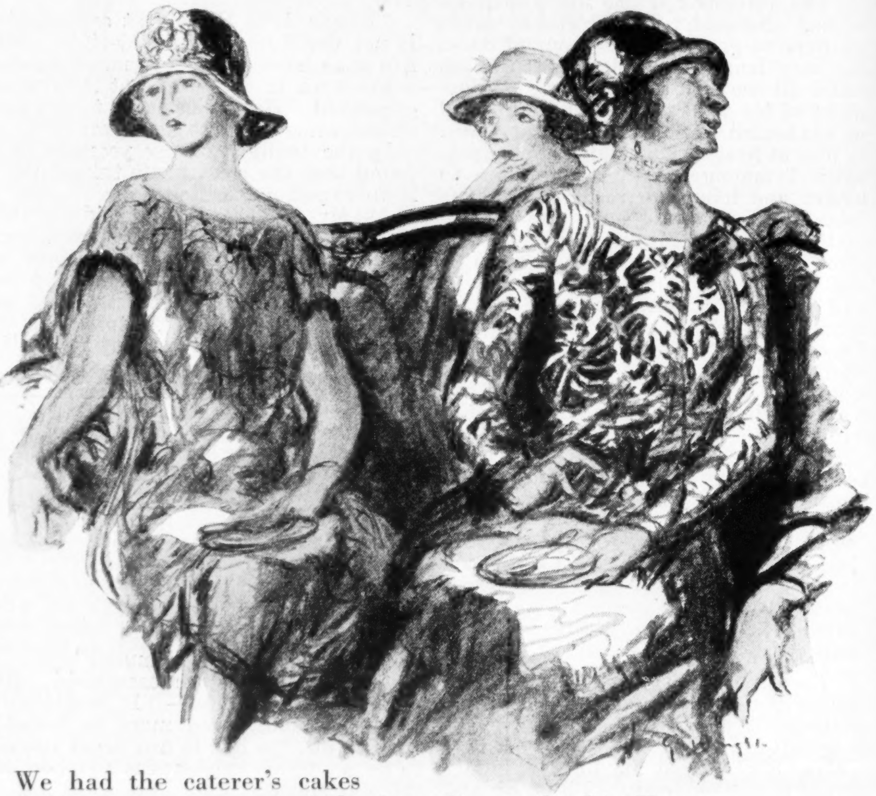
"For her father. She's been saving his pride, holding together the tradition of Rufus Crippen in this town, as much as she's been guarding his heart."

"But the clothes," protested young Mrs. De Long.

"Part of the bluff."

"But it's—*extravagant!*"

"It's *Lucy*," I said; "not the sort of thing that you or I would see the necessity of, but that's what distinguishes her from us. Quixotic, perhaps, and yet—I don't know. We all have our little pretenses, and Lucy was entitled to her own decent veil of illusion. If you ask me, it's the worst thing this rotten drive has done to Lucy—to strip her of her pretense—worse than to bleed her for $12,000 which she hasn't got."



We had the caterer's cakes
and ice cream—a part of the formality at the Big House

"But of course we can't take the twelve thousand now."

"Can't take it," sighed Mrs. Bly, "though that twelve thousand means just the difference of the drive's going over or not going over."

For a moment Lucy was balanced against the drive. But Lucy won. Lucy had reached the low-water mark of her unpopularity, and now the tide had turned in her favor. The surge of sisterly feeling for gallant little Lucy Crippen swamped the drive entirely and carried a committee to the Big House to wait upon her.

Lucy received us in the most formal parlor, and the very lace on her collar stiffened against our sympathy.

Why had she sold the Big House? She considered that to be her own personal affair.

Had she sold it so that—er—so that she might deposit against her father's check to the drive? Lucy didn't admit that.

Return the check to her? Lucy rose. She would not touch the check. She faced us with her pride, dared us to pity her.

"But Lucy, your father—have you told your father?"

"I've told Father everything."

"But—it will kill him."

It did kill him. Rufus Crippen had another stroke and died suddenly the night the drive went over the top. I ran up to the Big House, and Lucy ran down to me, and instantly we were in each other's arms again, with the barrier of Lucy's pride down. Sounds of the celebration—distant band music and the pulse of marching feet—nagged at us, and intruded upon the silence of the house.

"What—will you do now?"

"Don't," she begged. "I—oh, if—only he hadn't needed to know!"

"Damn drives!" I swore.

"You remember our commencement dance, when he got us both feather fans—you a pink one and me a yellow one, Jean? He—loved to *give* things—"

THE parade was halted, the crowd hushed to the announcement of Rufus Crippen's death.

The celebration broke out farther up the street, where the news had not yet penetrated.

"It's that anonymous $20,000; they've just found out—"

"Who?"

"Porter Jones—you remember him? He's made money in California, and it's leaked out that he's the—"

"Where did you say in California?"

"San Francisco, I think; Sam Hickock can tell you; he—"

I elbowed my way to Mr. Hickock. Then I pushed through the crowd to the hotel, and telephoned in a night letter for San Francisco. The band made it difficult: "Porter Jones—no, P-O-R—" Silence, thank Heaven—out of reverence to the dead? But now, it rose again: "Oh! Daddy, give for me, for me-e-e!"

They came from the same sort of homes.

They attended the same high school.

The difference between them is $15,000 a year

The reason for the difference is just 15 minutes a day. Do you know the secret of these magic 15 minutes that can help a man to think clearly, talk interestingly, earn more? The secret is told in a free book; send for your copy to-day.

UP TO a certain point the lives of these two men were almost identical—same sort of homes, same schools, same start in business. Then the difference began. One stopped growing.

The other surprised people. In conversation he showed a familiarity with all sorts of interesting subjects. He talked like a man who had traveled widely—though his travels had consisted entirely in the daily trip between his home and his office.

Older men discovered that he thought clearly and expressed himself well. They began to rely on his judgment. As one of them said: "He seems to get a little bigger and sounder every month; you can almost *see* him grow."

What was the secret of his growth?

It is the secret that many other successful Americans have learned. All over this country more than 100,000 people in all walks of life have formed the magic habit of giving 15 minutes a day to making their minds stronger, bigger and more interesting.

Does this sound hard? It would be, under ordinary circumstances, if one had to do it alone; for there are millions of books in the world and the average man or woman is at a loss where to begin to read them or how to read them so as to make a few minutes a day count.

But this task has been made very easy by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who was for forty years President of Harvard University. From his lifetime of reading and study he selected the few really great books that trace the progress of civilization; he edited them with notes and reading courses so that in even 15 minutes a day anyone can get the knowledge and the broad culture that are the tools of success in modern life.

You should know at least something about

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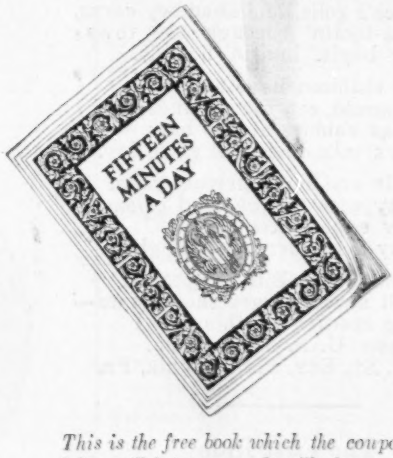
This free book is called "Fifteen Minutes a Day." Thousands of people have read it; and to thousands it has meant a step forward into a vast new world of pleasure and progress.

You are cordially invited to have a copy of this book. It will be sent to you by mail, without obligation of any kind. Just tear off this coupon and mail it today.



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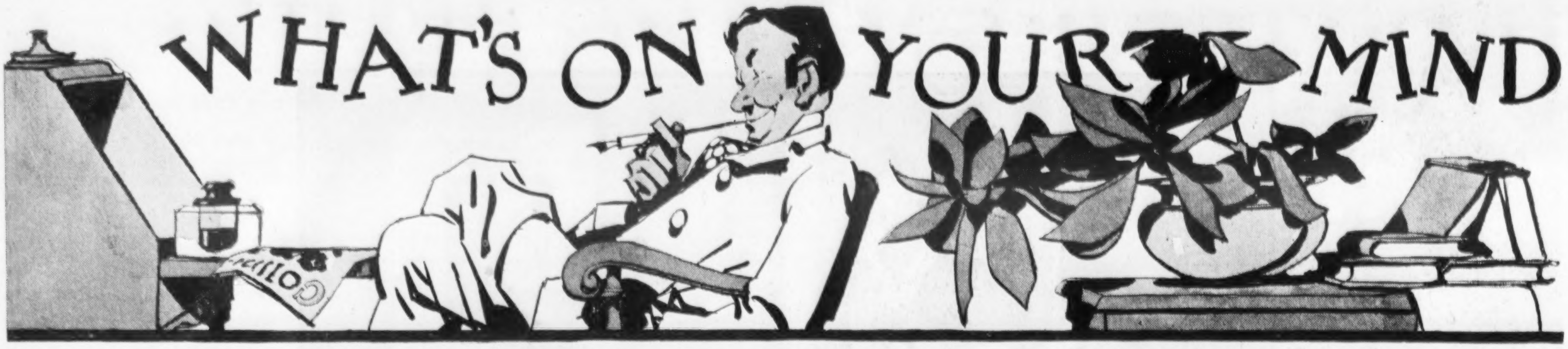


WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Too Proud to Drink Bootleg

To the Editor of Collier's:

YOUR recent articles on Rum Row which are appearing in Collier's are putting Rum Row in a new light.

As you know, there are very few men that had been in France during the war that don't like to take a drink occasionally. But after reading your stuff I for one am laying off. You put the whole thing up to your reading public from an entirely new angle. When a person thinks it over it is an affront to the dignity of our nation to have a bunch of dirty pups, "the scum of the earth," laying out there waiting for some crook—I think so now—to come out and haul their no-good booze in. According to international law they have a right to be outside our twelve-mile limit, but it amounts to the same thing as if they were within our borders getting away with the same thing.

I think your stories are having quite an effect on your readers. Keep up the good work. I am against prohibition, but it's the idea that there's a bunch of foreigners doing something to us that they'd holler their heads off about if we did it to them. Is there anything, outside of blockading, that we can do about it?

JOHN A. ISTOK,
North Chicago, Ill.

Fines vs. Jails

IN RE BILL MOATES

Though I haven't ever met said Bill,
I think that he's the oats;
For payin' fines don't do no good,
But jail would get the speeders' goats.

Now, all the bloomin' millionaires,
With Royce's rolls, and shadowy cares,
Just go a-tootin' through the towns
Like forty bayin' huntin' hounds.

And little children have to run
(If they would get the errands done)
Like hunted rabbits at the bay;
The drivers take their toll each day.

Ten days in one small private room
In company with *thought* and *gloom*
(Both new experiences) might
Make many a speeder see the light.

I hereby nominate Bill Moates,
(If he will swear to get their goats—
And let no speeder slip his drop)
For our new U. S. Traffic Cop.

M. Y. ST. ERY, Philadelphia, Pa.

The First Ride

To the Editor of Collier's:

In a recent number of Collier's I saw a statement to the effect that Mr. Elwood Haynes, "father of the automobile," drove the first horseless carriage in the United States into Kokomo the Fourth of July, 1894, at a speed estimated at eight miles an hour.

In the interest of history, I would like to correct this note. In the summer of 1892 a mechanical engineer named Elliott in San Francisco built a horseless carriage on examination of plates in a Paris engineering journal, by taking a gasoline engine and attaching to that a low-built carriage with brakes. I was asked by the San Francisco Examiner to take part, along with Dr. Albert W. Smith of our chair of mechanical engineering, in a trial test as to whether this machine would climb Mt. Hamilton, 26 miles, elevation of 4,400 feet. I rode in it to Mt. Hamilton, and the trial was successful, although passing through San Jose produced wild commotion among farm horses driven in with market produce. In coming down Mt. Hamilton we wore out all the brakes. Later in November Mr. Elliott picked me up and took me to the annual football game, which fixes the date of the ascent as some time in October, 1892.

DAVID STARR JORDAN,
Stanford University, Cal.

They Died to End War

To the Editor of Collier's:

Your editorial May 30th issue—"Forgotten, you say? The men who went to certain death into the tangled Argonne?"

'Tis so! This is not the world they fought and died to give us, as they themselves would have it! And America, the greatest, richest, most powerful country, spreads the canvas and mixes the colors by shamefully shirking her responsibility and obligation to her martyred citizens. Marking time, rather than advancing into the arena of world affairs where her power and influence could be properly directed to keep her promise to end war.

R. H. HERZIG,
Long Beach, Cal.

A Purist from Portland

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am quite disgusted with the modern story. There is hardly one that does not have a lot of profanity in it. The hero always "Stops to light his cigarette"—even the heroine often smokes the dirty things. No man can be a PERFECT gentleman and smoke in public. Why not have the leaders in your stories people worthy to be followed by our young people?

T. F. M.,
Portland, Ore.

Concerning Cats

To the Editor of Collier's:

Let me congratulate you upon McAlister Coleman's article "A Lady with Whiskers."

Too much is written about the dog. He gets entirely too much praise. And after all, as you say, as compared with the cat, he is only a pet. On the other hand, a cat is a character and a personality wherever he goes. Furthermore, he has individuality. The very fawning, heel-licking, slave-like attitude of the dog accounts for my lack of interest in him. If he is ill treated he whines and cringes and comes back for more. He doesn't seem to learn by experience that anyone who mistreats him once will probably do it again if given a chance.

But I know better than to mistreat that old tom cat I have at home. He would not only resent it in no uncertain manner with his claws, but I have no doubt that at the first opportunity he would walk out of my house and my life with great dignity and without the slightest pang of regret. He would probably give me one chance to treat him fairly and after that no apologies would be accepted.

J. ROBERT WARD,
U. S. Court of Claims, Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have just read "A Lady with Whiskers," and Isabel has so charmed me that I must just say so.

I am the fortunate owner of the prince of Pittsburgh, Tony, named for Otis Skinner's Mister Antonio.

He has coped with the dog problem in these parts even as has Isabel. The people of Pennsylvania and Ohio are dog-mad and there is a pretty general catphobia among women, to my surprise.

I have been forced to conclude that, on the whole, only highly developed and sensitized populations and individuals understand the cat at all. There is more in these cats than most of the world wots of! Thank you for taking up the cudgels for them.

EDITH TAYLOR SPEAR,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

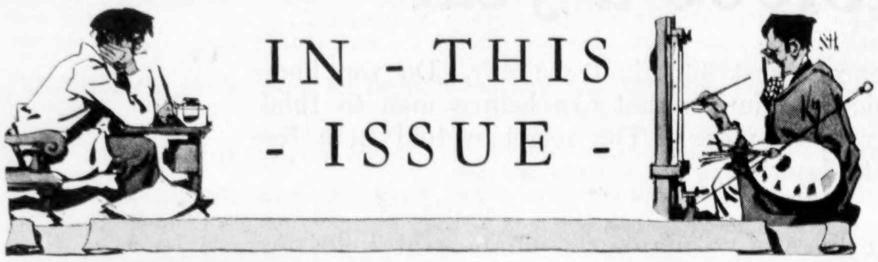
Every Man His Own Traffic Cop

To the Editor of Collier's:

As the ancient right of the pedestrian to cross the street has been absorbed by the motorist, the interest taken in the nationalization of a Los Angeles ordinance prompts me to draw Collier's attention to it.

The California city's ordinance provides that, where traffic is not immediately supervised by police in less congested centers, the pedestrian can, by raising the hand as a signal, cause autos to slow or stop until safely across. Thus is the ancient right of those afoot restored.

PHILLIP VYLE,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



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HAVE YOU READ?
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Emergency rations for your engine

6 *advantages of the Mobiloil sealed 1-quart can*

THE past two years have proved that the sealed quart can of Mobiloil is as truly an emergency protection as a spare spark plug or inner tube, and as truly a motor camping necessity as a water bucket or a can of beans. *At least six real purposes are served by the quart cans of Mobiloil:*

① Protection if your oil runs low during night driving when stores are closed.

② Protection when no genuine Mobiloil is available nearby—and you don't want less than Mobiloil protection!

③ A handy supply when camping in country remote from dealers.

④ A crankcase refill conveniently carried under your car seat—another camping advantage.

⑤ A convenience for women who wish to add a quart of oil to the engine supply. The quart can does away with the use of measures and the lifting of heavy containers.

⑥ General emergency protection—against unusual operating or driving conditions which may make a spare supply of Mobiloil seem almost as valuable as a supply of gold!

The Right Oil at the Right Time

The Mobiloil quart can, in brief, offers the right oil at the right time and in the right place. Under the car seat there is nearly always room for two, three or four of these cans.

The price for most grades and in most parts of the country is 35c for a single quart, or 3 quart cans for $1.00. In Canada, the Southwest, the Mountain States, or the Far West, the price is necessarily a few cents higher.

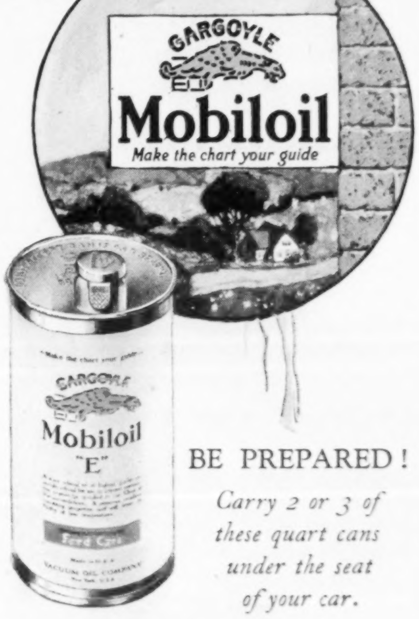
Complete Dealer Service

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil has a complete and scientific lubrication program to offer you.

He has the correct oil for *any* make or model of automobile—yours included. He has the Mobiloil Chart through which the Mobiloil Board of Engineers tells him exactly which grade to give you.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

Look for this sign



BE PREPARED!

Carry 2 or 3 of these quart cans under the seat of your car.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-63, 8-63	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chalmers			A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB & T							A	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Cleveland	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Davis	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dorris 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dort			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Duesenberg	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 4	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" 6	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.						
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Federal Knight	B	Arc.	B	Arc.				
" X-2	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Flint	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G. M. C.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Garford (1¼-1½)	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" *(other mod's.)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Graham Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Gray	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes 6			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan 6	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.						
Kissel 6	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Lex'ton Concord	Arc.	Arc.						
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Com'l)							Arc.	Arc.
Moon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
"(Com'l Quad.)							A	A
" "*(other mod's)*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.			A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (Cont. Eng.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Com'l)					A	A	A	A
" *(other mod's.)*							A	Arc.
Peerless 6	A	A	A	A				
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Republic (¾ ton)					A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (1½ ton)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
"(1¼-19W20W	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Stearns Knight	BB	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie (Cont. Eng.)			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Hercules Eng.) (2 ton)			A	A				
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
White 15 & 20	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wills St. Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.						

Recommendations for Stock Engines when used in passenger cars only, shown separately for convenience

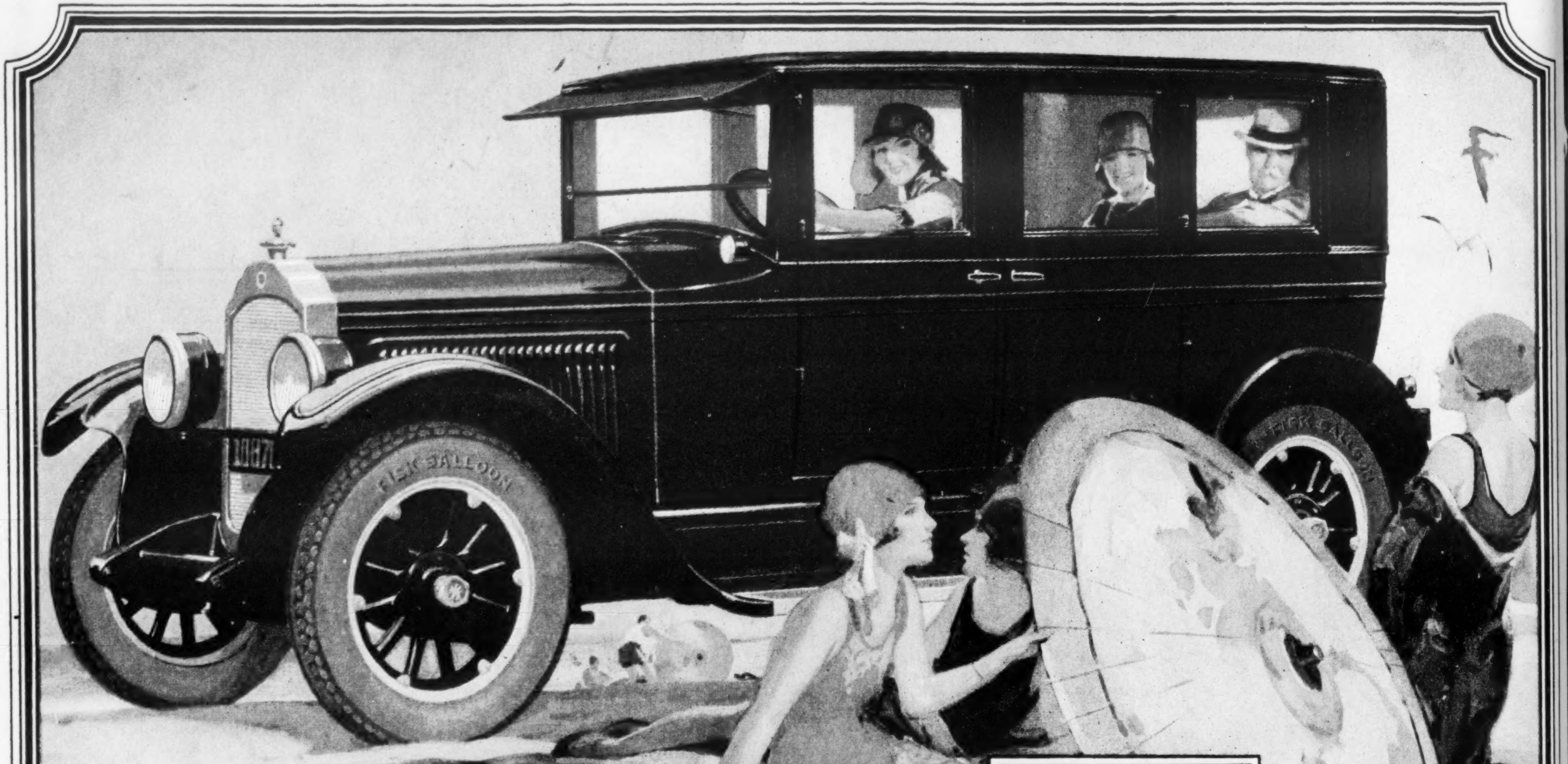
Continental (Models A-26, W, 5, S, 4, 9K, & 12 XD)	A	Arc.						
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lycoming (C series & Mod. 2S)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.

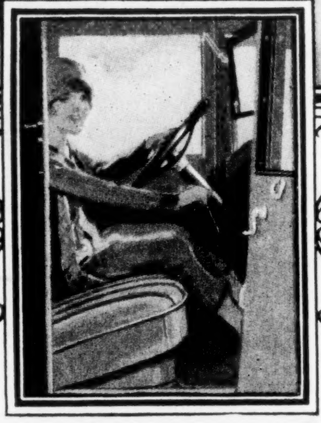
TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

WILLYS·OVERLAND·FINE·MOTOR·CARS




The restful tilt of the driver's seat and the handiness of controls are a boon to the joy of driving.

Luxury of a finer kind — with a patented engine of super-abundant power —

The new Willys-Knight has so many advantages as to make it very difficult to point to any one advantage and say, "That is the reason for Willys-Knight's popularity." Its beauty makes friends. Its luxury makes friends. Its performance and endurance make friends. Its economy makes friends.

Its patented sleeve-valve engine is superior to any of equal size for power . . . for get-away and smoothness. It is the only engine in the United States equipped with the Lanchester Balancer, and is free from vibration at all speeds. It is the only type of engine free from valve-grinding and carbon-cleaning.

Six, seven, eight years from now, today's Willys-Knights will still be the pride of owners—even as Willys-Knights of six, seven, eight years ago are still quieter and smoother than most cars they pass on the road!

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio - Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada

Touring - - - $1295
Coupe - - - $1495
Coupe-Sedan - $1495

That New

WILLYS·KNIGHT

Sedan - - - $1575
Brougham - - $1695
All prices f. o. b. Toledo

With an Engine you'll never wear out